



GIANT 52-PAGE SIZE! BUY NO LESS!



The KILROYS

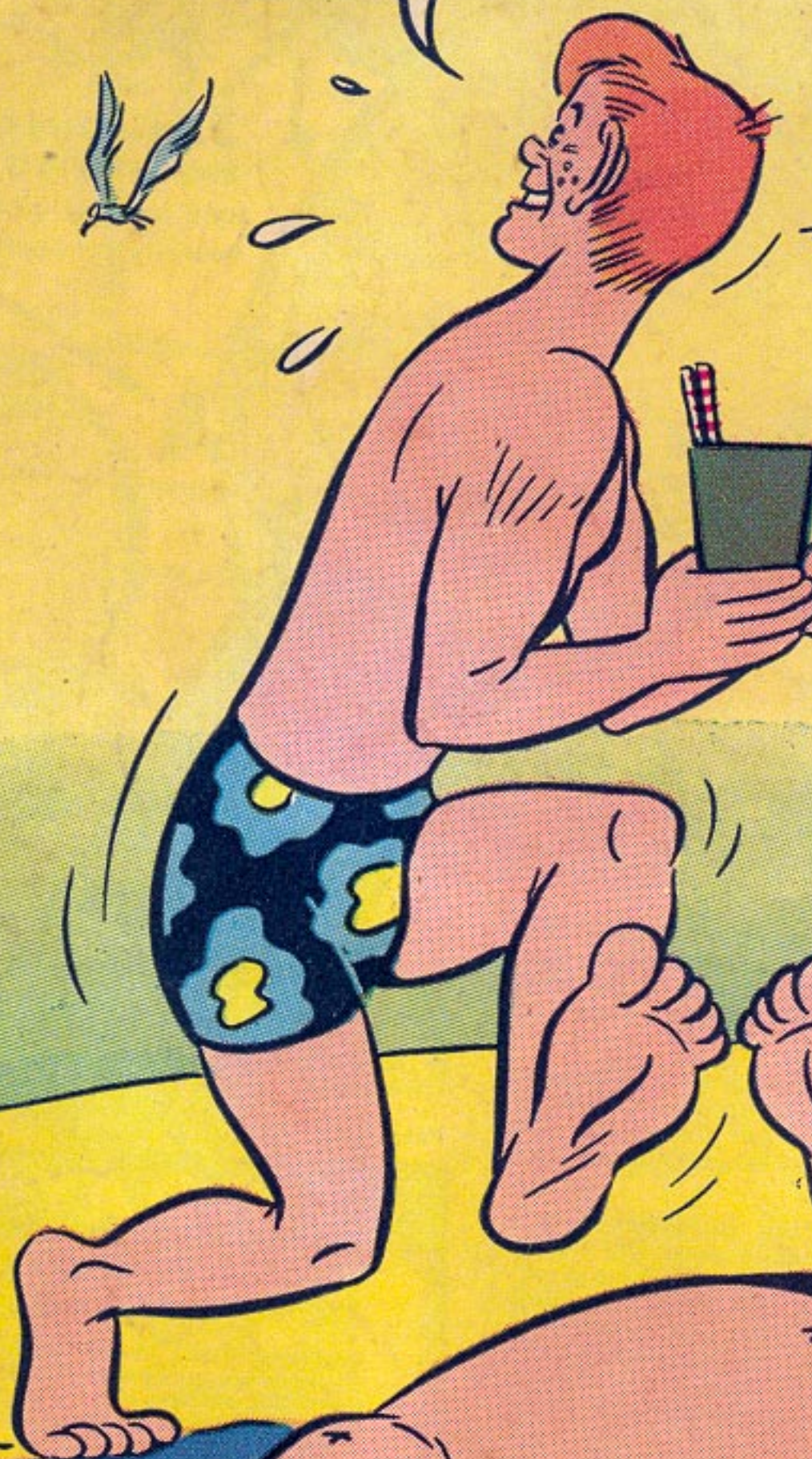
NO 31
AUG.-
SEPT.

America's Funniest Family!



CAUSES
QUITE A **STIR**,
EH, JACKSON?

YOU CAN SAY
THAT AGAIN,
NATCH!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

For Boys - Girls - Hunters - Campers -
Everybody!

THE MOST AMAZING SUN WATCH IN THE WORLD!

JUST LOOK
AT WHAT IT DOES!

TELZALL

9 IN 1

THE
TIMEPIECE OF
ADVENTURE!

1. TELLS TIME
the truly scientific
sun dial way

**2. WEATHER
FORECASTER**
secretly concealed,
changes colors to
predict weather

**3. GLOW-IN-THE-DARK
COMPASS**
tells directions day
or night

4. STRAP
is durable plas-
tic 8" measure

**5. 6-POWER
MAGNIFYING
and burning glass,**
secretly concealed

**6. WORLD'S SMALLEST
BALL POINT PEN**
writes thousands of
words

7. SIGNALLING DEVICE
on the back

8. CONSTELLATIONS
Chart shows how to
find the North Star

9. MORSE CODE
engraved on the back

You'll be the envy of all your friends when you wear this sensational 9-way wonder — the amazing, patented new TELZALL SUN WATCH. It's the only watch of its kind in the world. This tickless time piece tells the sun time ... nothing to go out of order.

The gracefully designed case of gleaming jeweler's bronze with durable red plastic 8" measuring strap looks like an expensive watch on your wrist. The weather forecaster and the magnifying and fire-starting glass are secretly concealed inside the case.

You'll marvel at the other fascinating features of this wonderful new invention. It may even save your life—with the Morse Code permanently engraved on the back, a glow-in-the-dark compass, signalling mirror, all right on your wrist in case of emergency! What fun, too, being able to predict the weather at a glance, measure objects, write with the world's smallest ball point pen, and locate the North Star and other constellations. Don't delay—rush your order today to be sure of prompt delivery.

SEND NO MONEY Wear the 9-in-1 Telzall Sun Watch on your wrist. See how perfectly it operates. If you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return within 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—ORDER TODAY

TELZALL, 430 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Ill.

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Enterprises

Patent Pending

Amazing Value
\$1.98

10-DAY TRIAL COUPON

TELZALL, Dept. W-331

430 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

RUSH

Gentlemen: Rush ☐ 9-in-1 Telzall Sun Watches described above—on your no-risk 10-day money-back guarantee offer. On delivery I will pay postman only \$1.98 each plus C.O.D. postage, with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied I may return within 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____
(please print)

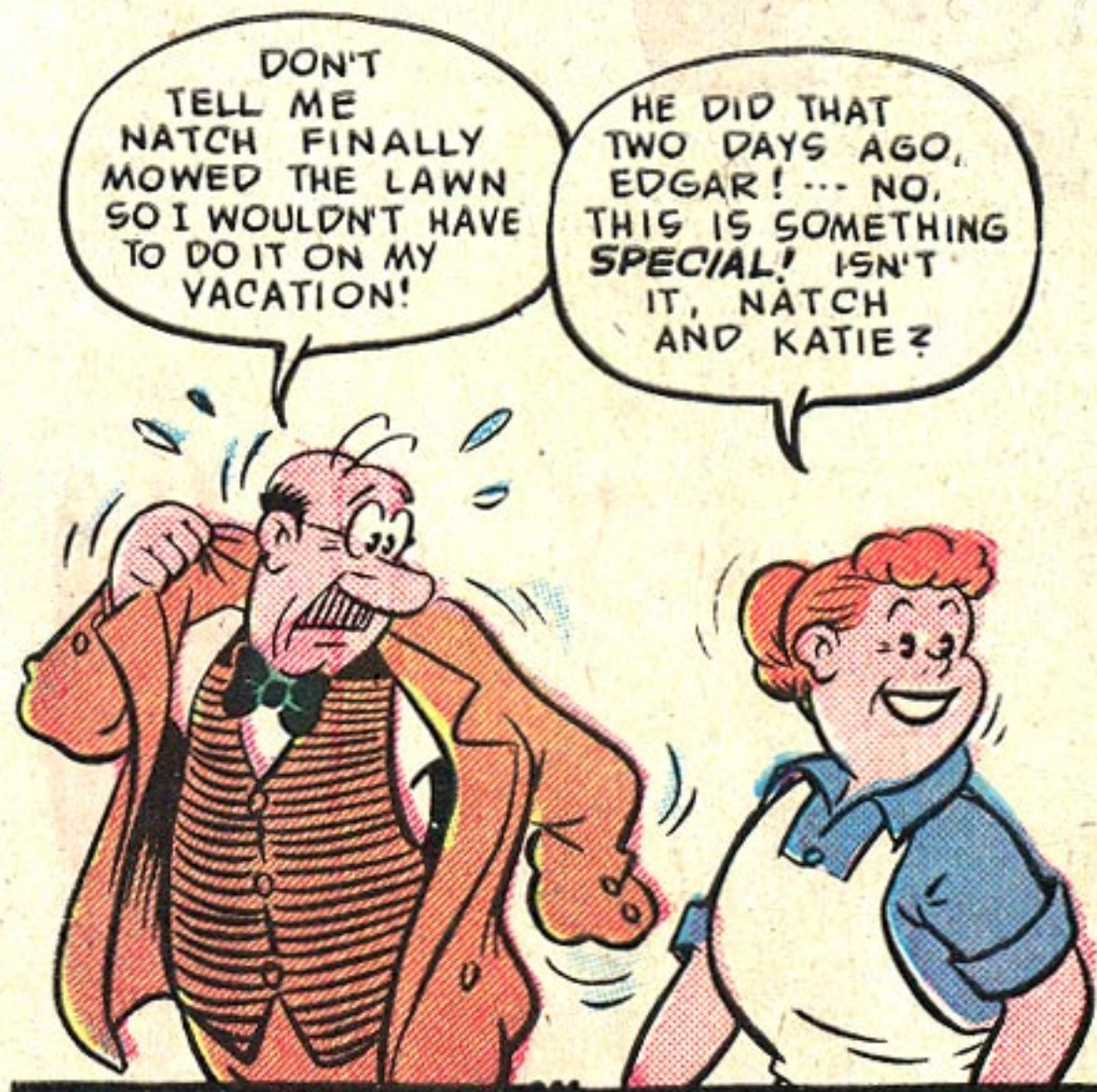
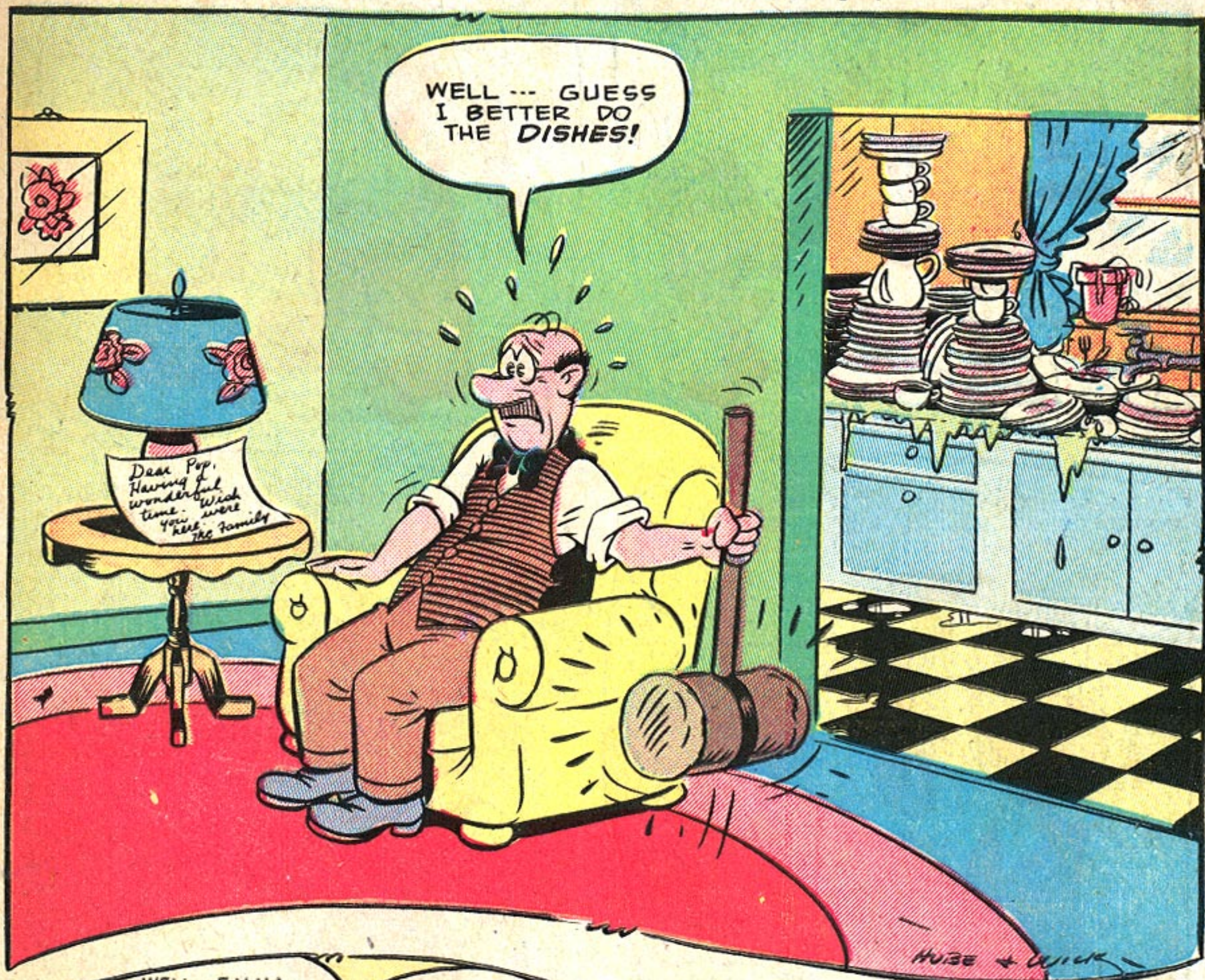
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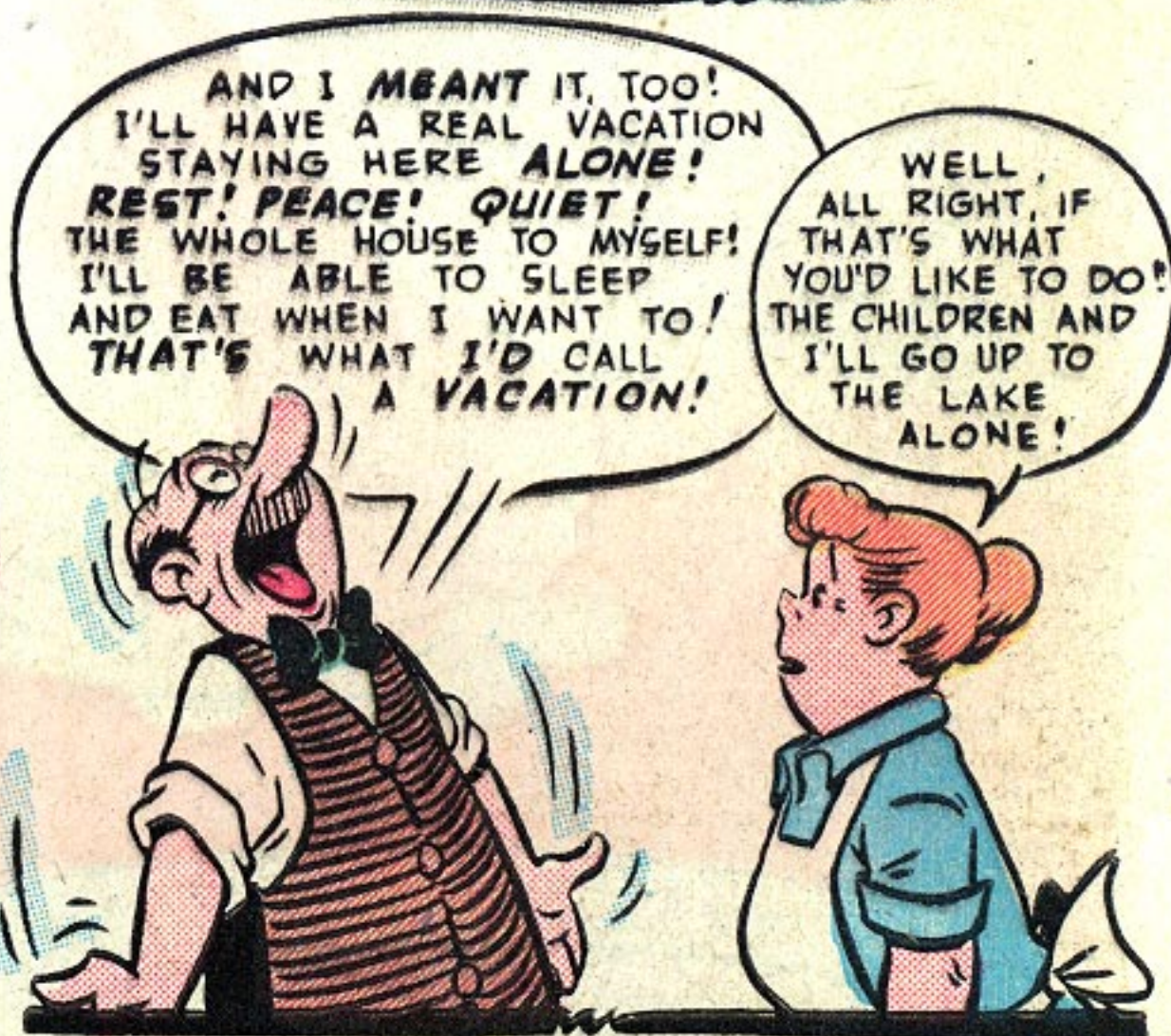
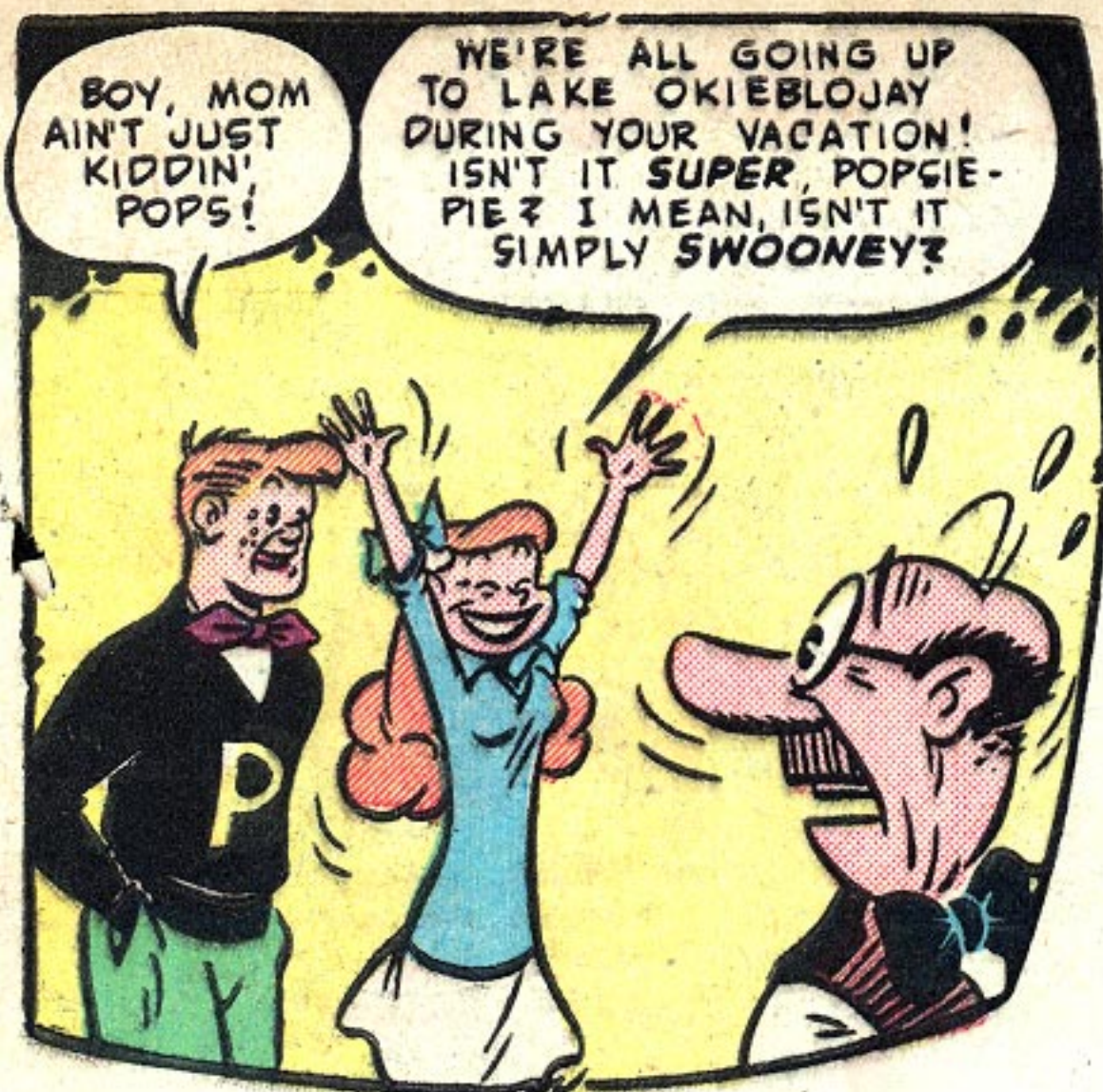
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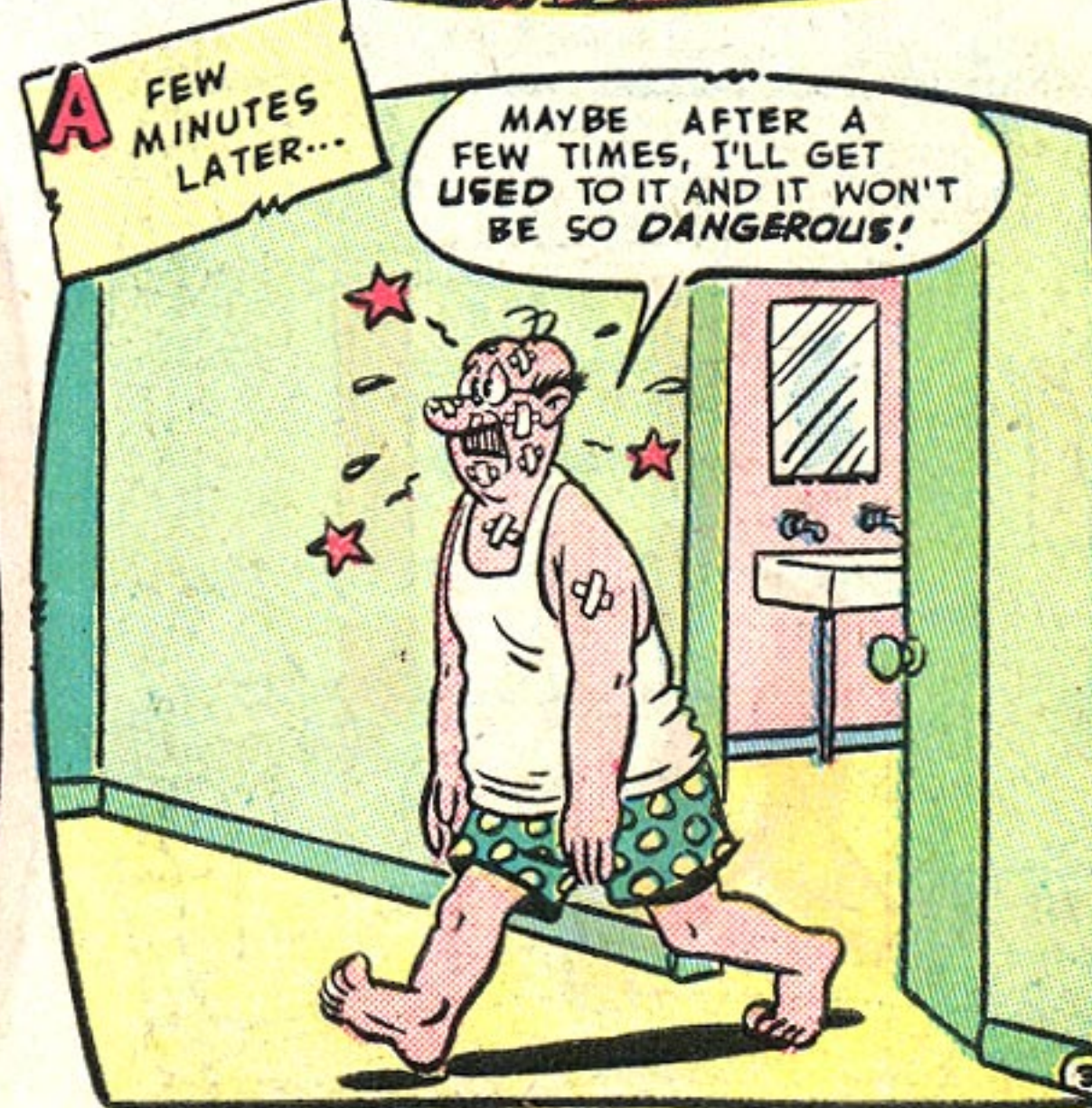
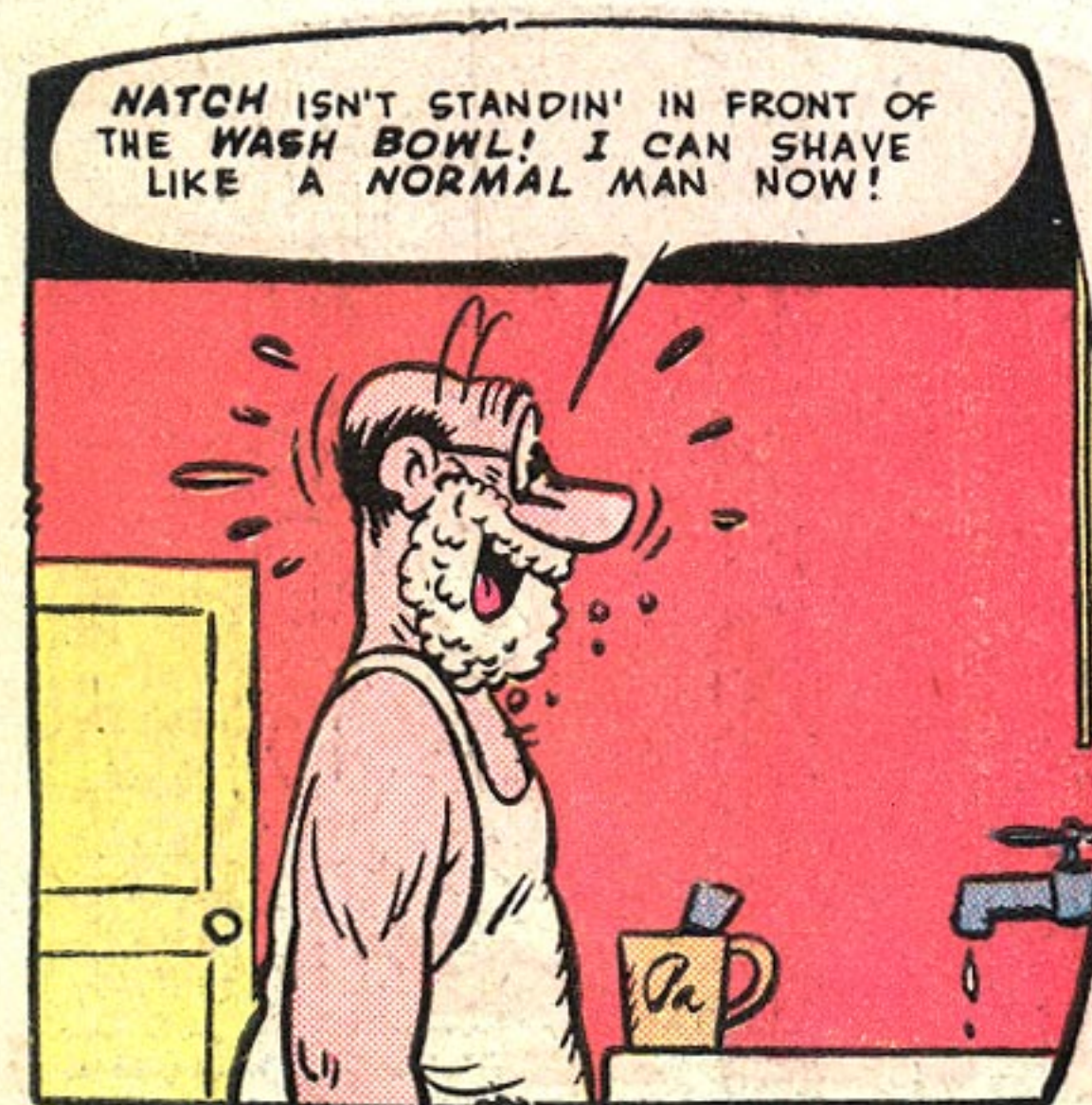
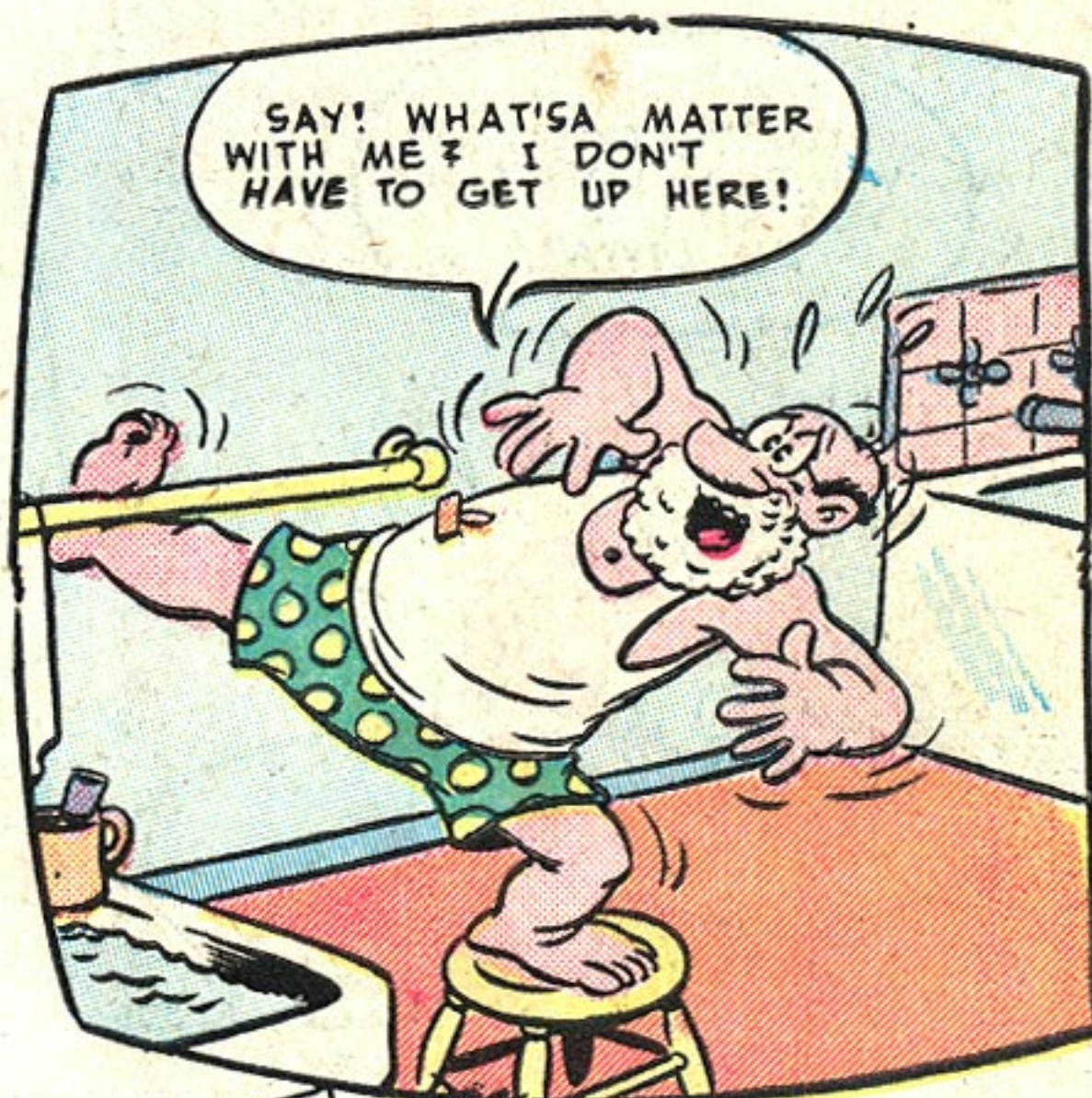
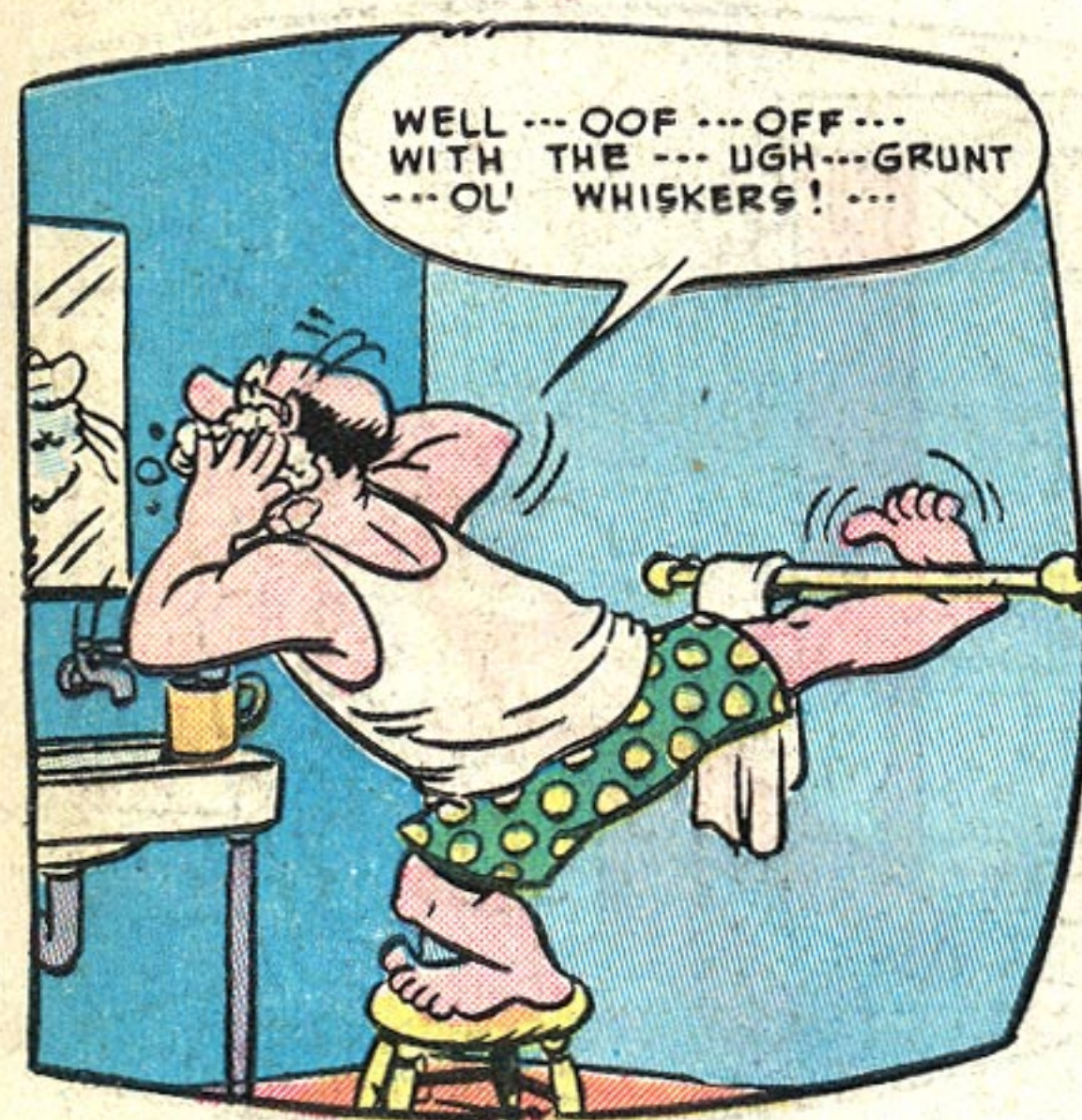
☐ I enclose \$1.98 for each—send the Telzall 9-in-1 Sun Watch all postage charges prepaid—on money-back guarantee.

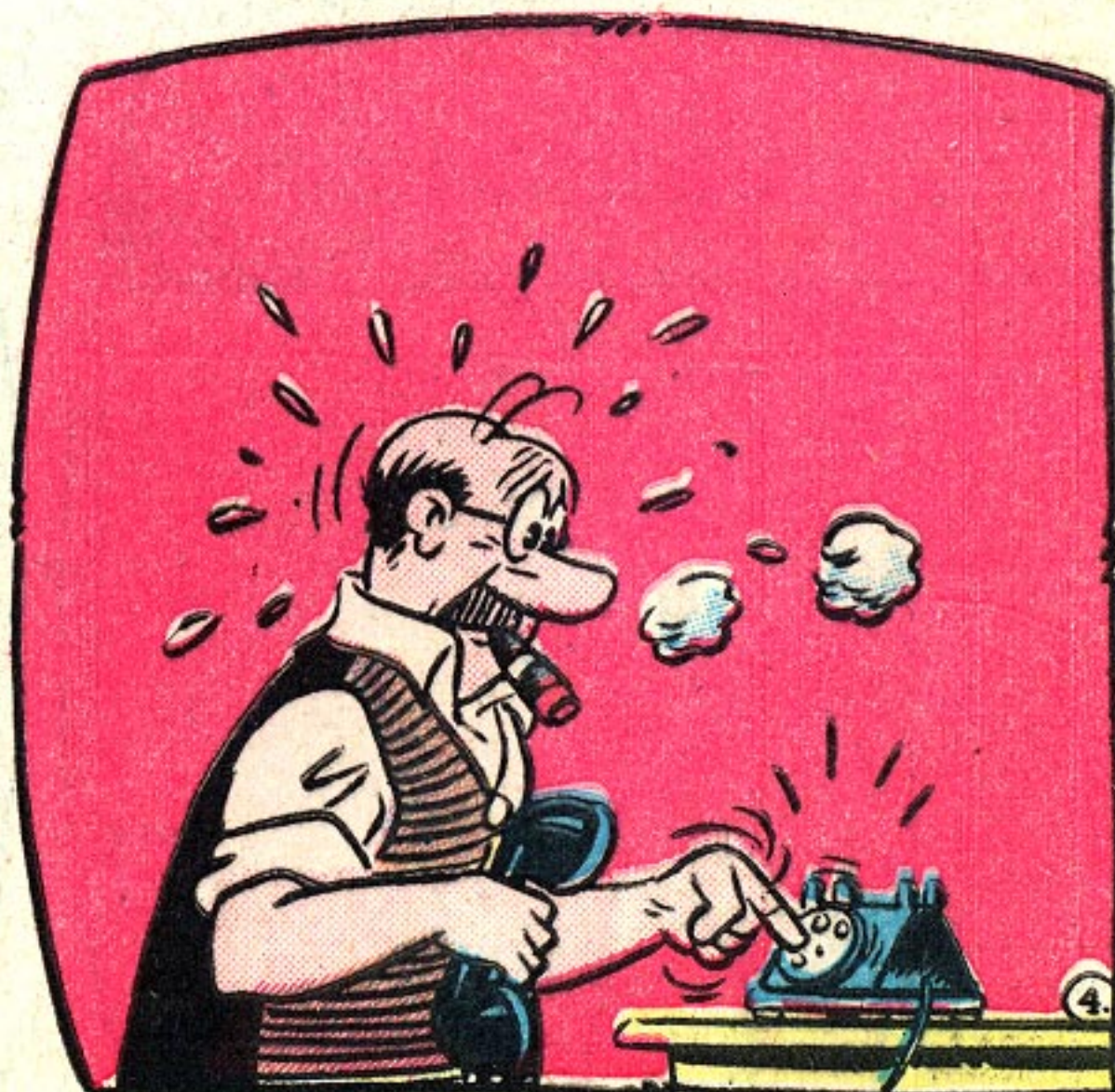
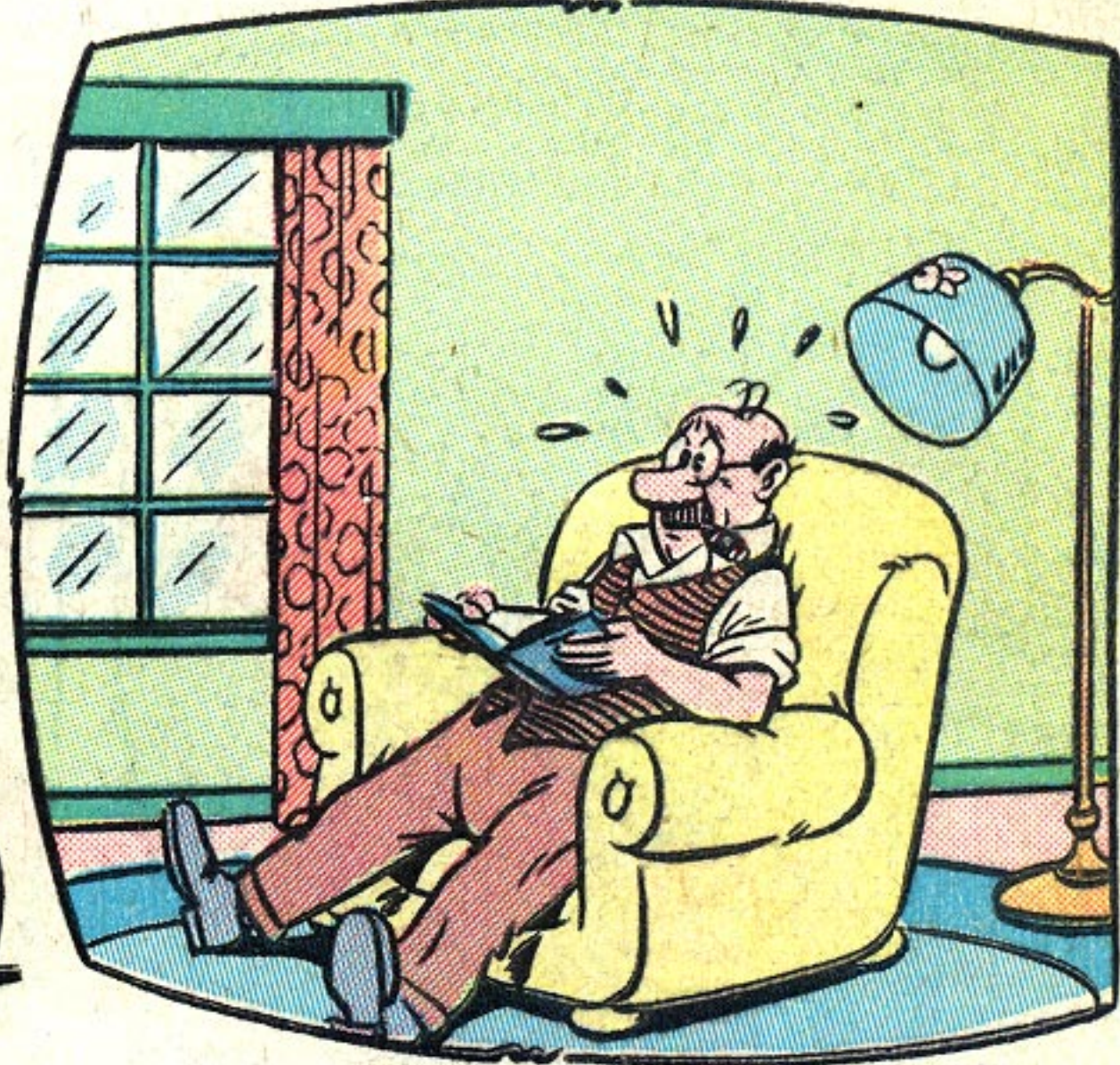
The KILROYS

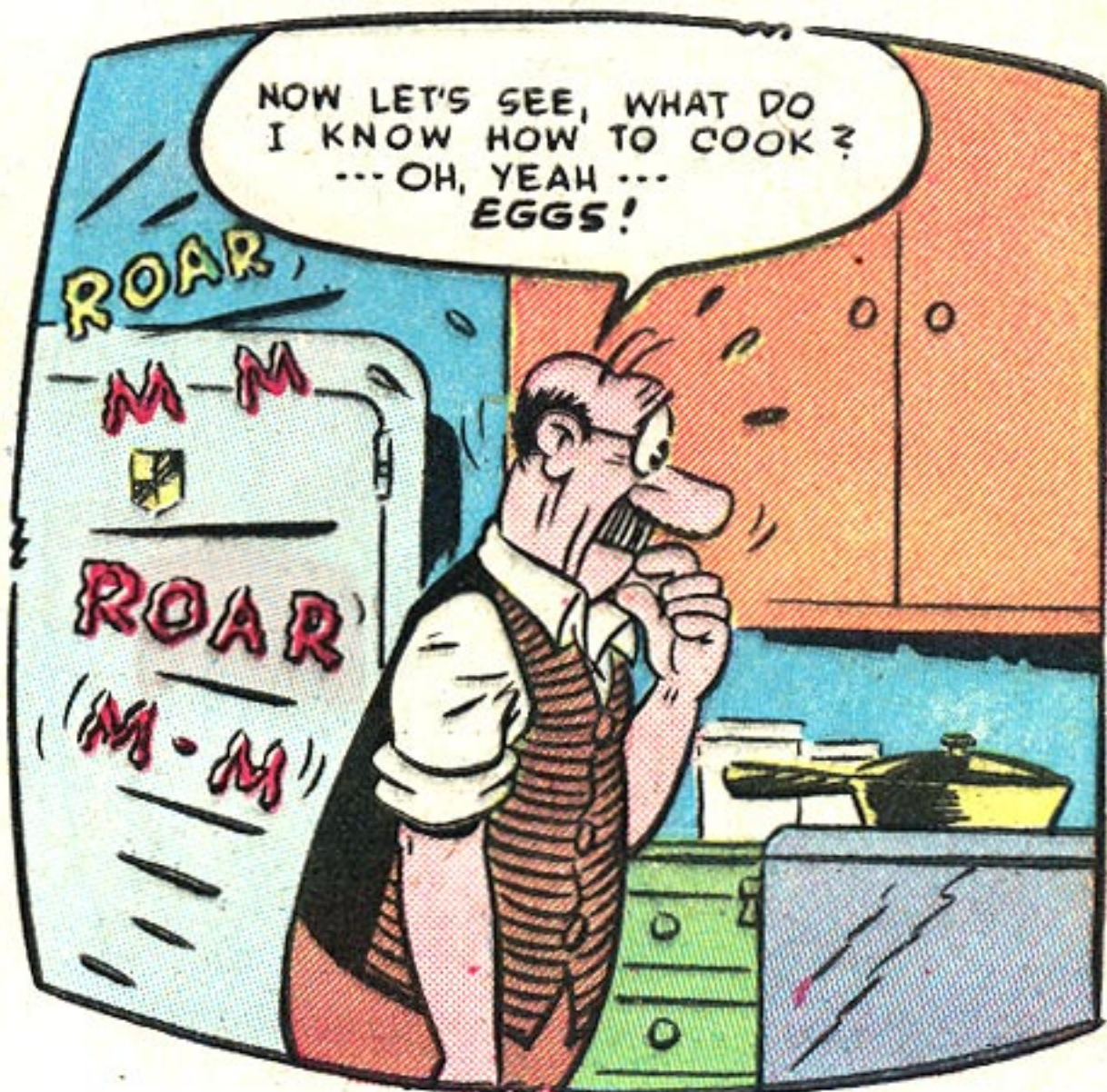
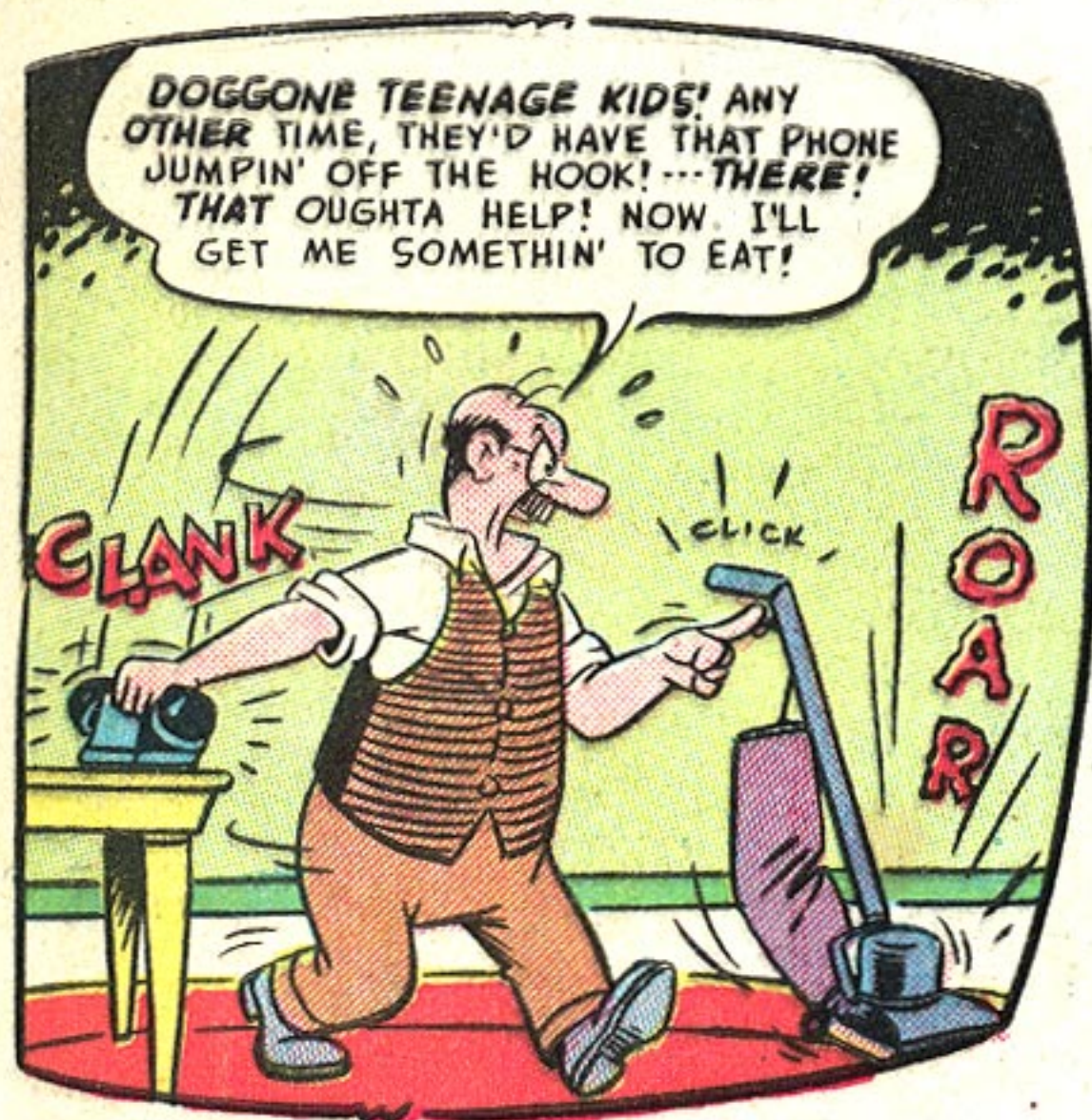
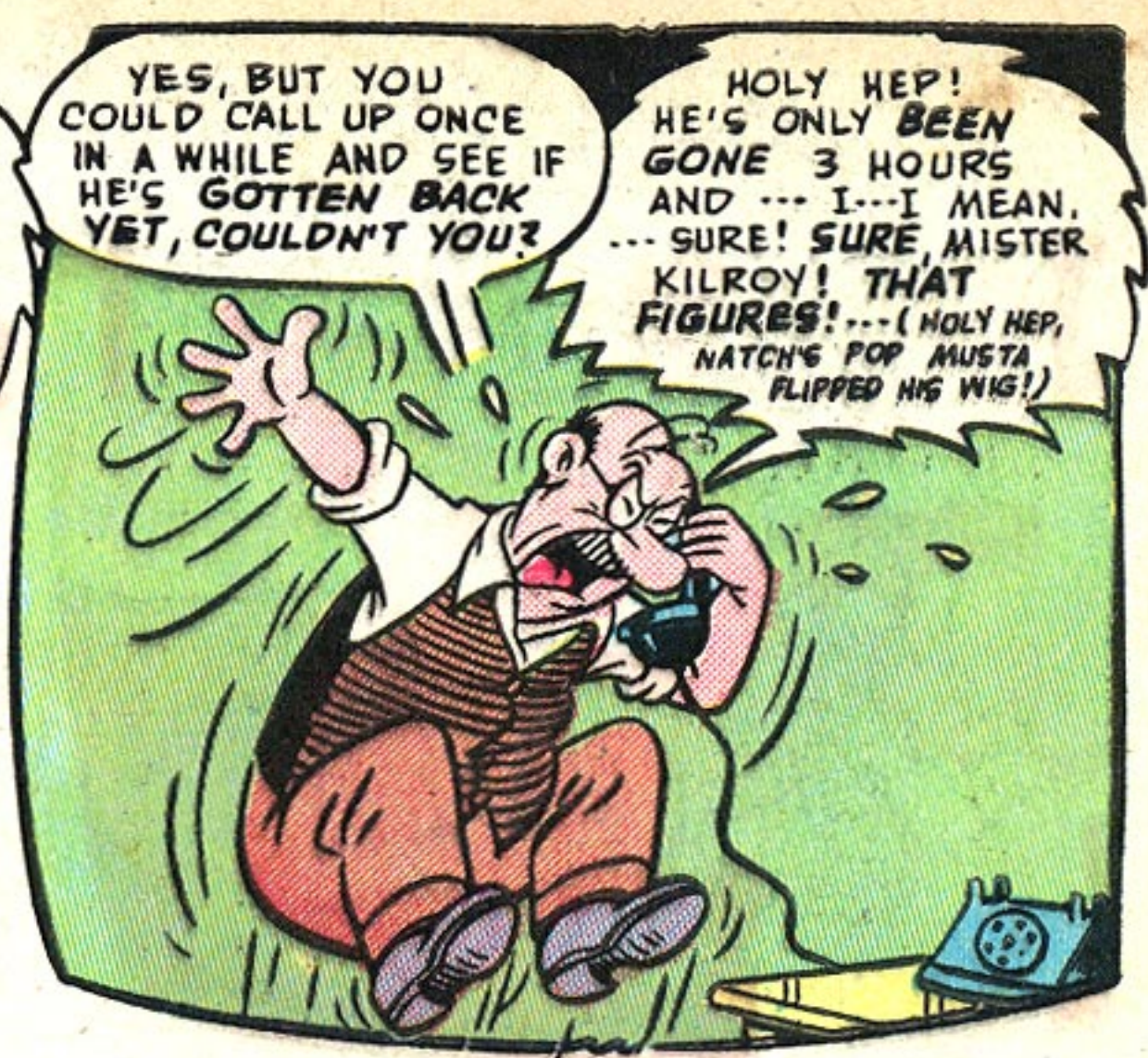
in
"TWO WEEKS OFF!"



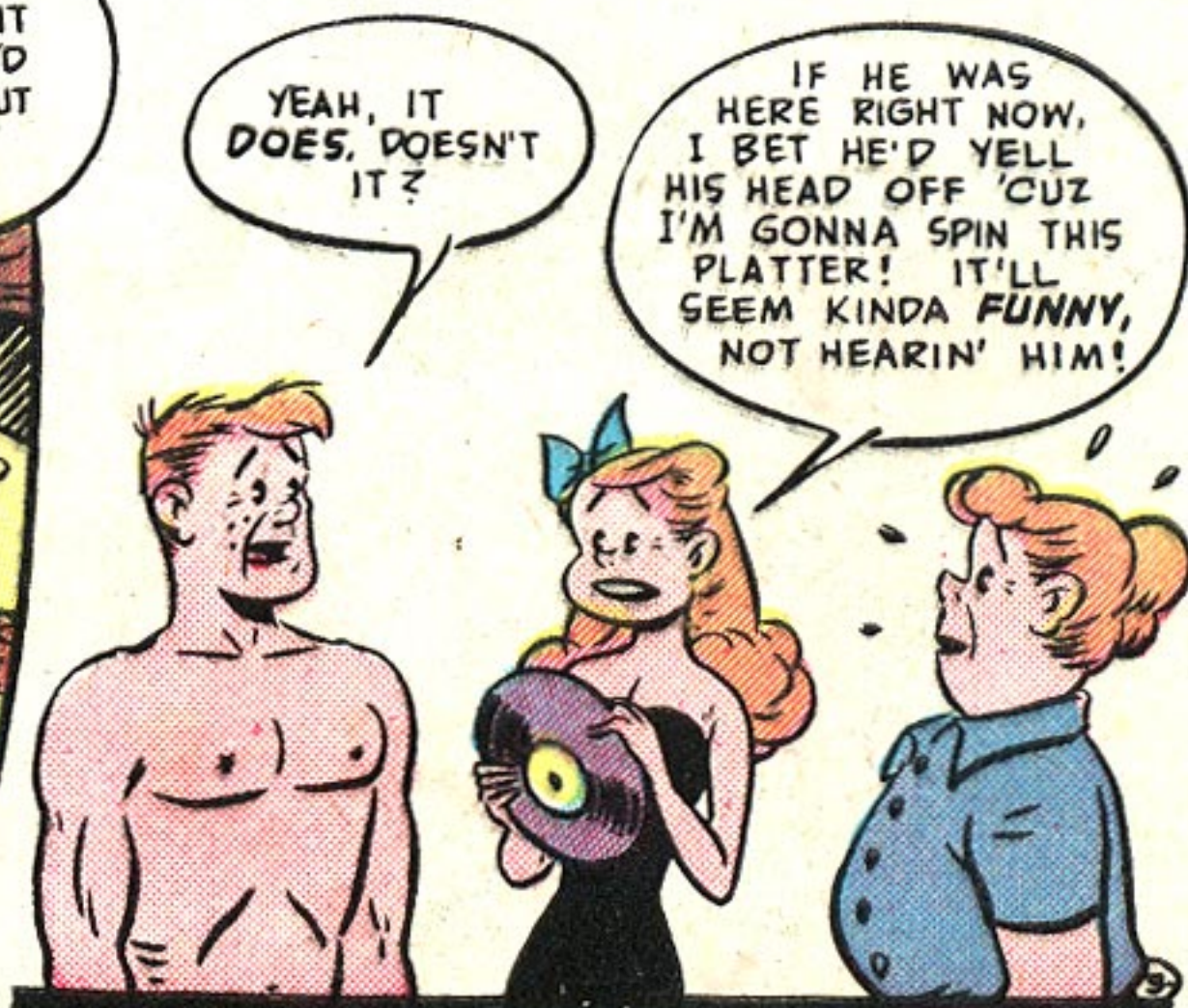
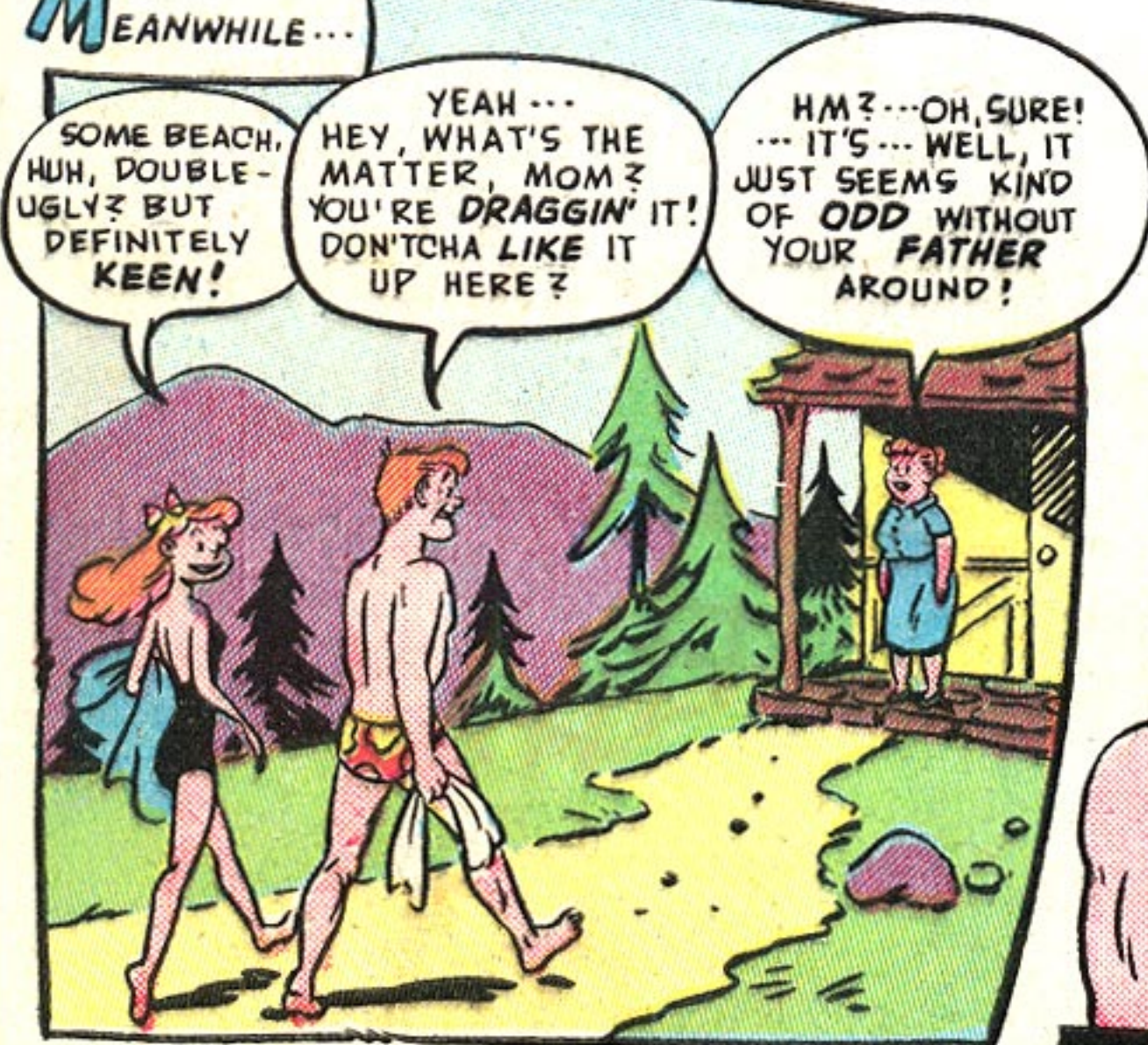


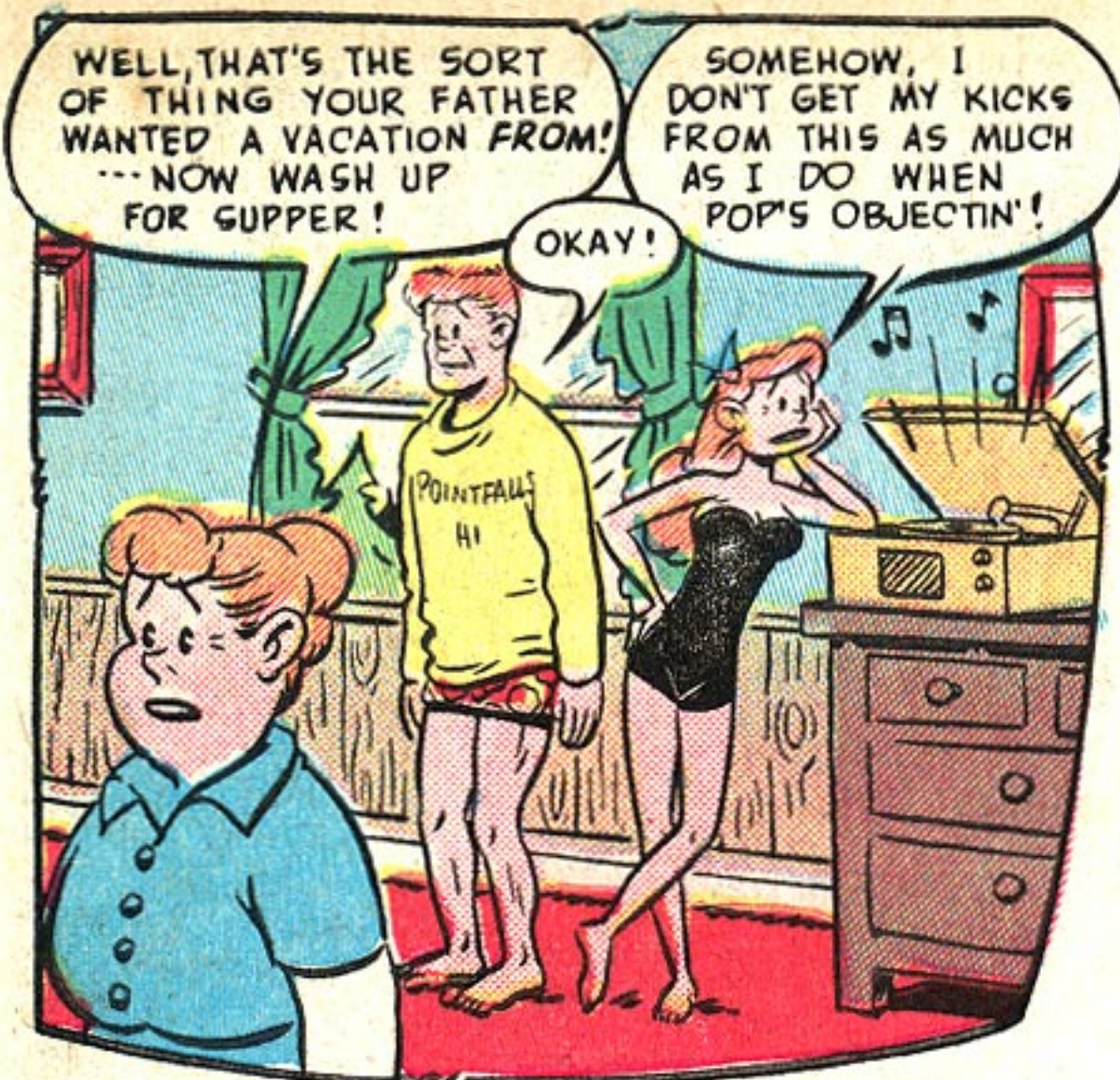




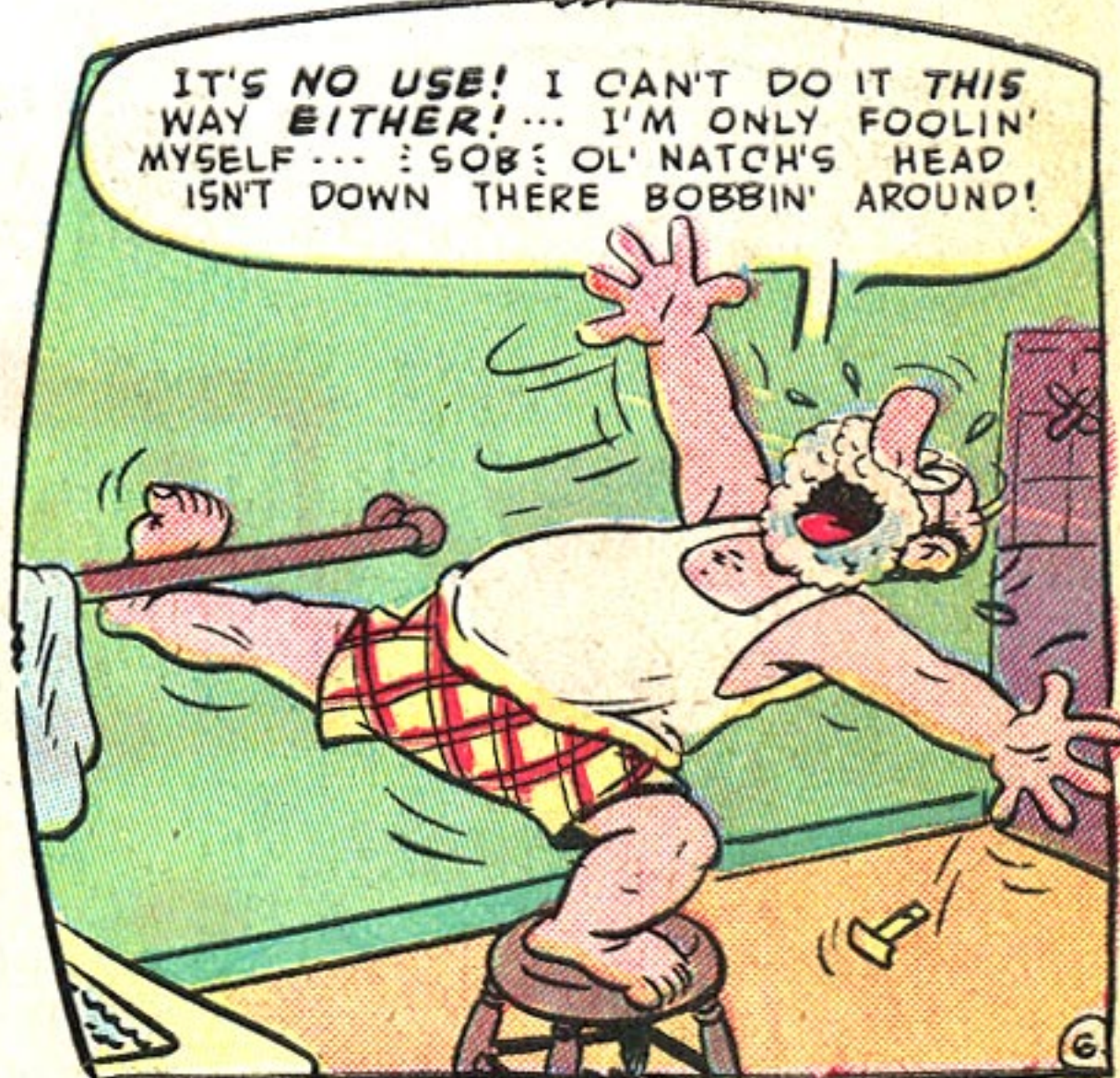
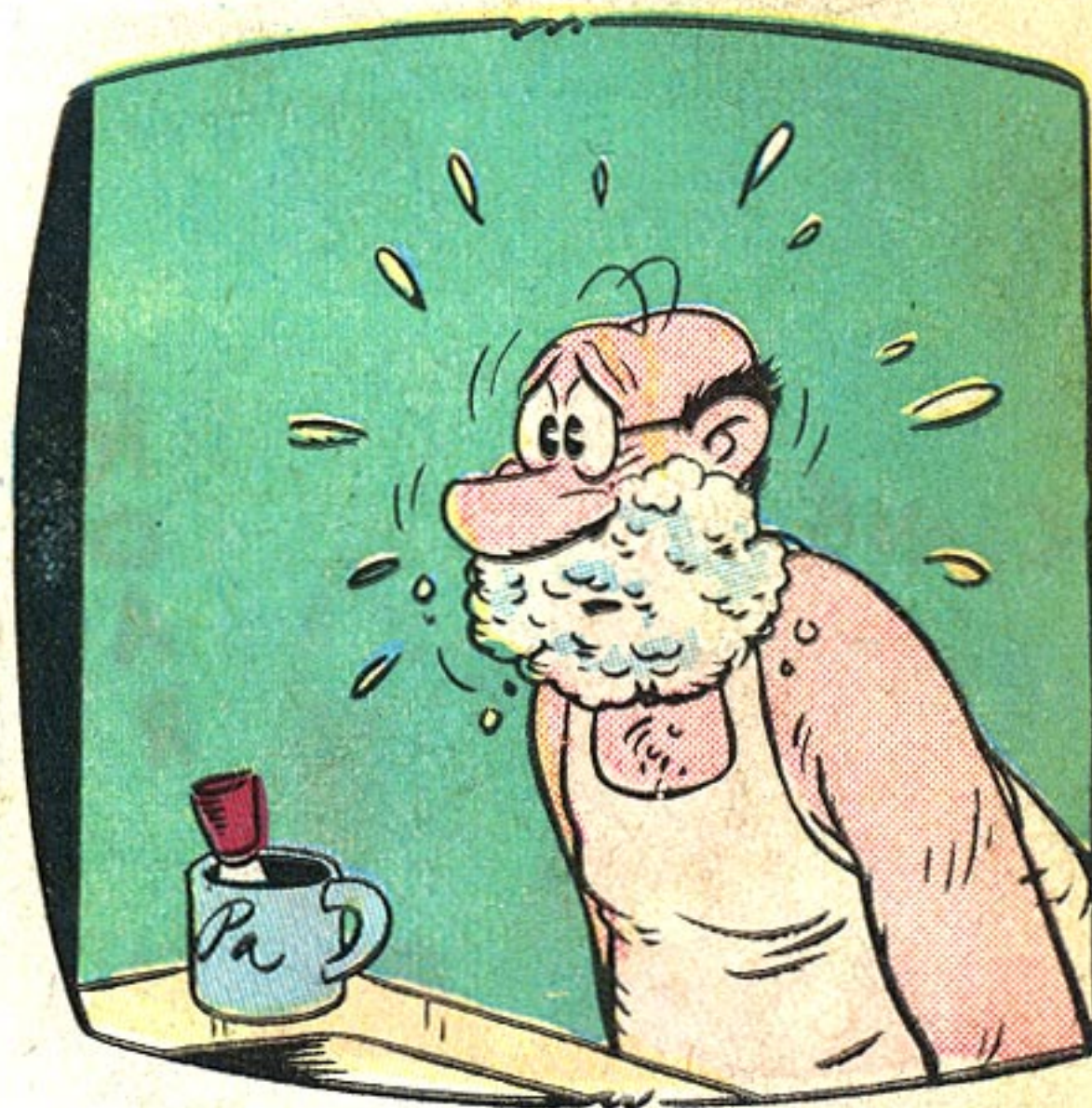
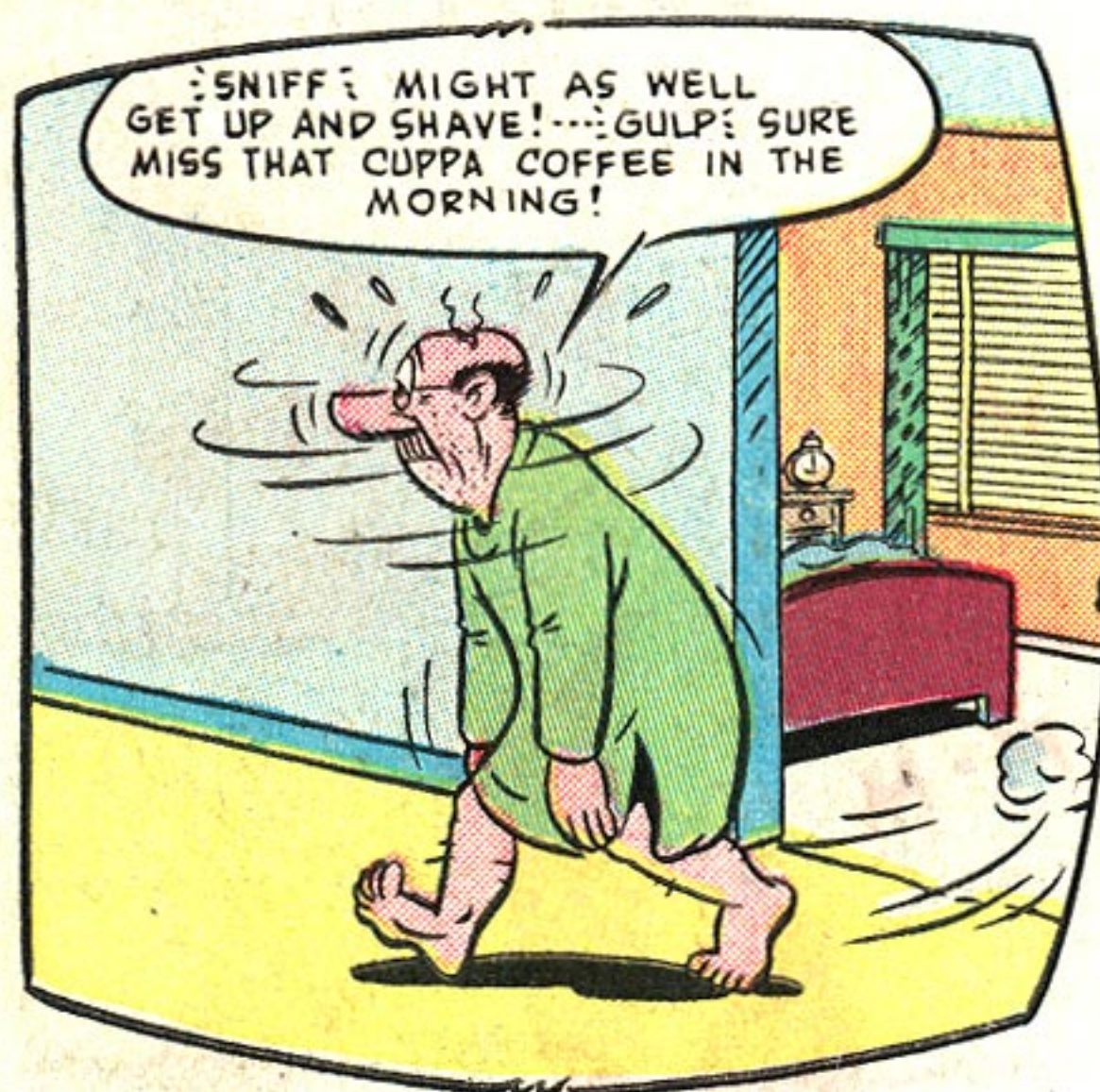
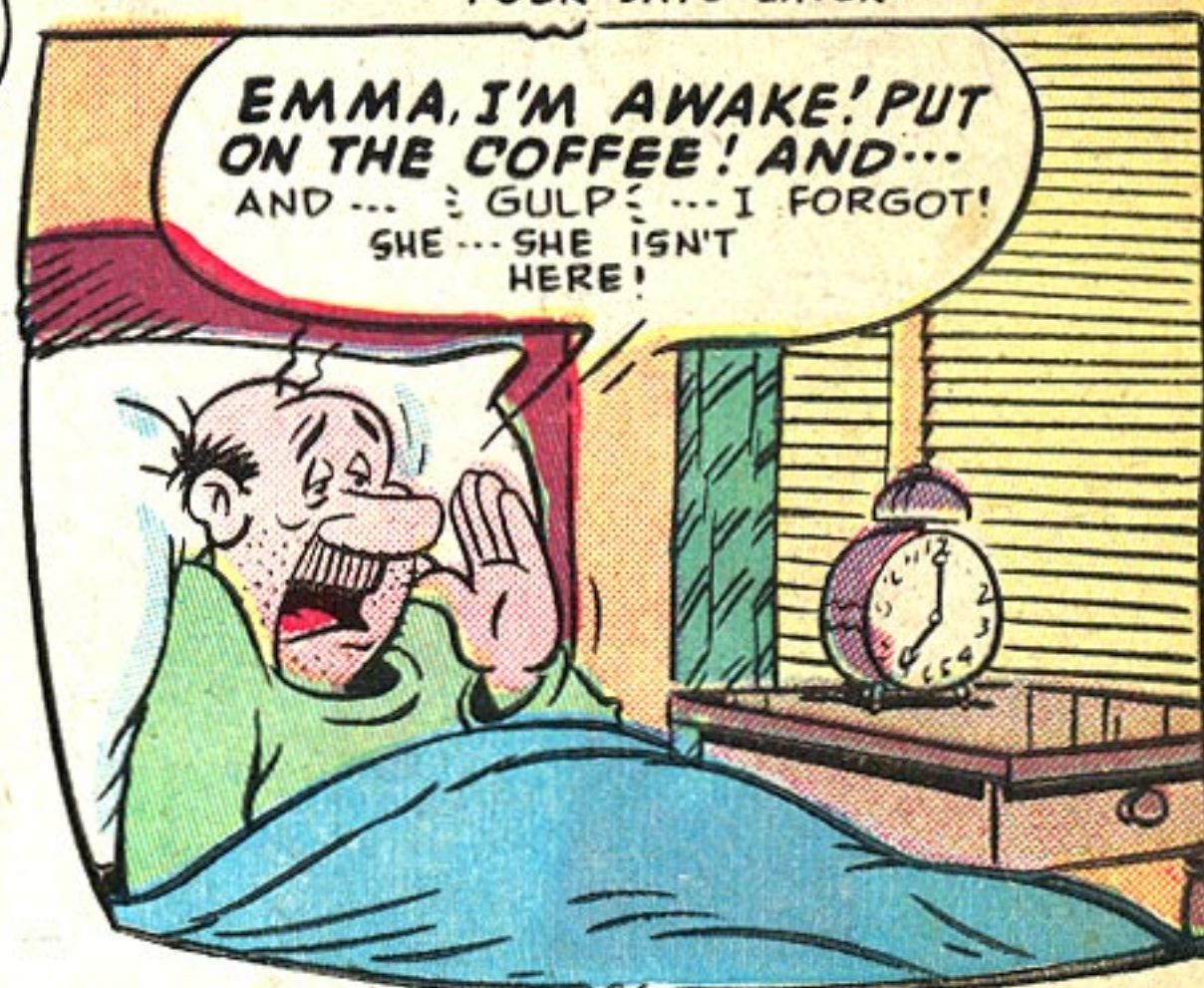


MEANWHILE...

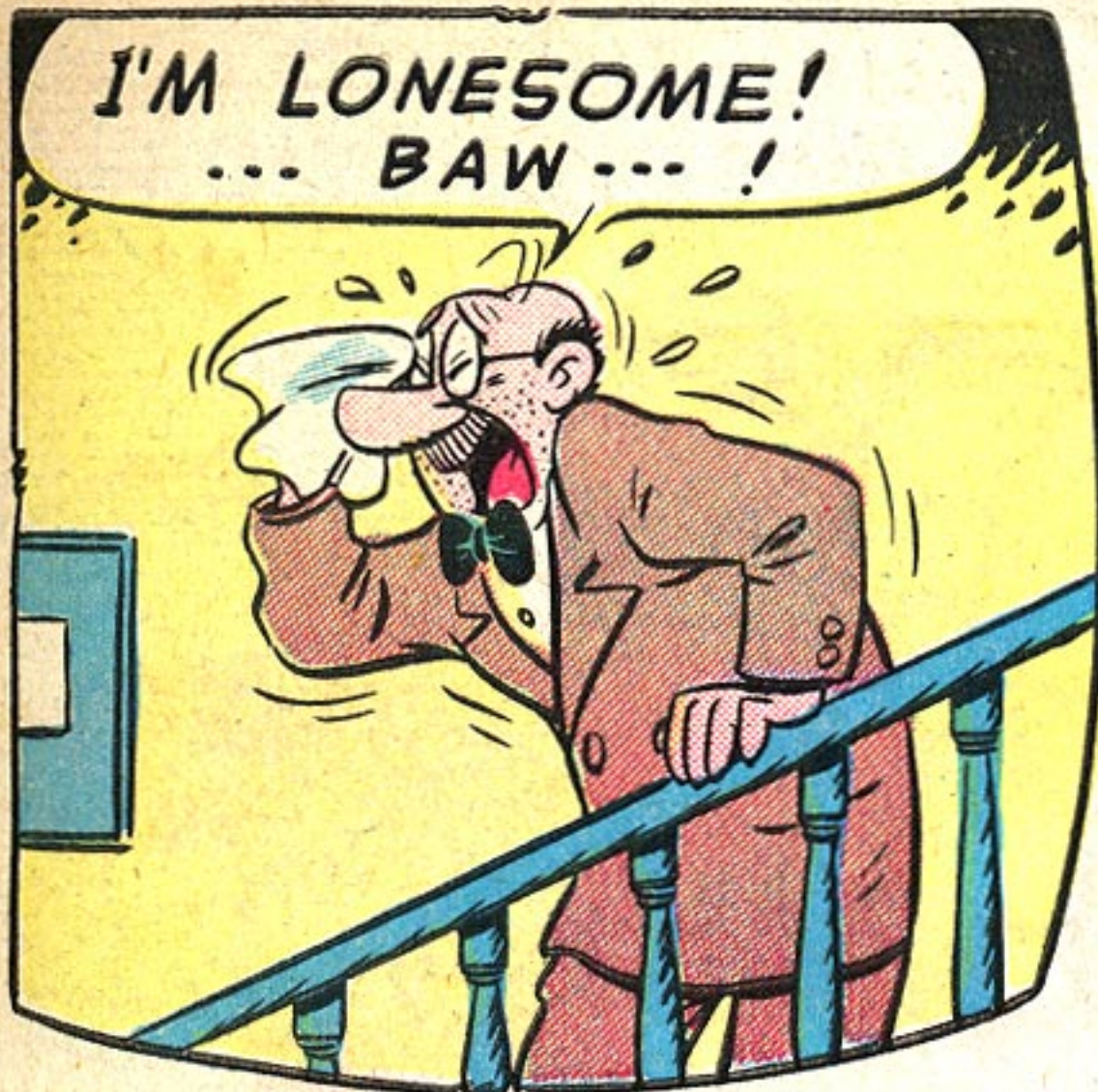




NOW BACK TO THE KILROY RESIDENCE...
FOUR DAYS LATER...



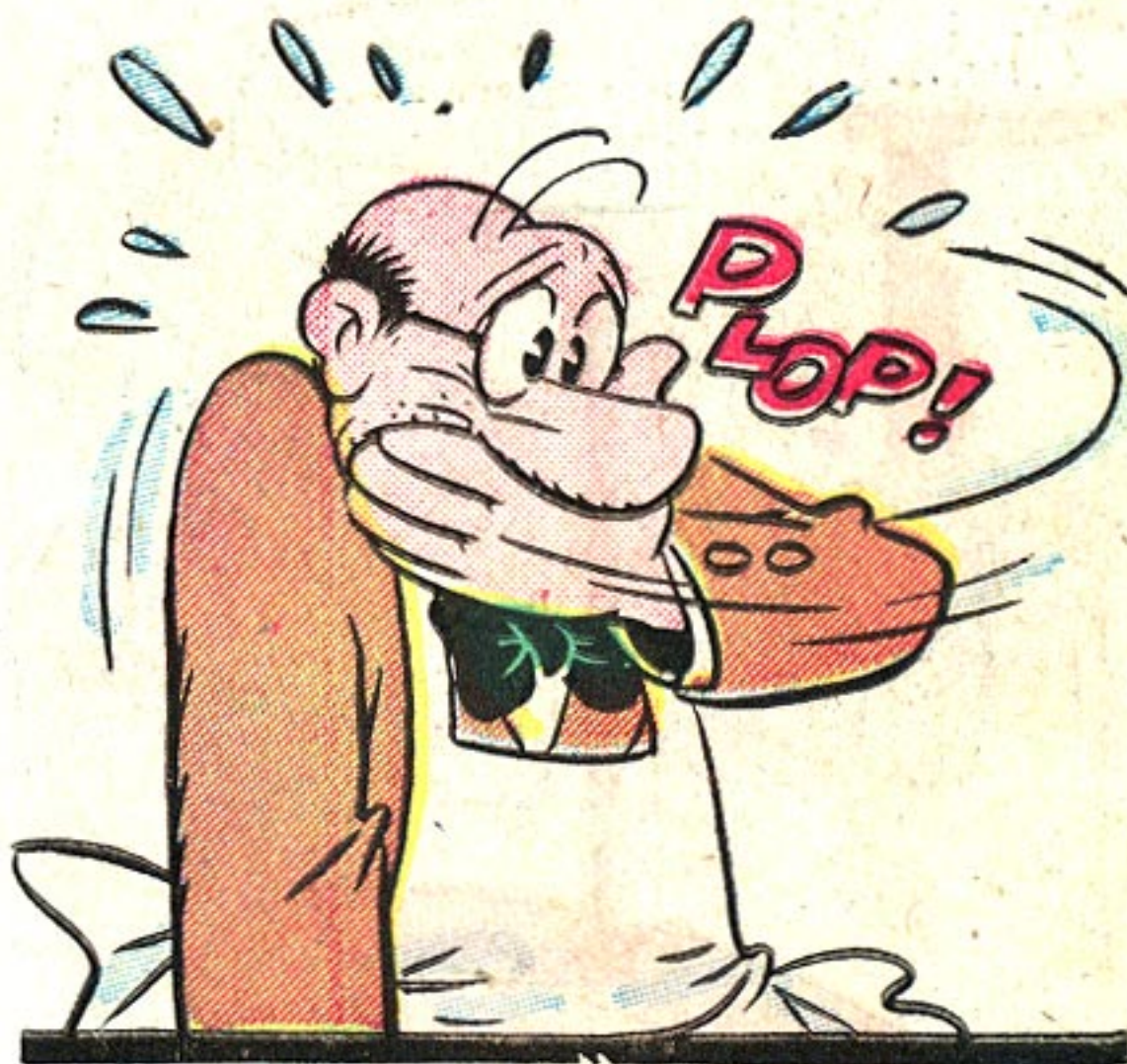
I'M LONESOME!
... BAW ... !



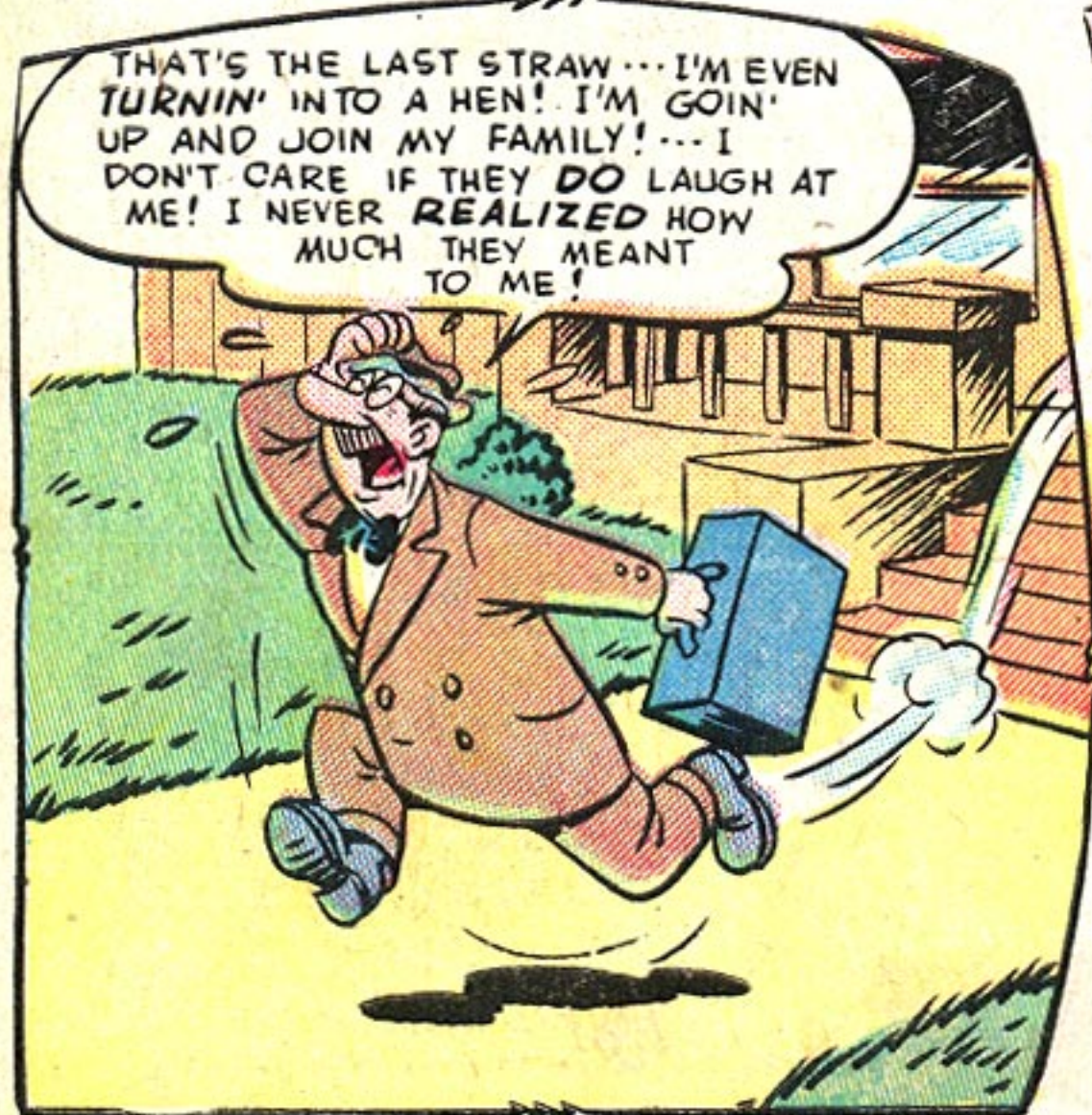
AND I'VE GOTTA GO ON BEIN' LONESOME, TOO, BECAUSE IF MY FAMILY KNEW IT, THEY'D NEVER STOP LAUGHIN' AT ME!
: SOB :



EGGS AGAIN! ... OH, WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A COUPLA CUT ... CUT ... CA ... DAW!



THAT'S THE LAST STRAW ... I'M EVEN TURNIN' INTO A HEN! I'M GOIN' UP AND JOIN MY FAMILY! ... I DON'T CARE IF THEY DO LAUGH AT ME! I NEVER REALIZED HOW MUCH THEY MEANT TO ME!

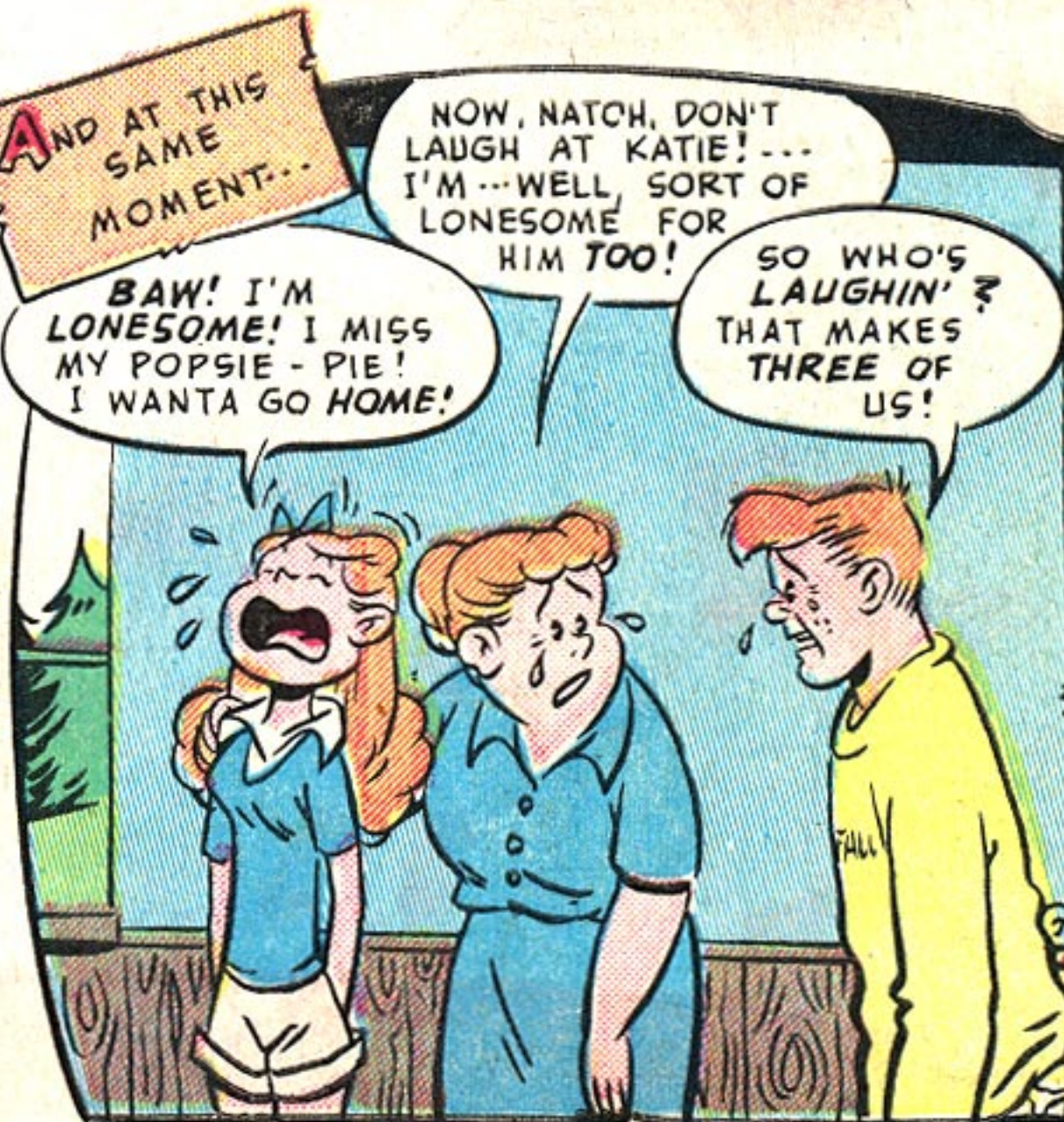


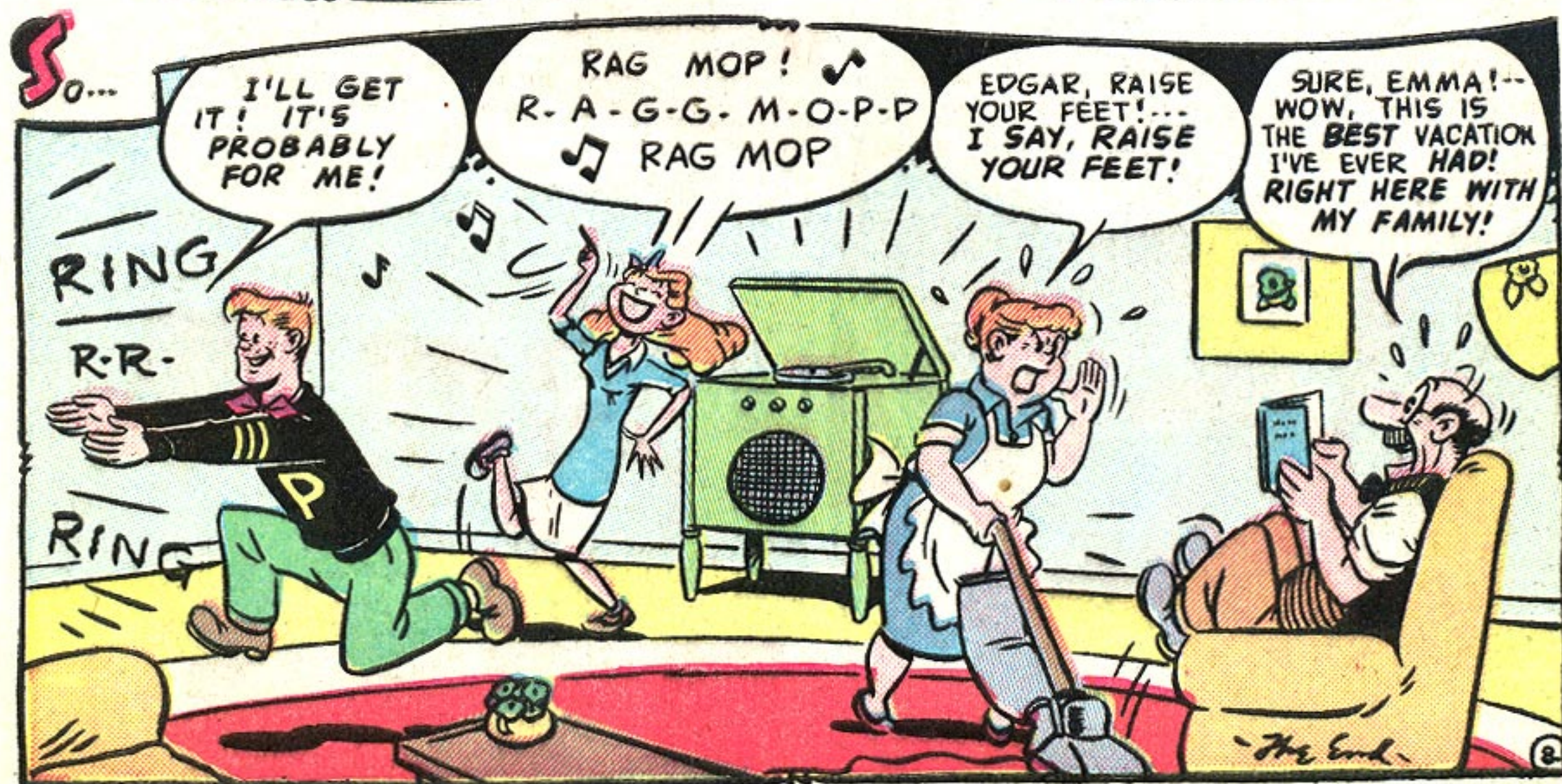
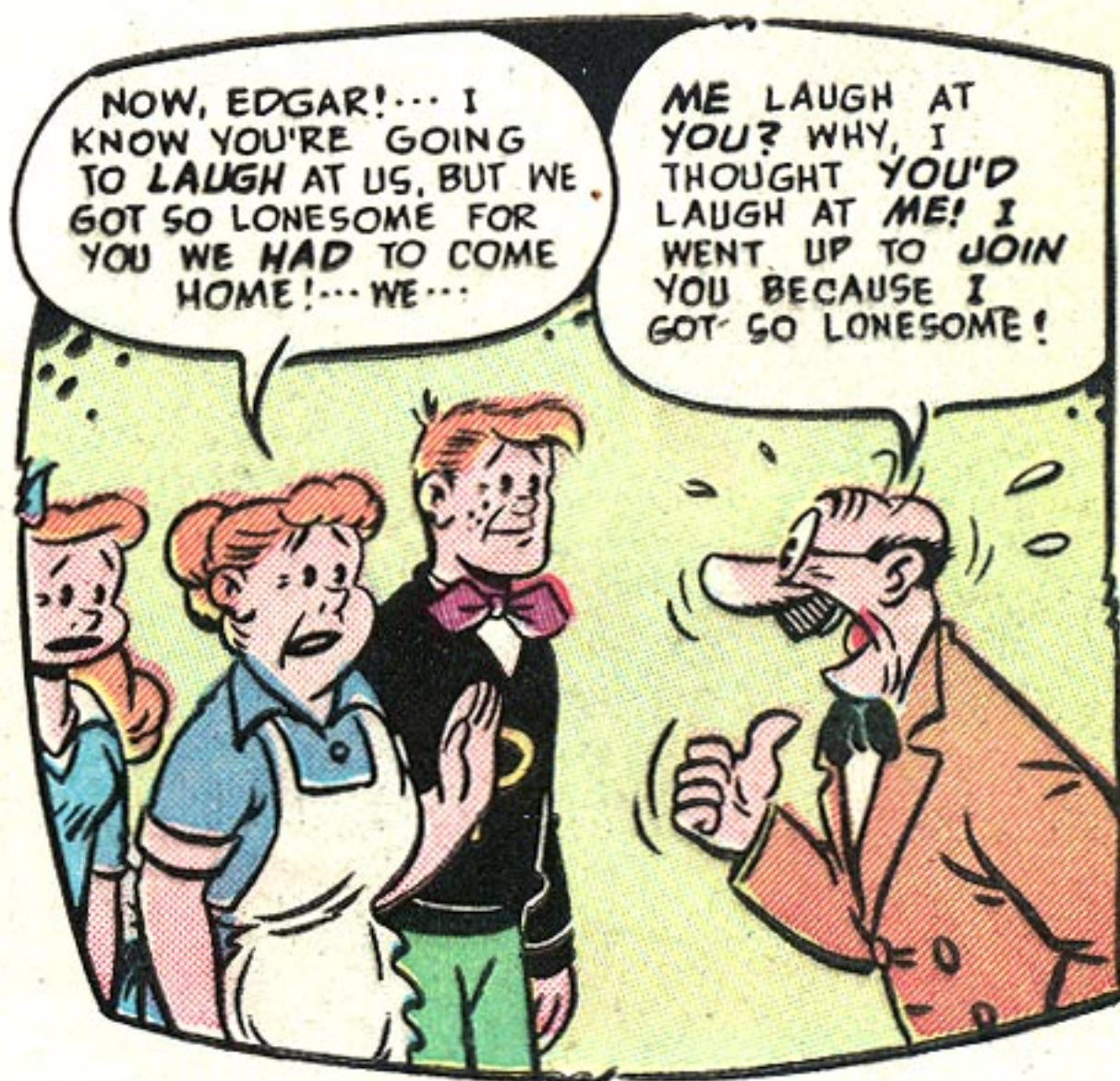
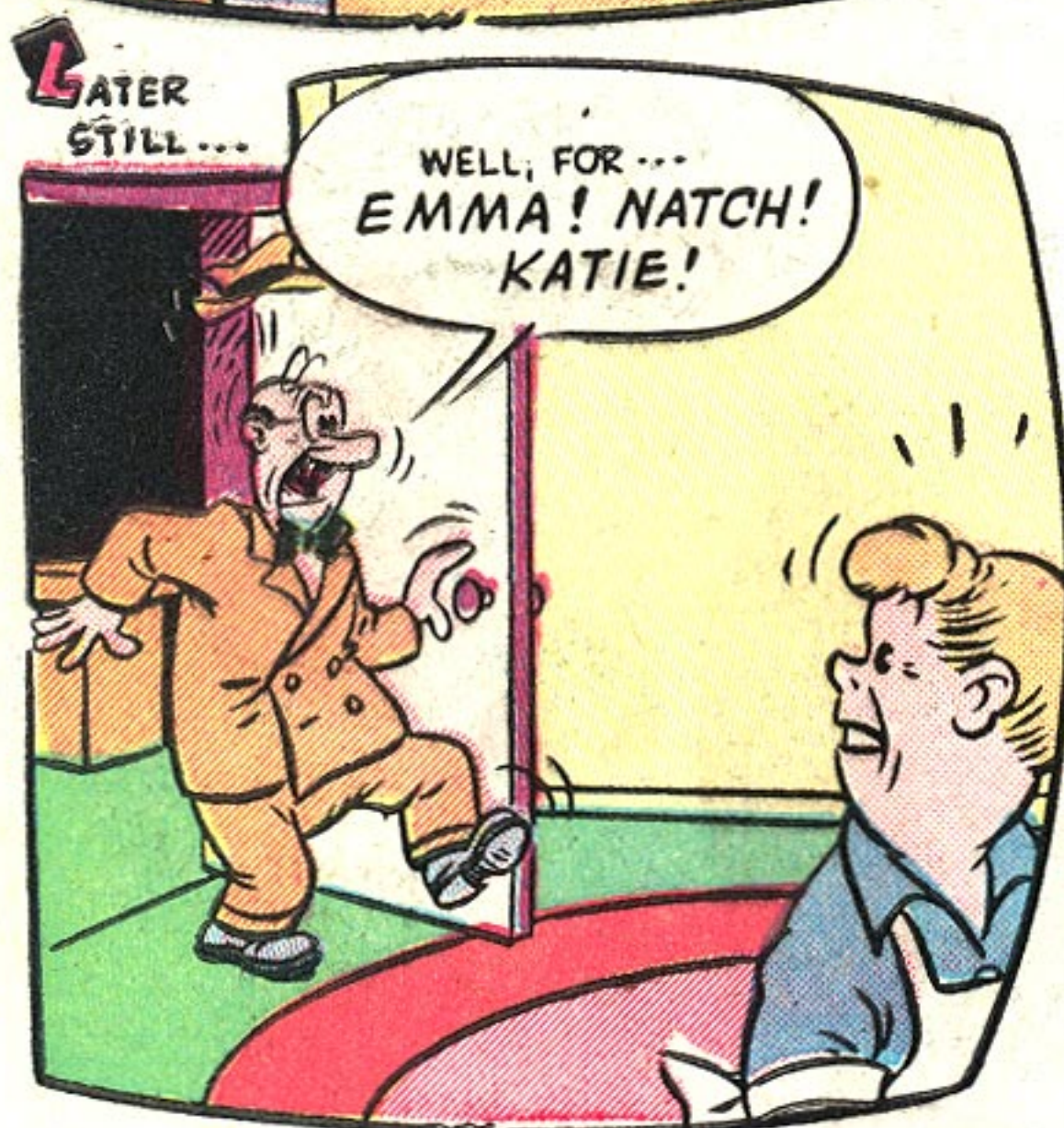
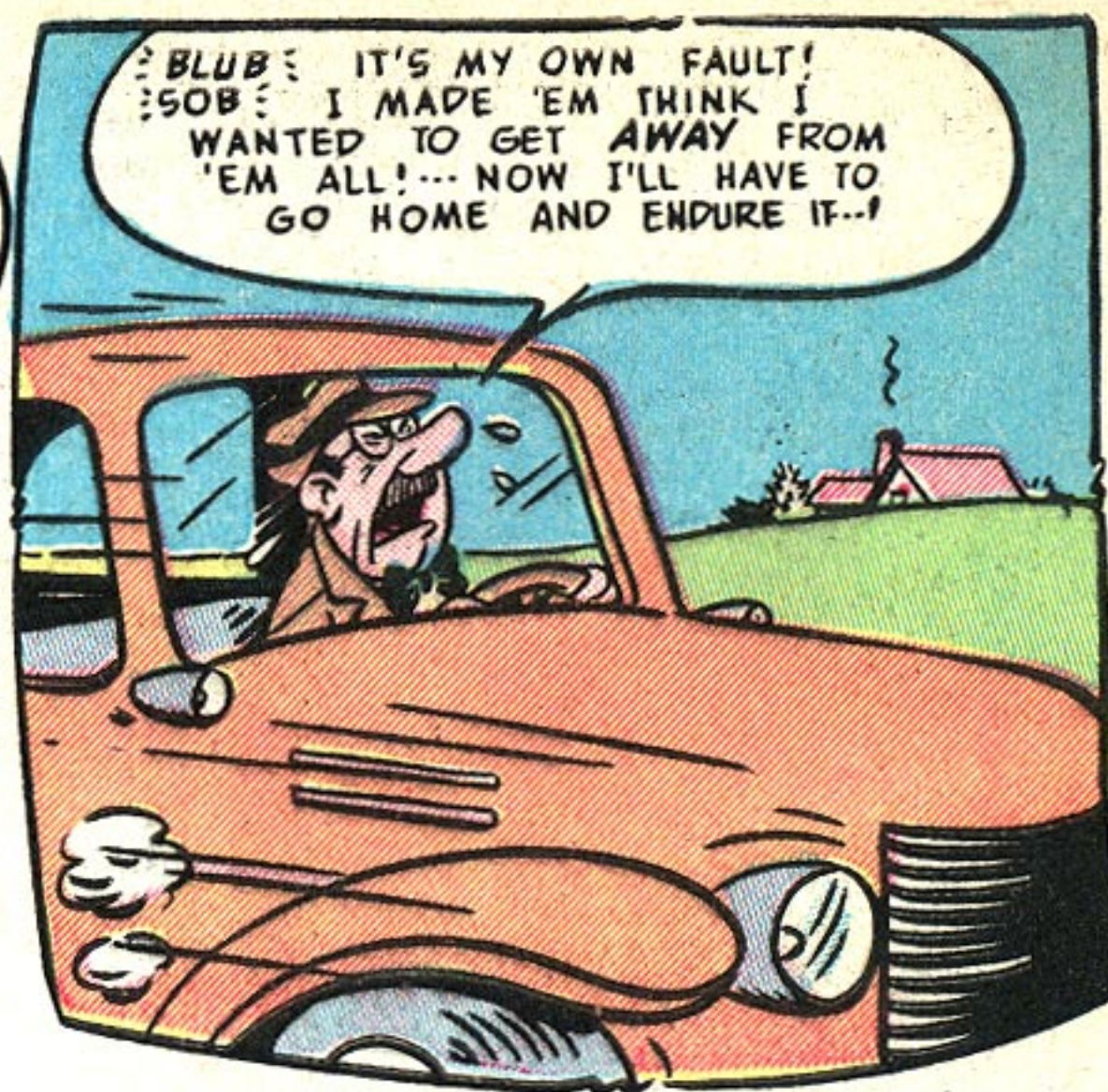
AND AT THIS SAME MOMENT...

NOW, NATCH, DON'T LAUGH AT KATIE! ... I'M ... WELL, SORT OF LONESOME FOR HIM TOO!

SO WHO'S LAUGHIN' ? THAT MAKES THREE OF US!

BAW! I'M LONESOME! I MISS MY POPPIE - PIE! I WANTA GO HOME!





NOW! GET GENUINE WALT DISNEY MASKS ON WHEATIES BOXES!

Just think of the fun you'll have with these bright-colored masks of famous Walt Disney characters. Surprise your friends. Give Walt Disney shows. Wear 'em at parties. They're right on the Wheaties boxes . . . ready to cut out and wear. Get all eight masks and have a barrel of fun!



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BROTHER RABBIT



BAMBI

NO BOXTOP TO SEND...CUT 'EM RIGHT OFF THE PACKAGE

FRECKLES

“

I HATE YOU, I hate you, I *bate* you!” Abigail said fiercely, staring at her reflection in the mirror. It was not to herself that she spoke, but to a small spattering of freckles that lay lightly across the bridge of her upturned nose. “You’re the worst thing that could possibly happen to a girl!”

It is interesting to note that Abigail had never especially minded having freckles up until that moment. But that moment was a special one, because it was one-half hour before Billy was due to arrive. And *this* was Abigail’s first date with Billy!

“What’s the use of trying to look super-duper with these old things!” she mourned, leaning forward to inspect the detested freckles more closely. “The more I do to my hair and clothes, the more they stick out! Ugh!”

It was fifteen minutes before Billy’s arrival that Abigail, fired by desperation, went into action. She *had* to camouflage those freckles somehow! Racing to the corner five-and-dime store, she blew all of her allowance on some nice, heavy-looking pancake makeup, rather dark in tone, which the counter girl assured her was all the rage. Then she bought some face powder to match and raced home again, alive with hope!

The pancake went on first, quite thickly, in order that not one tiny freckle be seen. Abigail looked at herself searchingly to make certain of that. Then, she applied the face powder, putting on layer after layer, admiring the effect as she went along.

“Won’t Billy be impressed with me!” she thought, when her makeup was completed. “I happen to look very keen at this moment!”

Yes, that’s what Abigail thought...

but that’s not what happened, at all! At least, Billy may have liked her looks but he never said so! In fact, he seemed rather upset about something all through their date and wouldn’t meet Abigail’s inquiring eyes.

Although they had planned on roller skating and cokes, Billy seemed to have changed his mind, for he suggested the movies instead. Abigail was perfectly willing, of course, since any kind of date with Billy was gorgeous! But she *did* have the feeling that Billy didn’t like her quite so much on their first date as when he’d asked her to go with him! This thought puzzled Abigail and made her unhappy.

To make matters worse, it was pouring, just coming down in buckets, when she and Billy emerged from the movies. There was nothing to do but run for it, and with the rain pouring on her hair and face, just ruining her makeup, Abigail felt worse than ever! What a mess she would be by the time they got home!

Dripping and sopping, Abigail led the way into the kitchen for some doughnuts and milk. The date had been a sad experience and she was anxious for Billy to leave her alone, so she could be sad all by herself. But Billy showed no signs of leaving. Instead, he was looking at her with the same eager grin he had smiled when making the date.

“Say, Abigail, would you...er...would you...er...”

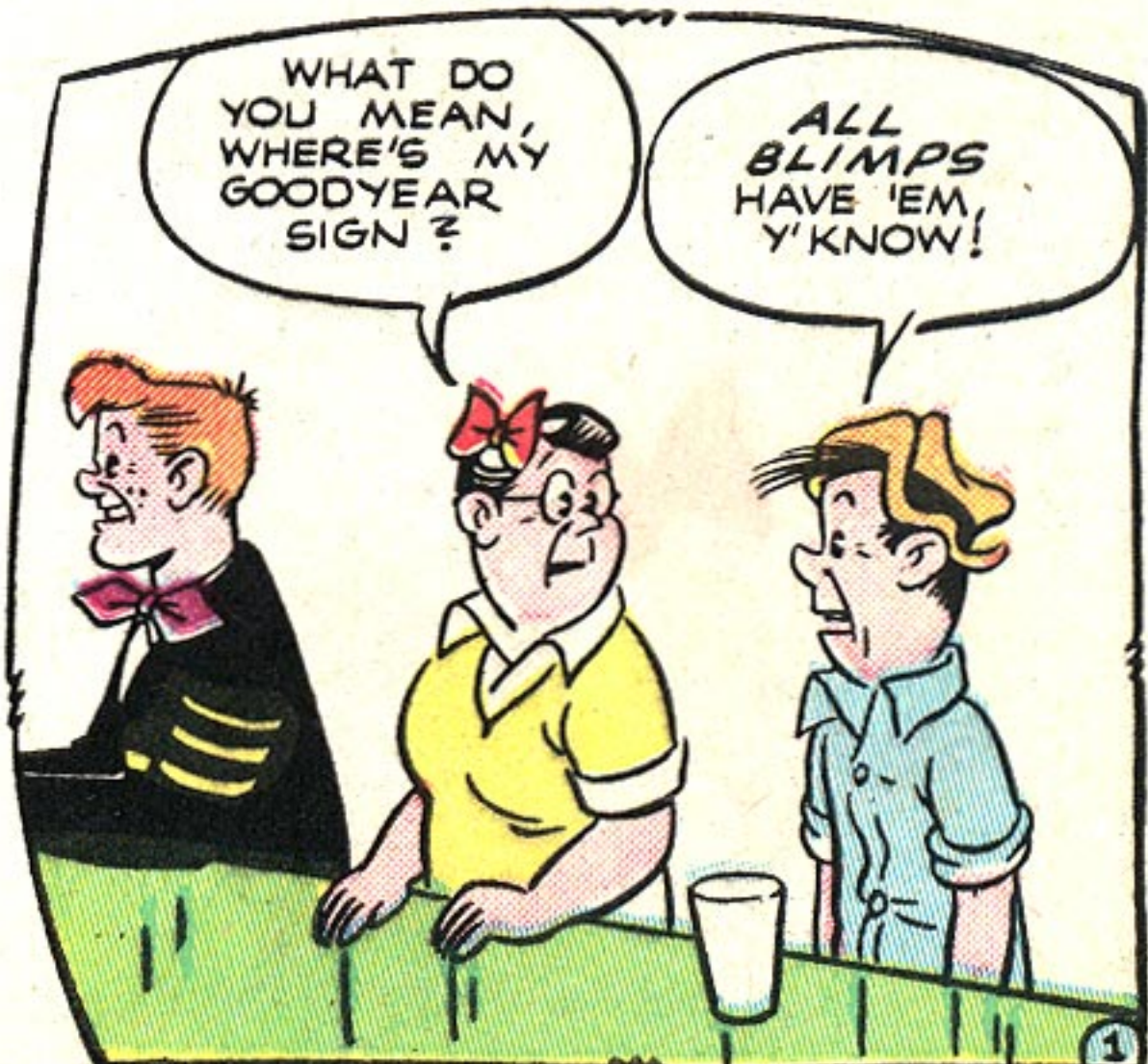
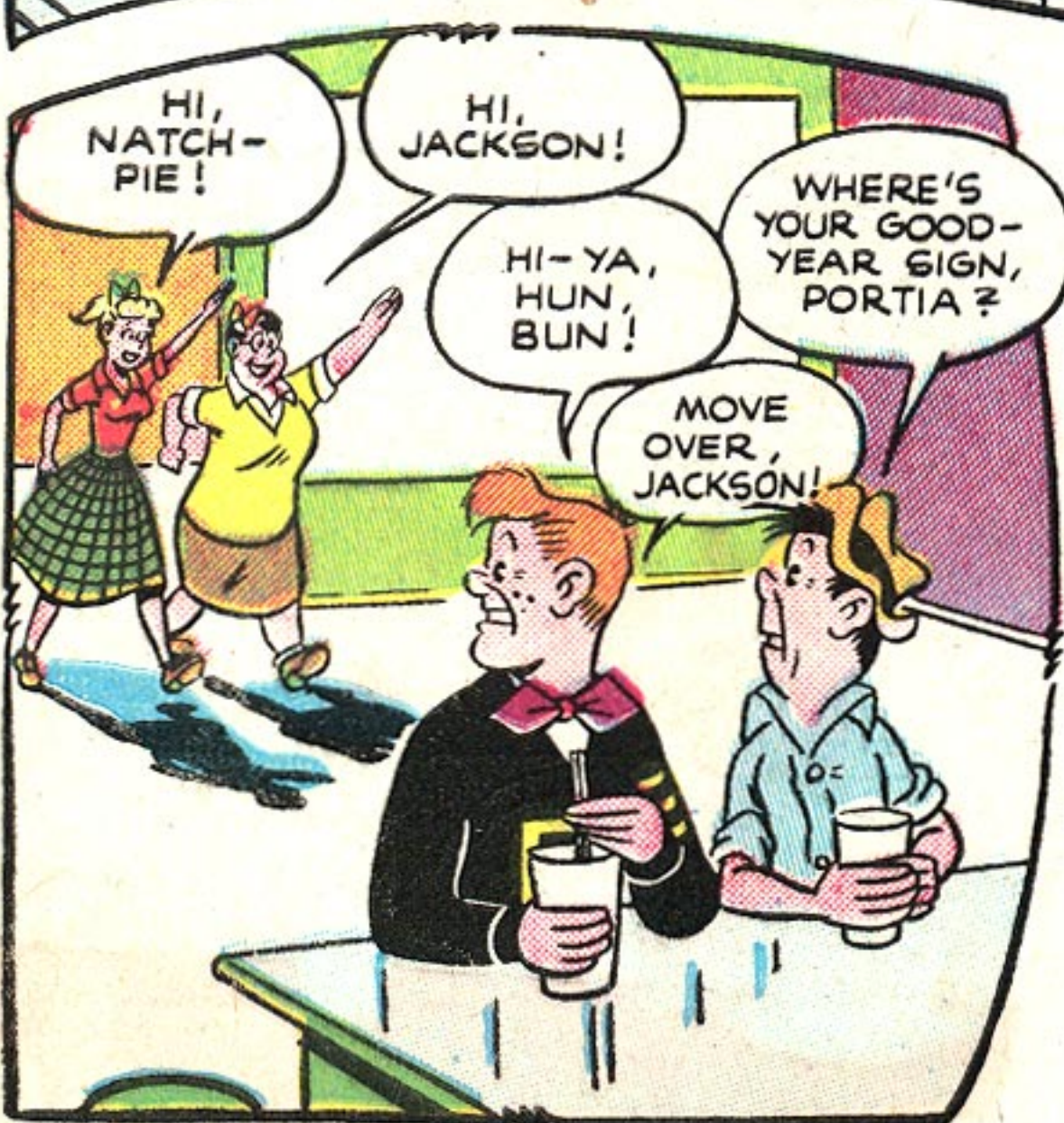
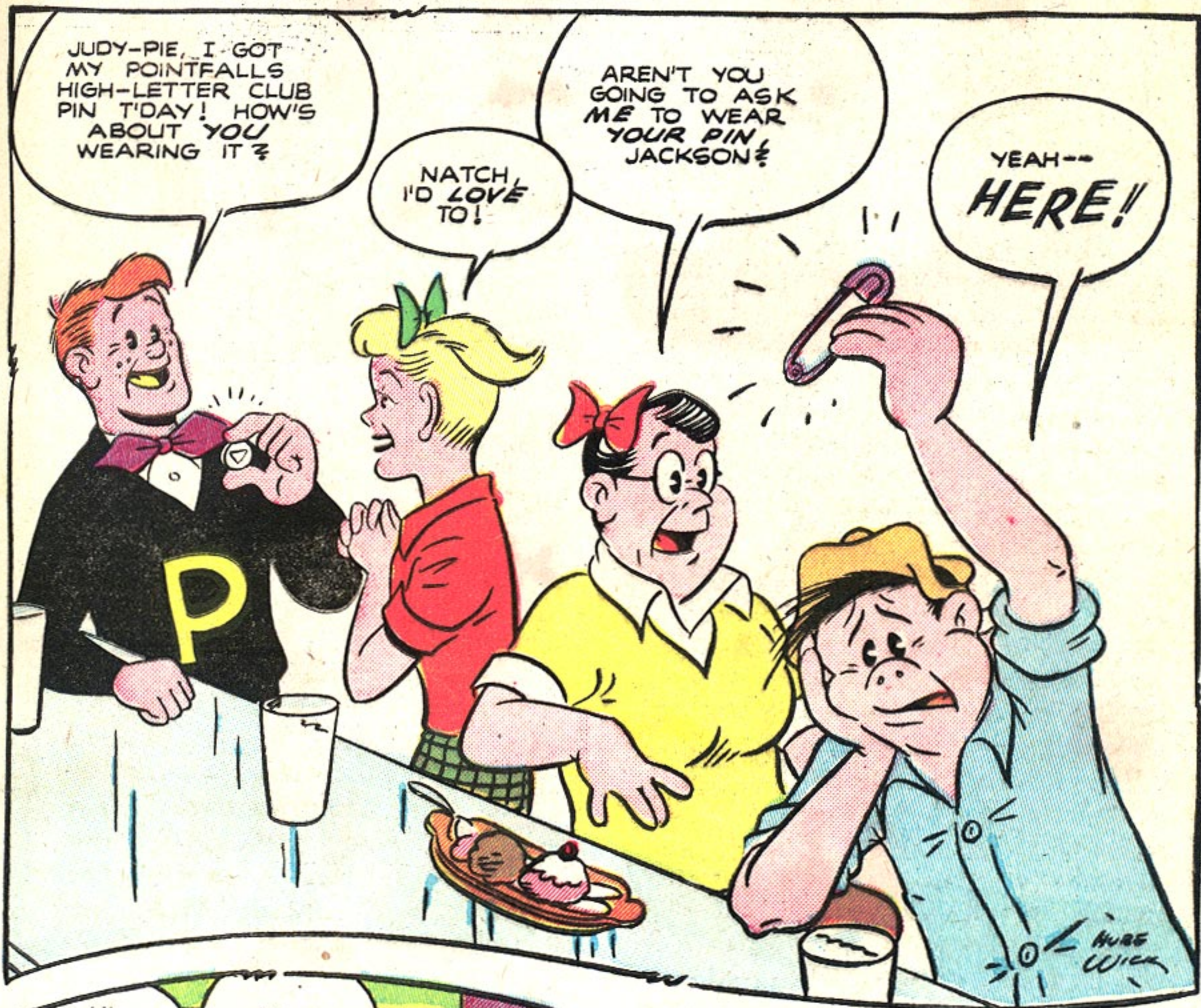
“What is it, Billy?” Abigail asked nervously.

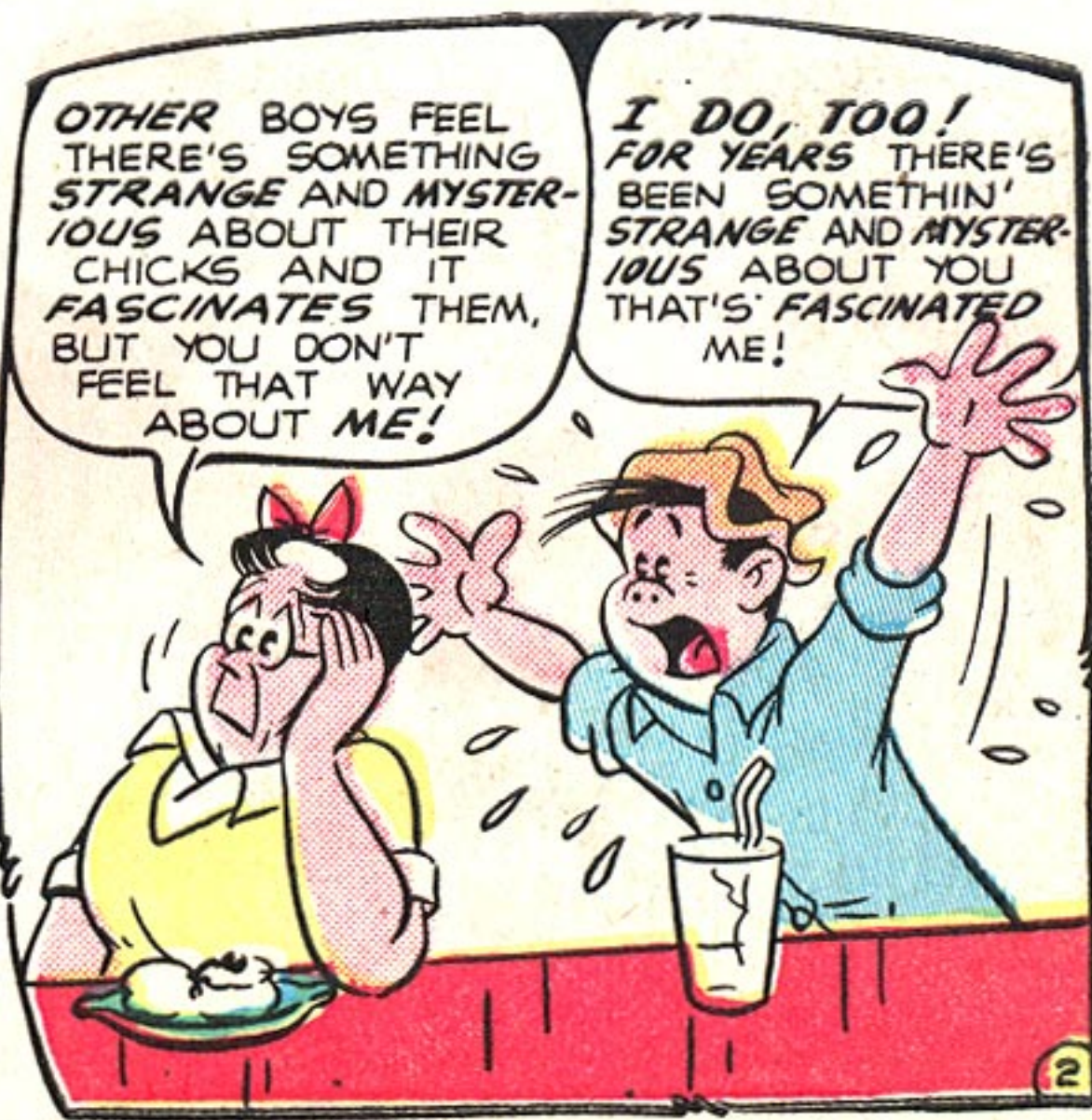
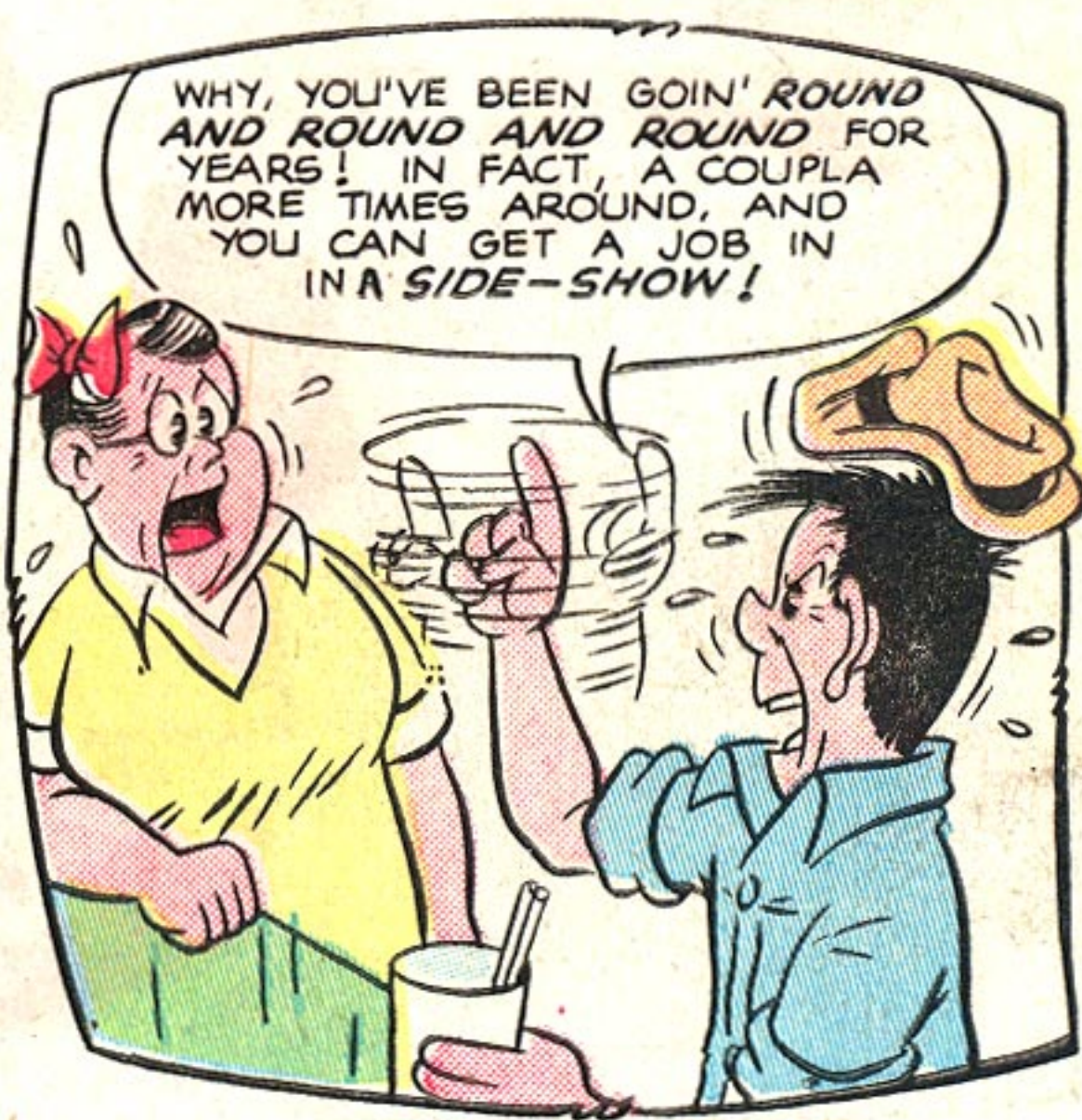
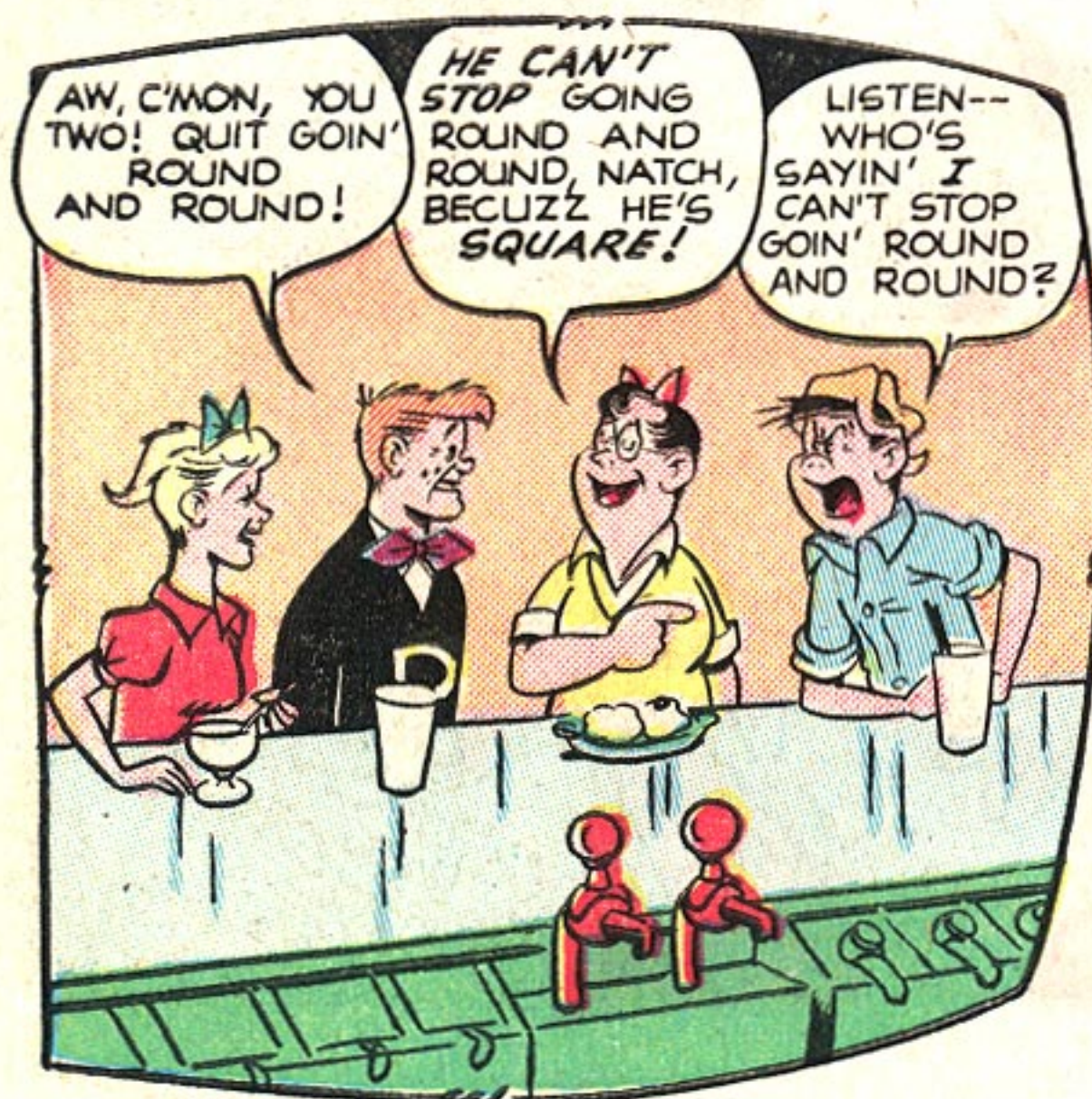
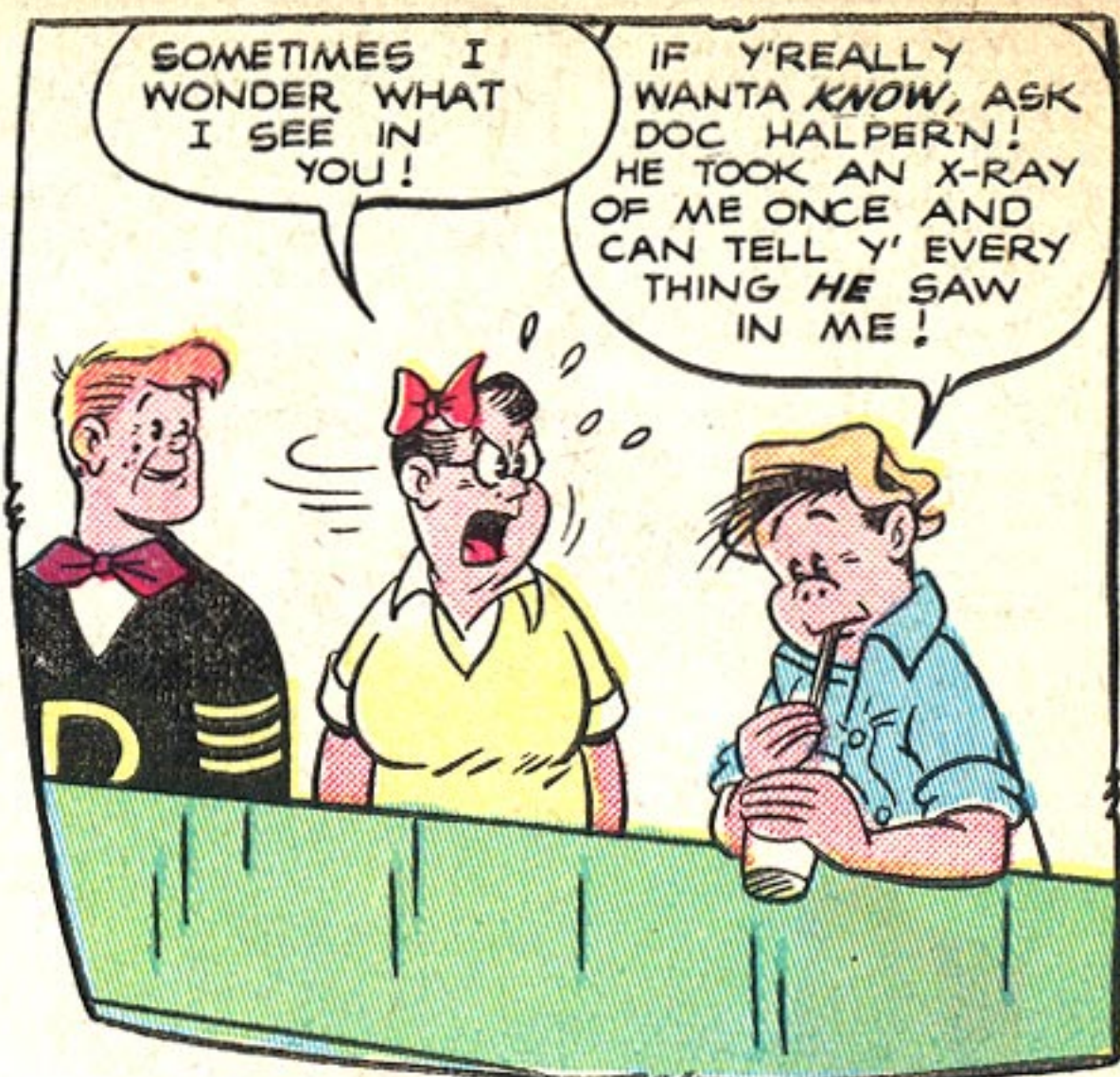
Billy gathered his courage and blurted, “Would you mind if I kissed you goodnight? I know we don’t know each other long enough, but if there’s one thing I’m crazy about...it’s...freckles!”

Abigail tilted her face up to his and closed her eyes.

Jackson *and* Portia

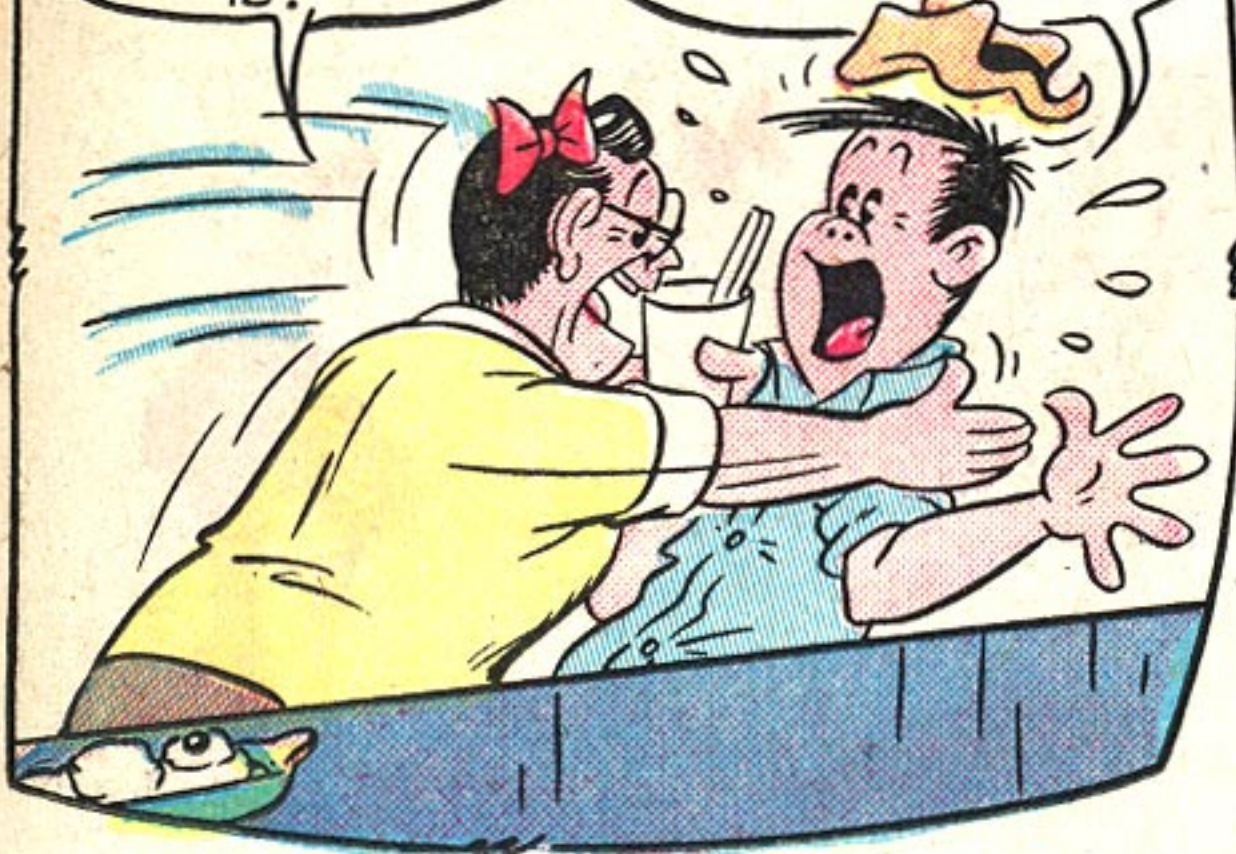
"LOVER, COME BACK TO ME!"





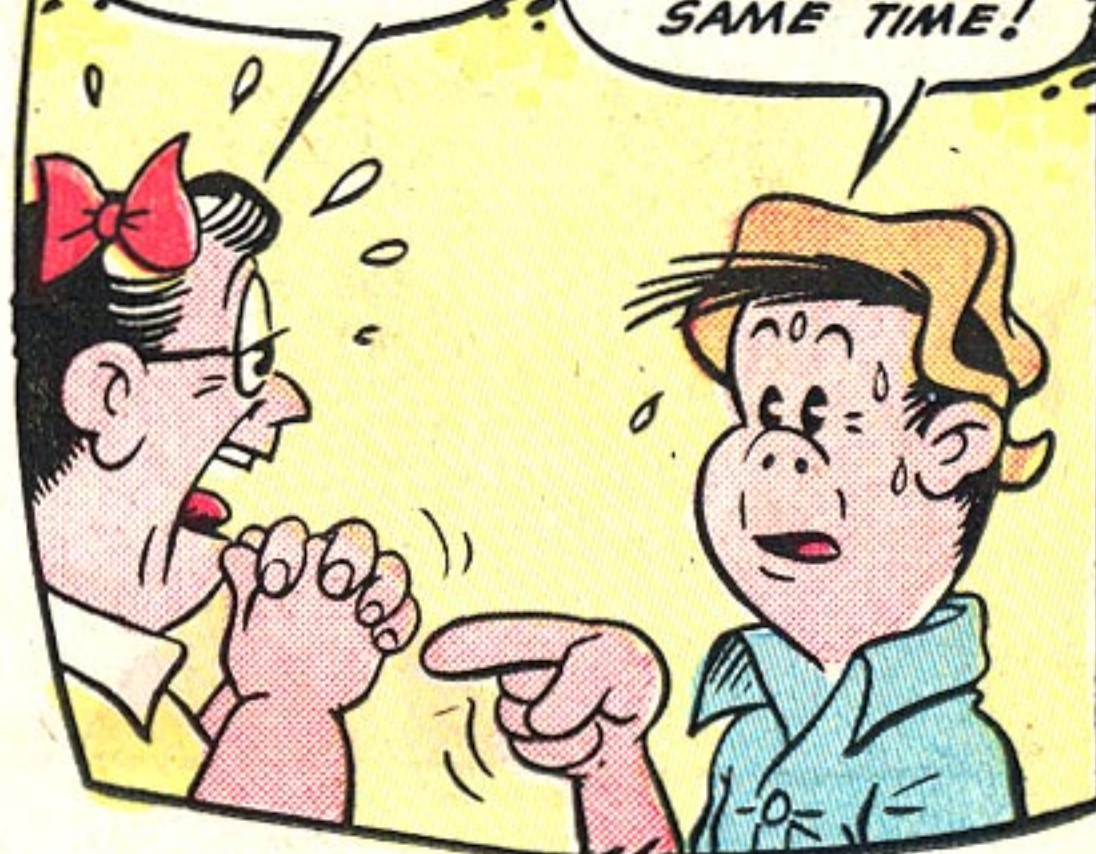
LOVER-LIP, THERE HAS? THERE **REALLY** HAS BEEN SOMETHING ABOUT ME THAT'S **MYSTIFIED** YOU? TELL ME, TELL ME! I MUST KNOW WHAT IT IS!

HOLY COW! IF YOU'LL RELAX AND GET YOUR **BEAK** OUT OF MY MALT, I'LL BE **GLAD** TO TELL YA WHAT'S BEEN SO **MYSTIFYING** TO ME

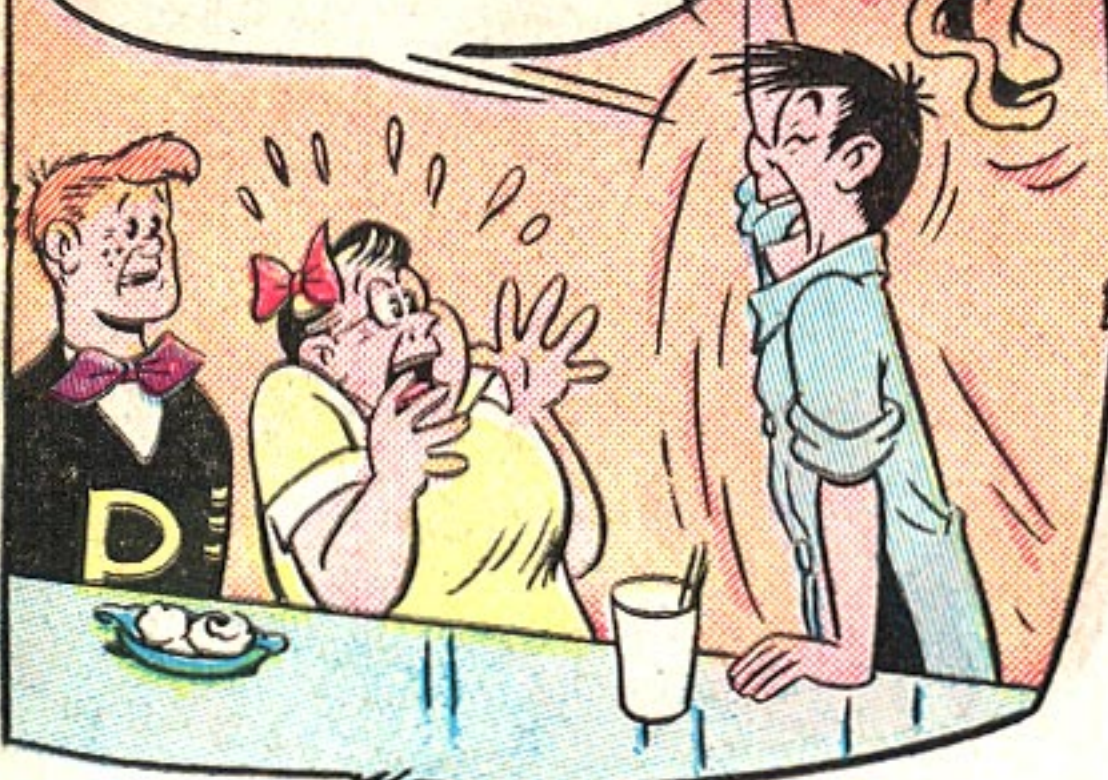


WELL, DEAR BOY! **SPEAK!** WHAT IS IT THAT'S **MYSTIFYING** YOU?

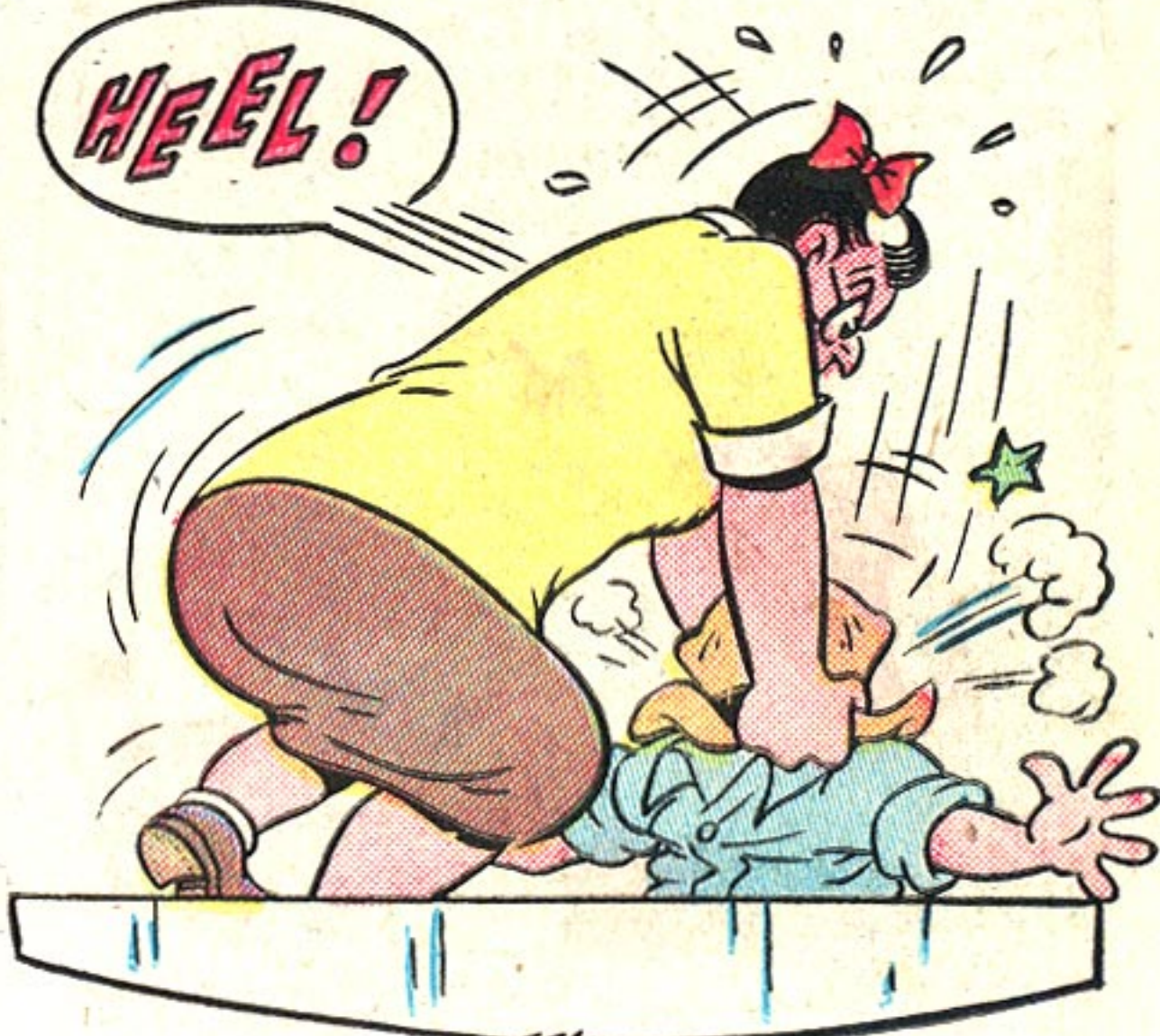
JUST THIS! ---- HOW YOU COULD HOLD UP A **ROCK** AND CRAWL OUT FROM UNDER IT AT THE SAME TIME!



NATCH! NATCH! DIDJA GET THAT? HAW! I SURE BUILT HER UP TO AN AWFUL LETDOWN! **SLIM!** JUDY! DIDJA DIG THE FUNNY I JUST MADE? HAW-HAW!



HEEL!

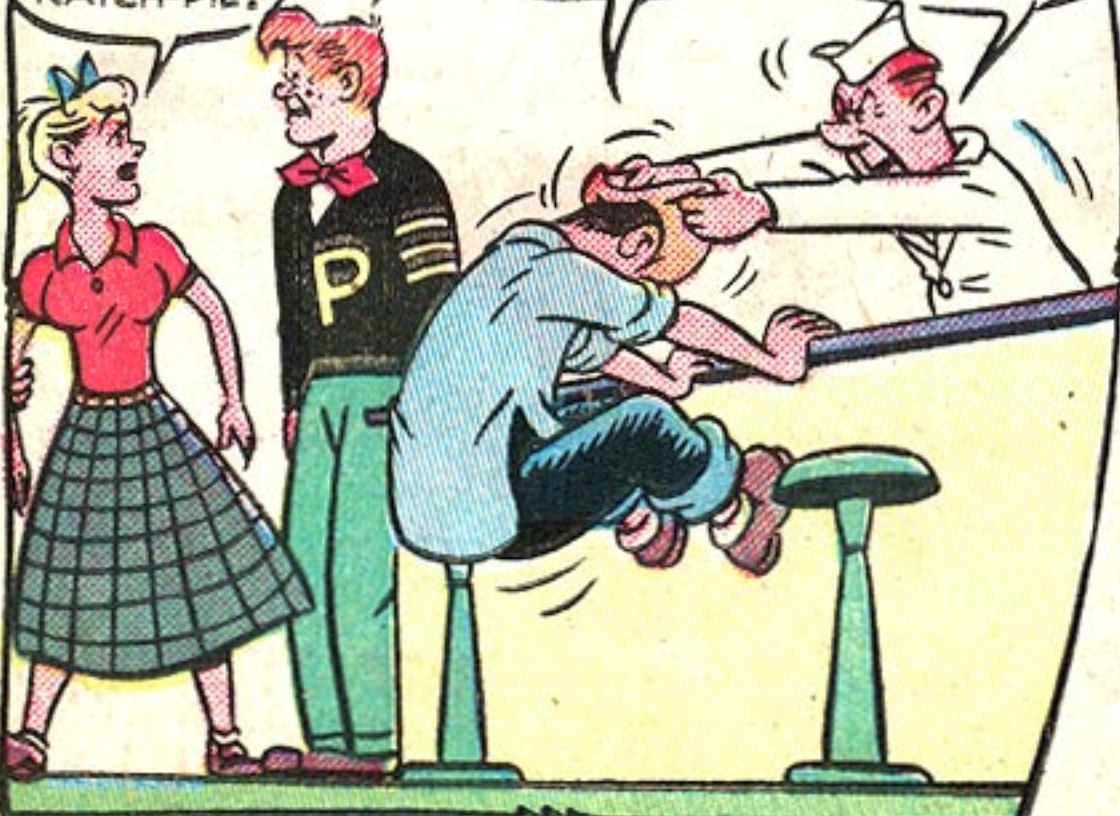


COME ON JUDY! LET'S GO! SEE Y'LATER, NATCH-PIE!

OKAY!

GET IT OFF! **SLIM!** GET IT OFF!

I OUGHTA LEAVE IT WHERE IT IS! YOU ASKED FOR IT, Y'JERK!



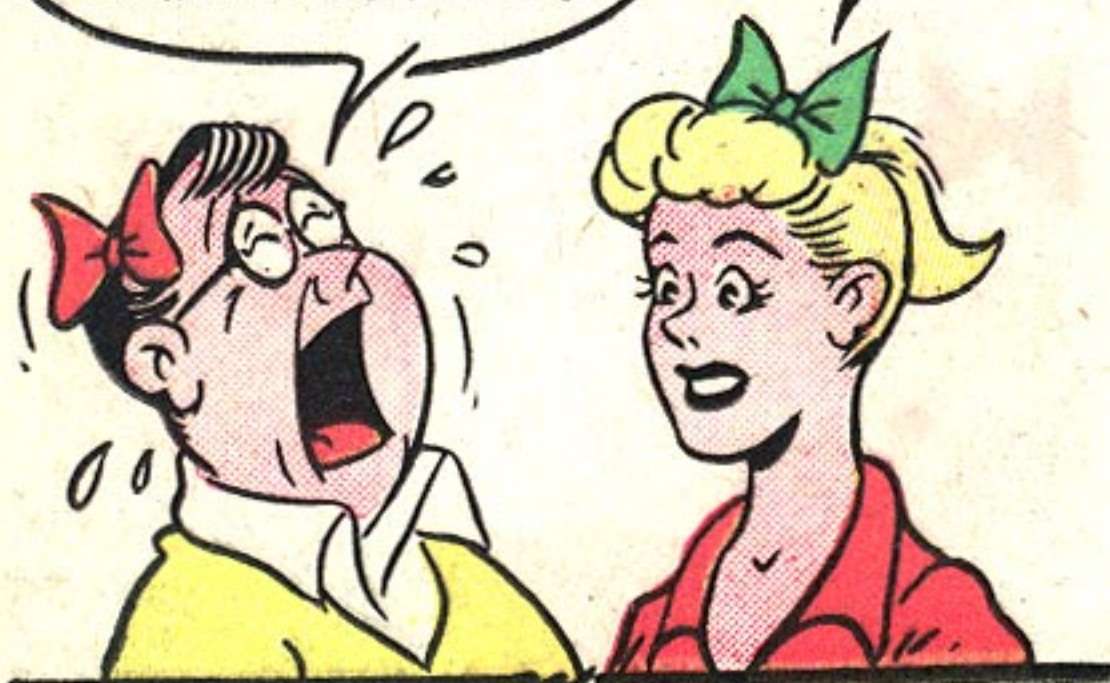
SNIFF! HONESTLY, JUDY, I DON'T KNOW WHY I HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH JACKSON! HE CERTAINLY DOESN'T CARE FOR ME!

OH, I'M SURE HE DOES, PORTIA! GEE, YOU TWO HAVE BEEN FRIENDS FOR YEARS!



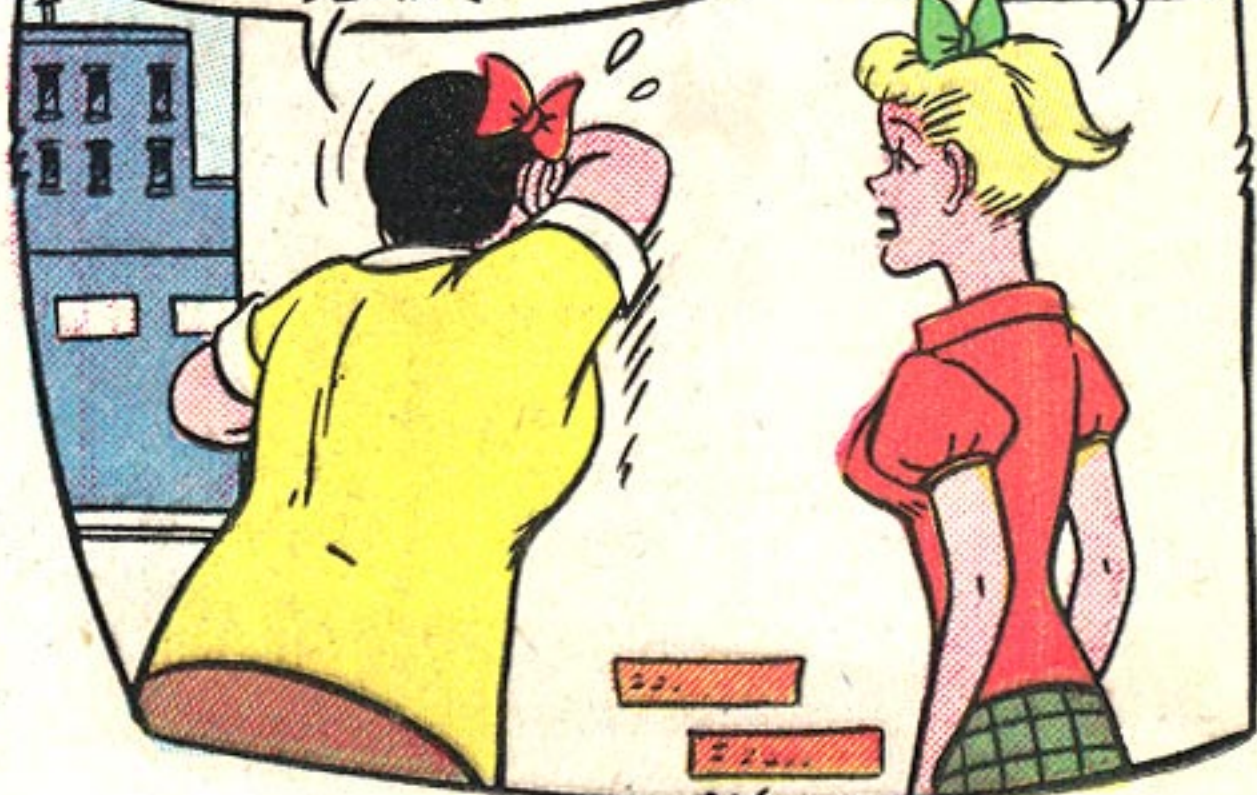
THAT'S JUST IT!
WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS!
I'M HIS BUDDY! HIS PAL!
HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW
I'M A GIRL, UNLESS I
REMINDE HIM ONCE IN A
WHILE! HE JUST REFUSES
TO RECOGNIZE MY
FEMININITY! :SOB:

BUT HE
MUST BE FOND
OF YOU OR
HE WOULDN'T
GO OUT WITH
YOU ALL
THE TIME!



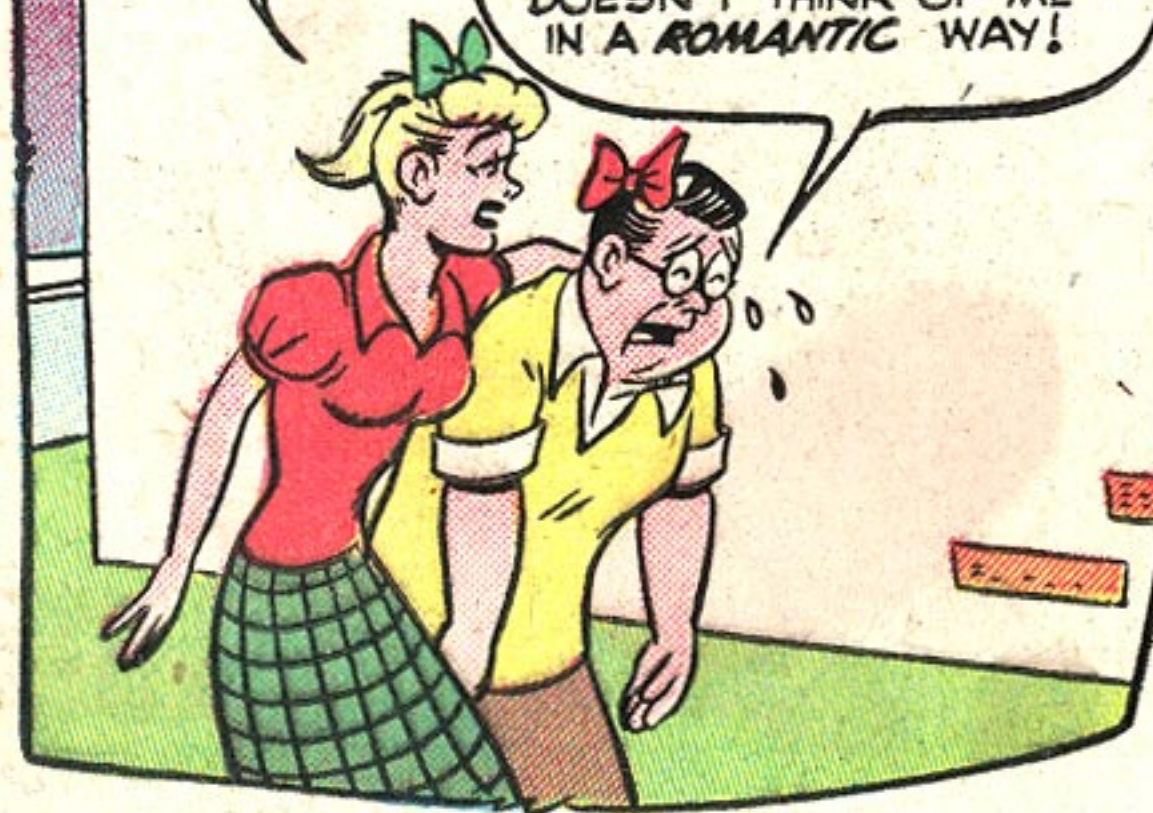
PHOOEY! THAT'S JUST CUZZ
I'M THE ONE WHO ALWAYS
FURNISHES THE CAR! HIS
FOLKS WON'T LET HIM USE
THEIRS CUZZ HE ACTS LIKE
A REAL GONE SQUIRREL
WHEN HE GETS IT!
:BAW:

PORTIA, I'LL
BET ANYTHING
HE JUST TREATS
YOU LIKE HE
DOES BECAUSE
HE TAKES YOU
FOR GRANTED!

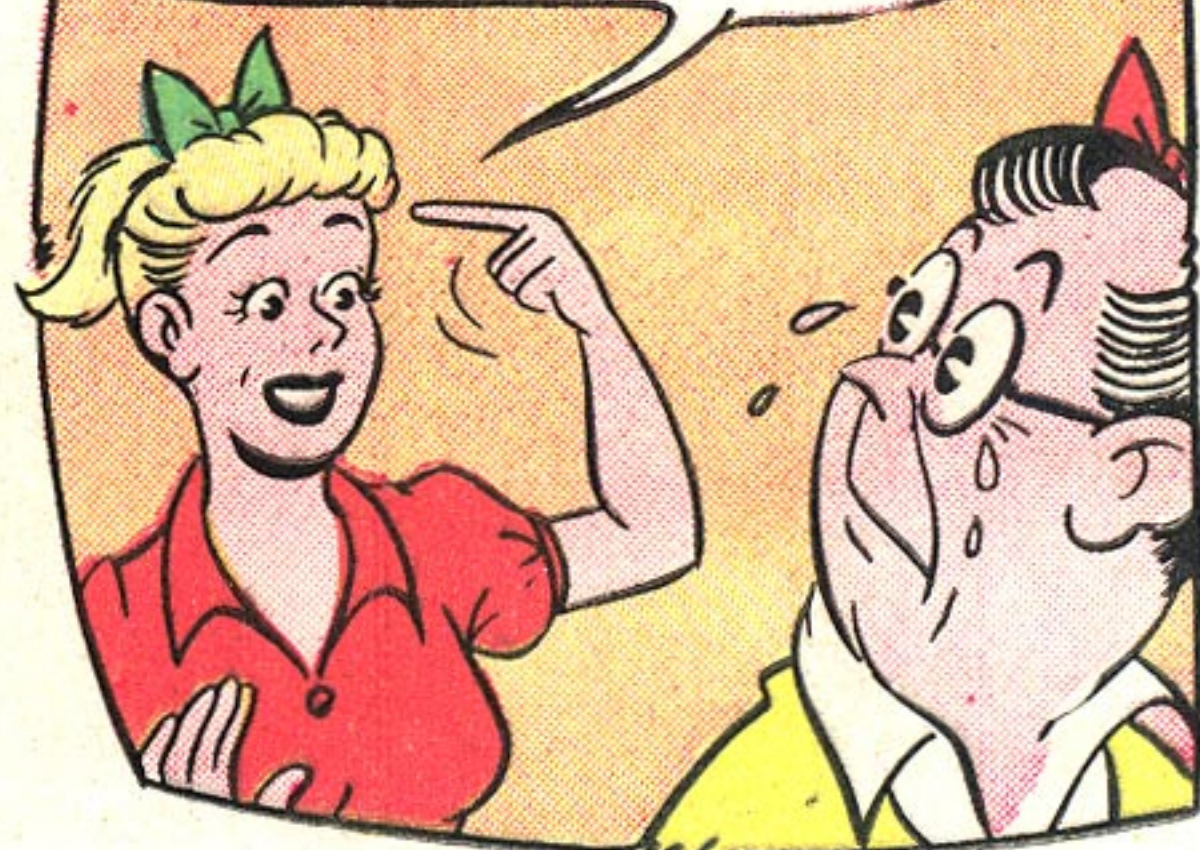


LOOK! WHY NOT
CALL HIM UP AND
TELL HIM YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO SEE
HIM ANY MORE?

I TRIED
THAT ONCE AND
YOU KNOW WHAT HE
SAID? "SO WHAT?" HE
NEVER COULD SEE ME!
----IT'S NO USE,
JUDY--JACKSON, JUST
DOESN'T THINK OF ME
IN A ROMANTIC WAY!



PORTIA! THAT'S IT!
YOU'VE GIVEN ME A TERRIFIC
IDEA---I MEAN BUT
SIMPLY TERRIFIC!

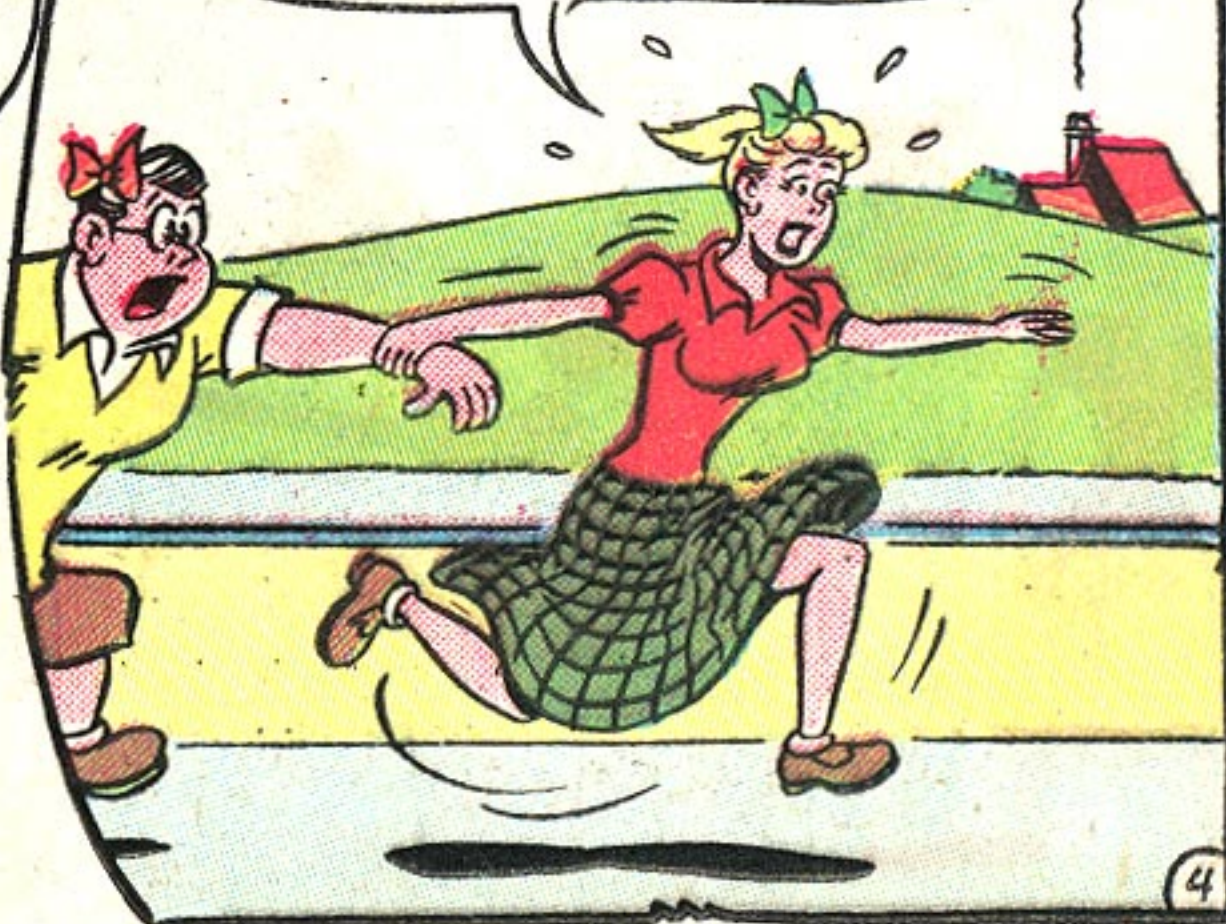


LOOK! WOULD YOU
BE WILLING TO DO ANY-
THING, AND I DO
MEAN ANYTHING, TO GET
THAT DRIP REALLY
DROOLING OVER YOU?
TO MAKE HIM SO ROMANTIC-
ALLY INCLINED TOWARD
YOU THAT YOU COULD TOY
WITH HIS AFFECTIONS?

WOULD
I?
I'LL SAY!



THEN LET'S GET WITH IT! WE'RE
GOING TO YOUR HOUSE AND
PHONE SOME OF THE GALS
TO COME OVER!



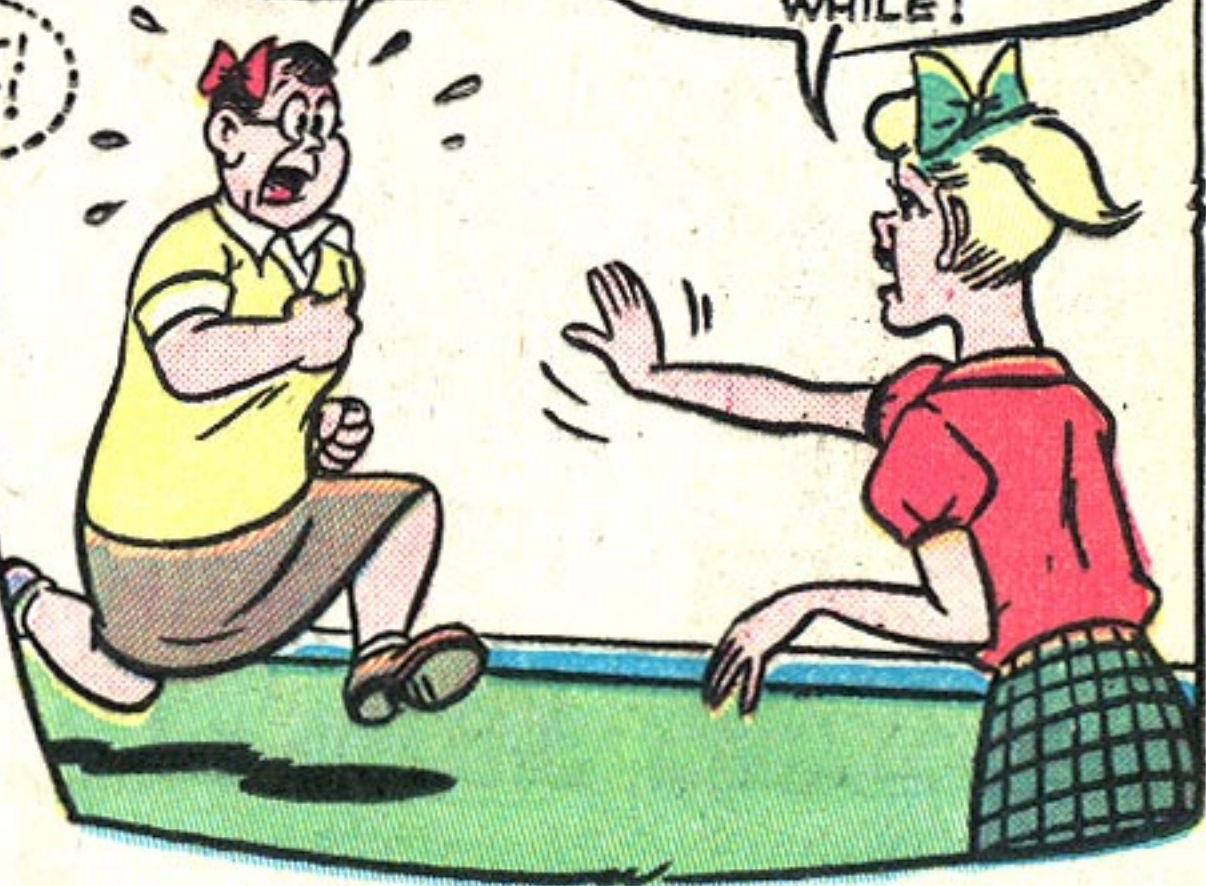
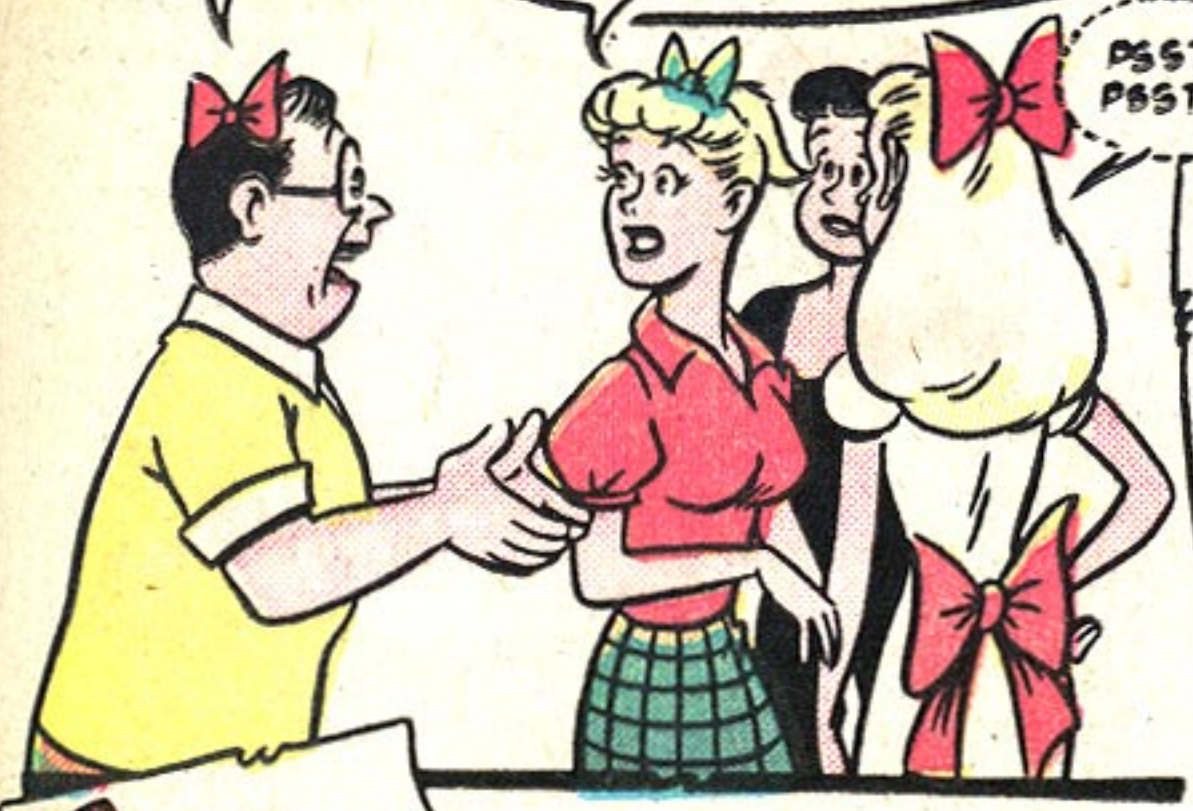
SOMETIME LATER AT PORTIA'S HOME...

WILL YOU GALS PLEASE TELL ME WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN?

WE'LL TELL YOU IN A MINUTE, BUT **FIRST** YOU'VE GOT TO CALL JACKSON AND TELL HIM YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SEE HIM FOR A **LONG TIME!**

OKAY, JUDY! I CALLED AND TOLD HIM, BUT I CAN'T SEE HOW **THAT'S** GOING TO MAKE HIM **DROOLY** OVER ME!

WELL, WE DO! PORTIA, WE'RE GOING TO MAKE YOU **BEAUTIFUL**, BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE TIME! THAT'S WHY WE DON'T WANT HIM TO SEE YOU FOR A **LONG WHILE!**



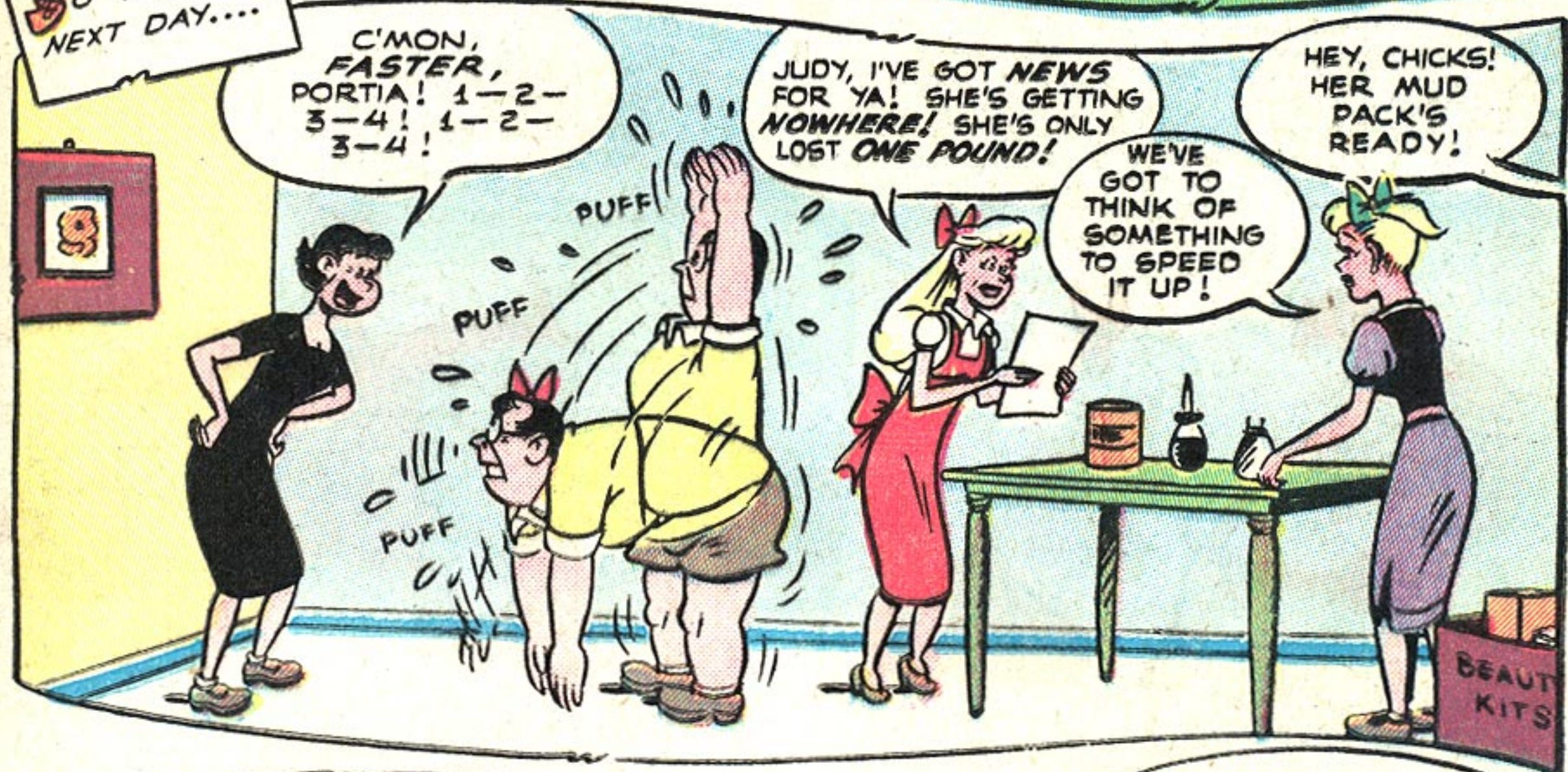
So THE NEXT DAY....

C'MON, FASTER, PORTIA! 1-2-3-4! 1-2-3-4!

JUDY, I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YA! SHE'S GETTING NOWHERE! SHE'S ONLY LOST ONE POUND!

HEY, CHICKS! HER MUD PACK'S READY!

WE'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO SPEED IT UP!

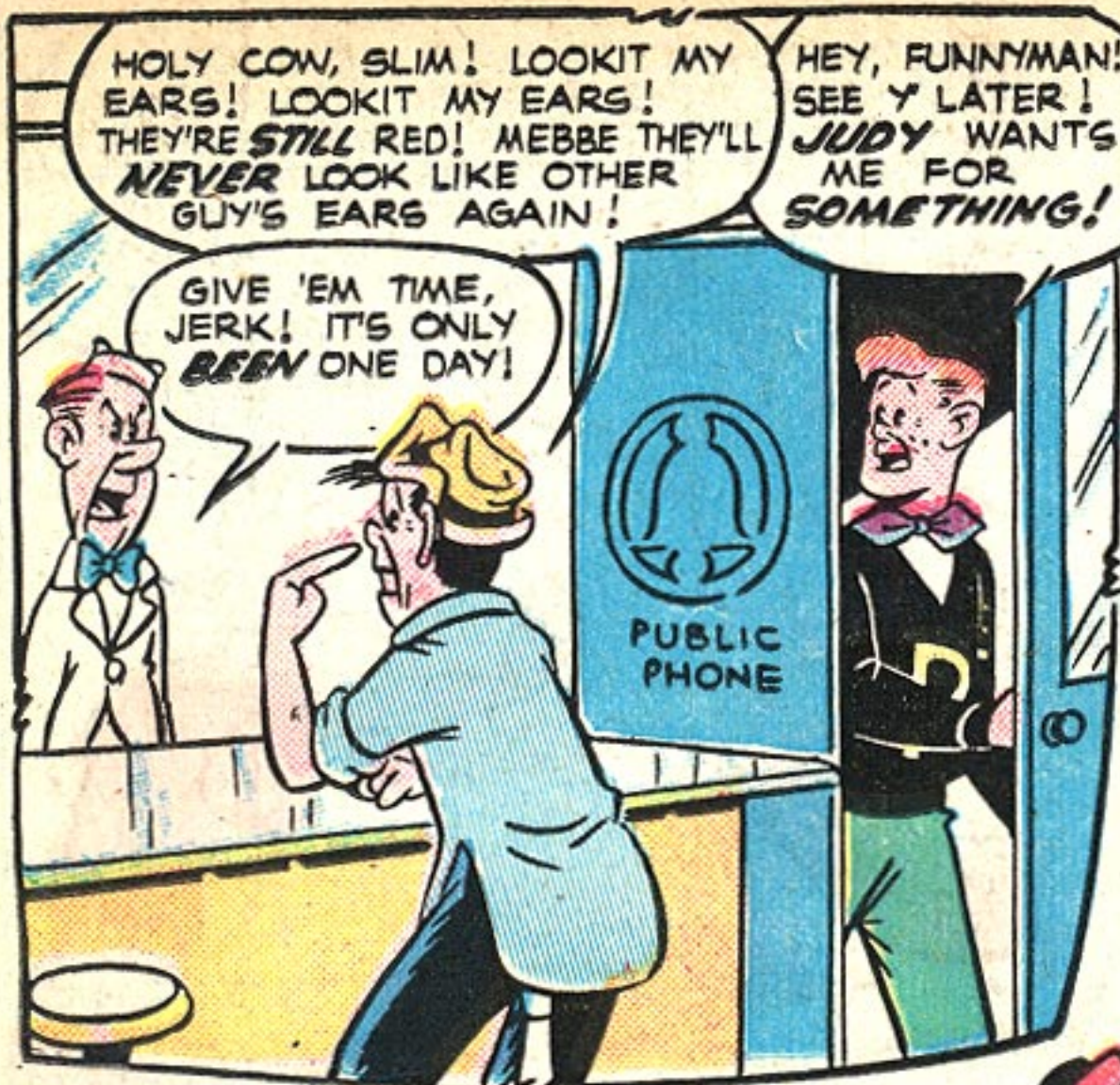


HOLD STILL, PORTIA!

PUFF--PUFF-- SO WHO CAN MOVE? NOT--- **BLUB**

HONESTLY, JUDY! SHE'S GOT TO LOSE WEIGHT FASTER! I MEAN BUT **DEF!**

RELAX, NANCY, I'M TENDING TO THAT **RIGHT NOW!**---HELLO, SLIM? IS NATCH IN THERE? WELL, LET ME TALK TO HIM!

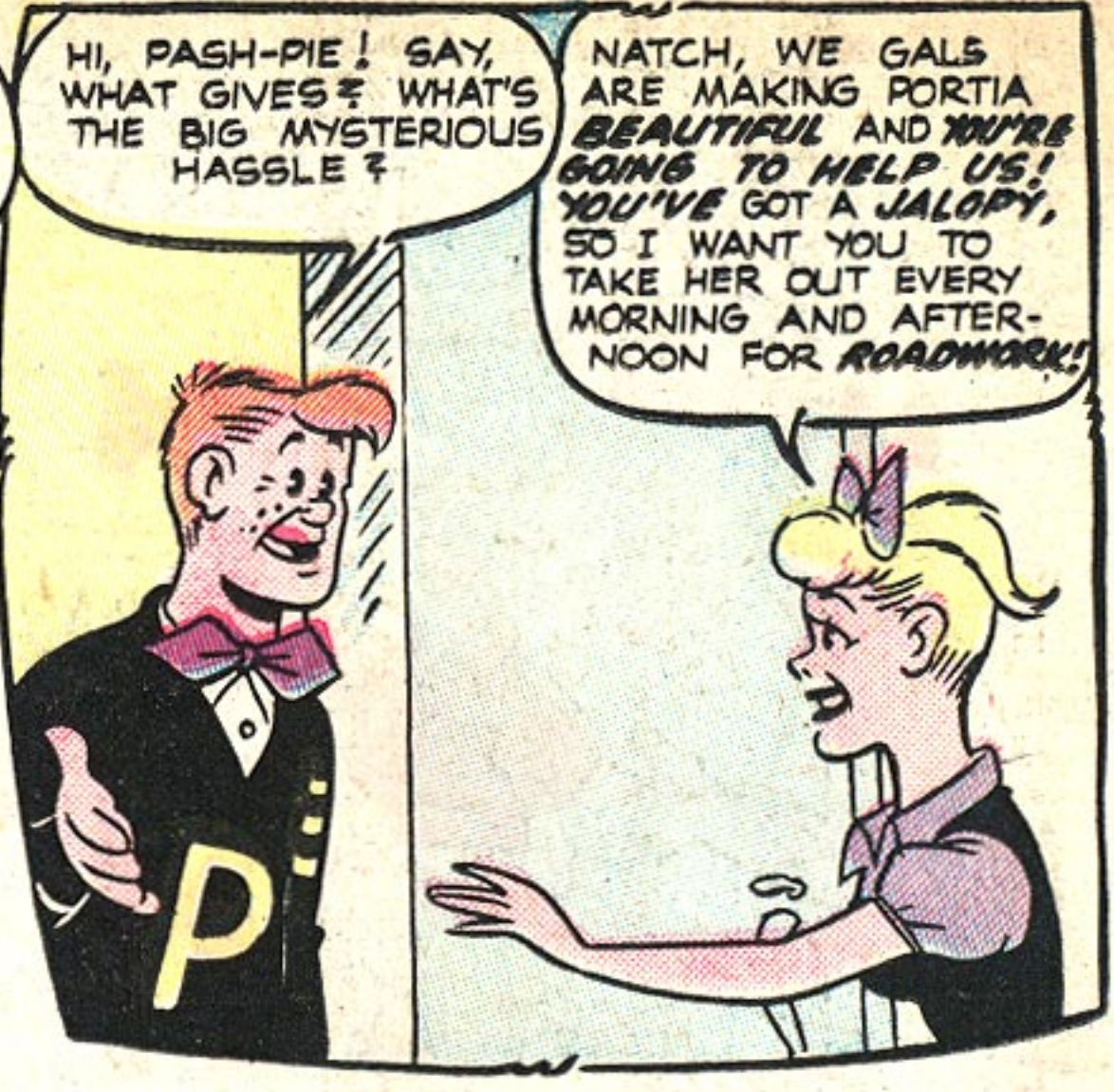


HOLY COW, SLIM! LOOKIT MY EARS! LOOKIT MY EARS! THEY'RE **STILL** RED! MEBBE THEY'LL **NEVER** LOOK LIKE OTHER GUY'S EARS AGAIN!

HEY, FUNNYMAN! SEE Y LATER! **JUDY** WANTS ME FOR **SOMETHING!**

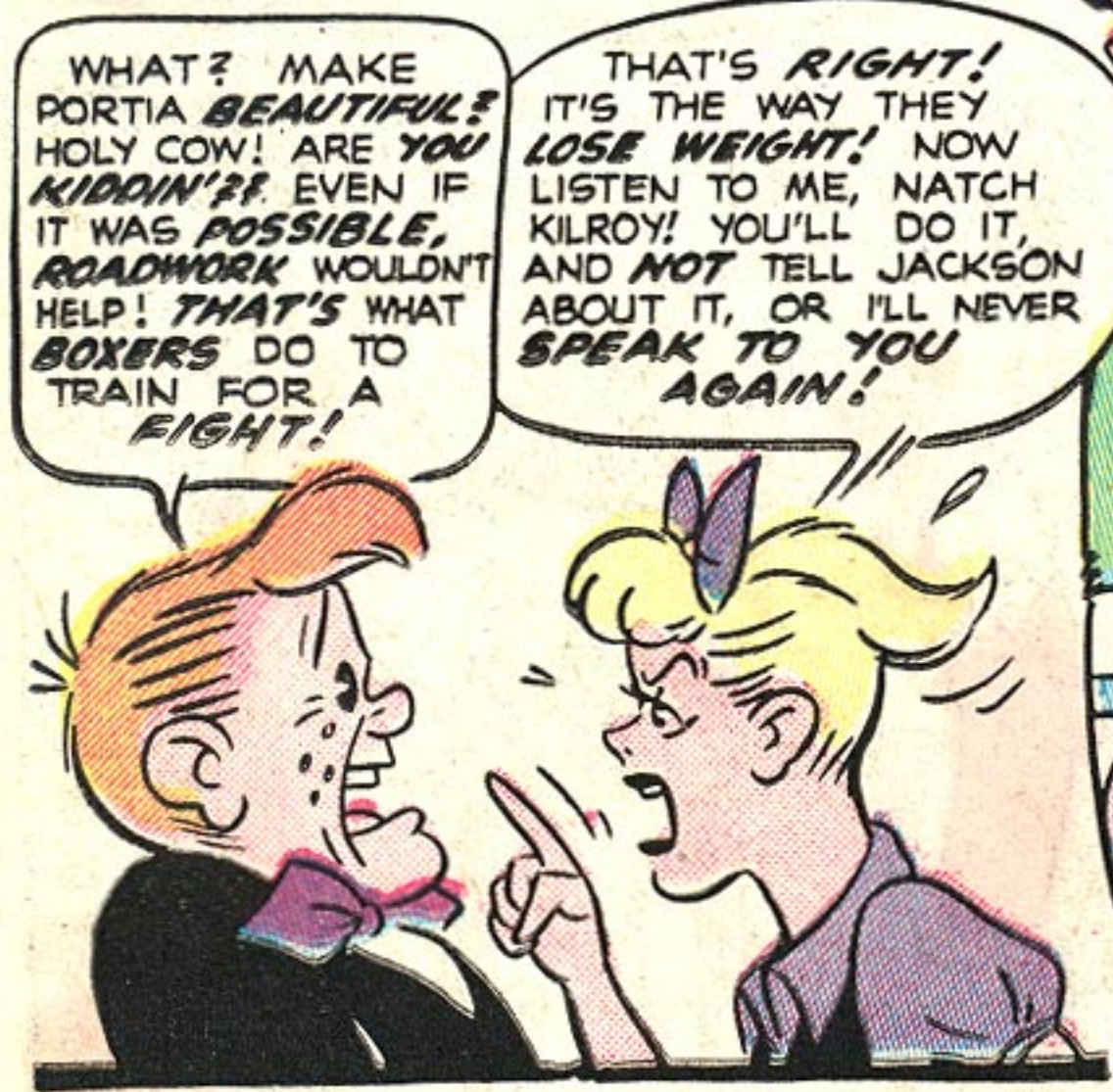
GIVE 'EM TIME, JERK! IT'S ONLY **BEEN** ONE DAY!

PUBLIC PHONE



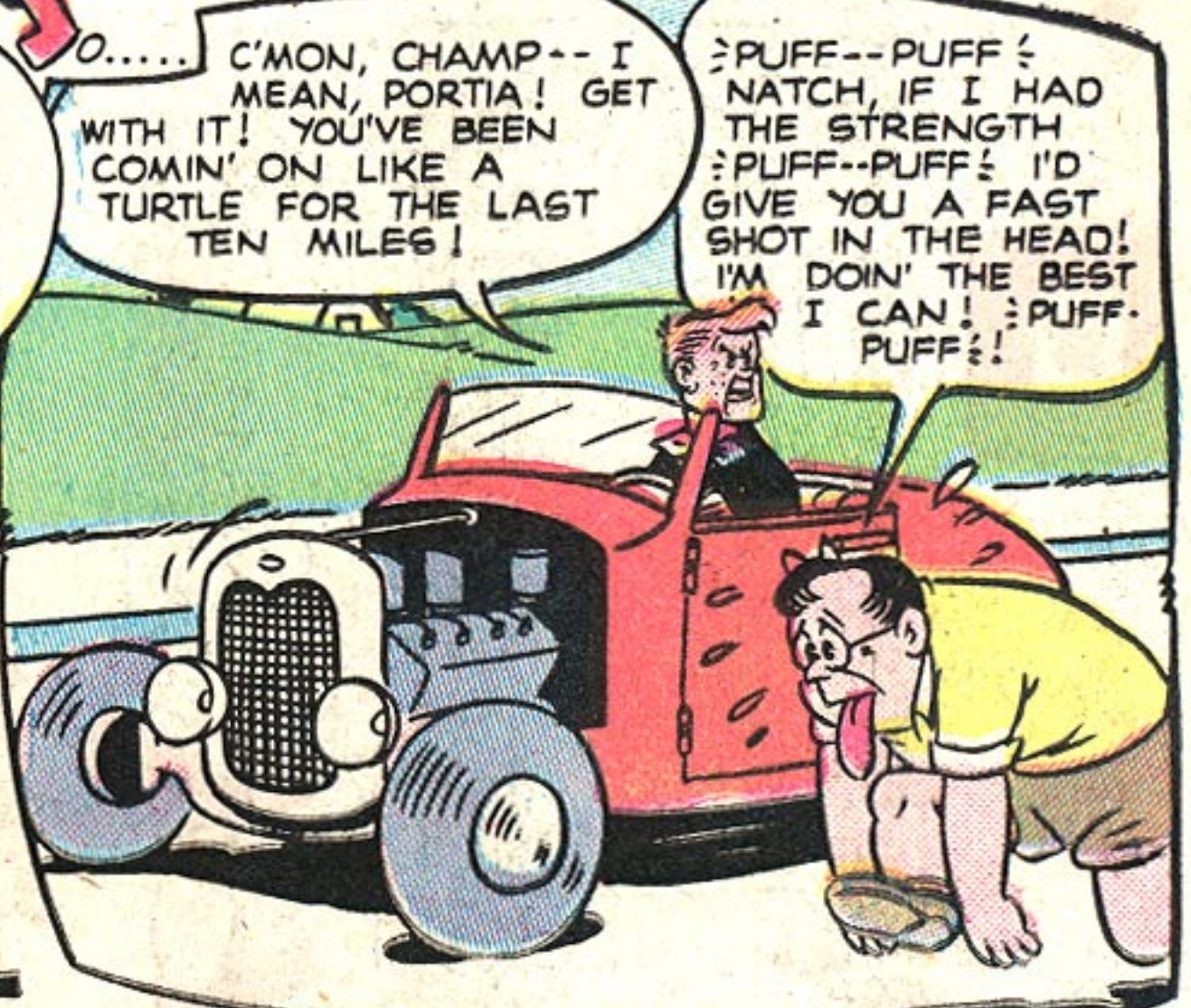
HI, PASH-PIE! SAY, WHAT GIVES? WHAT'S THE BIG MYSTERIOUS **HASSLE?**

NATCH, WE GALS ARE MAKING **PORTIA BEAUTIFUL** AND **YOU'RE GOING TO HELP US!** YOU'VE GOT A **JALOPY**, SO I WANT YOU TO TAKE HER OUT EVERY MORNING AND AFTER-NOON FOR **ROADWORK!**



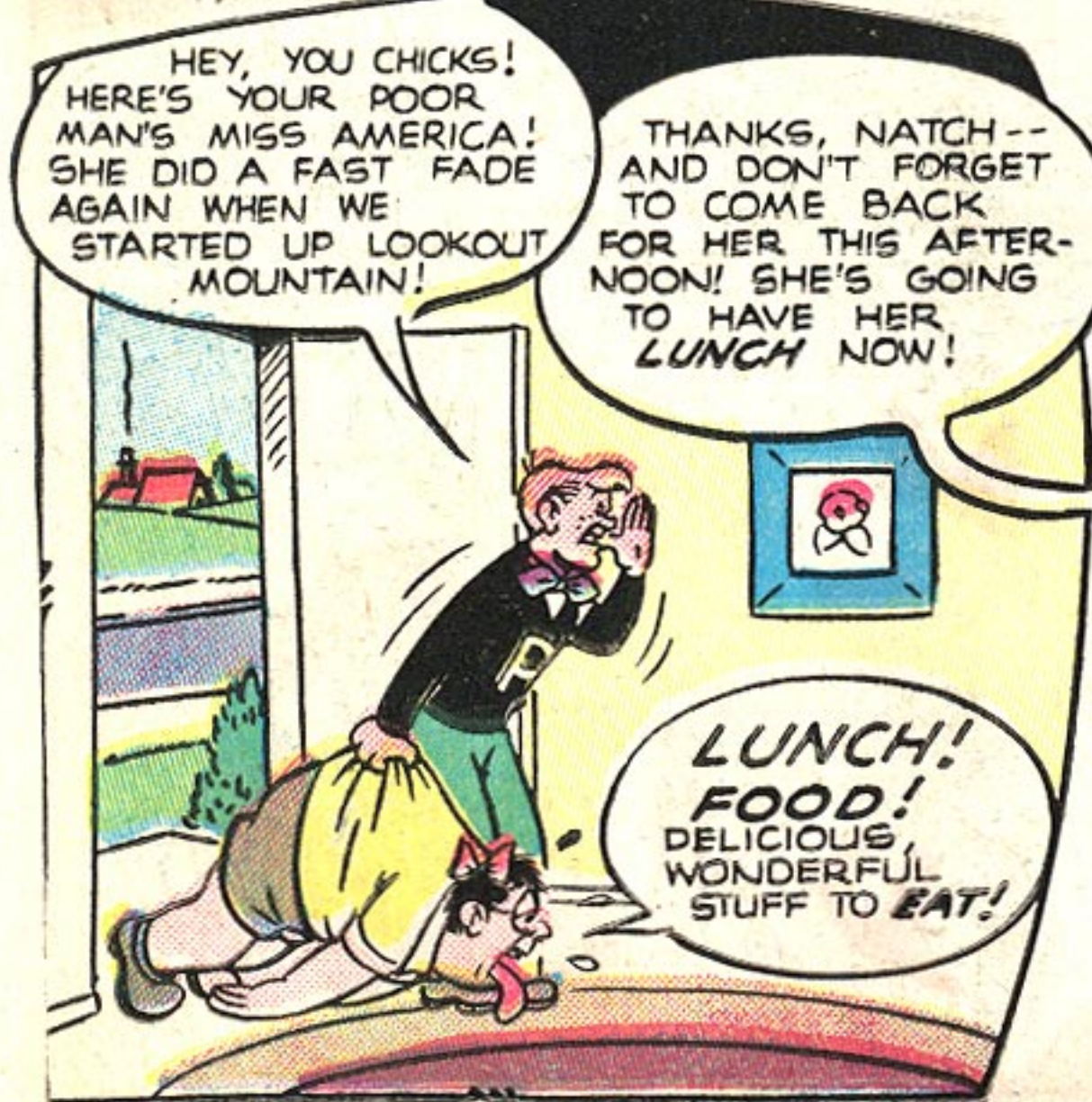
WHAT? MAKE **PORTIA BEAUTIFUL?** HOLY COW! ARE **YOU KIDDIN'?** EVEN IF IT WAS **POSSIBLE**, **ROADWORK** WOULDN'T HELP! **THAT'S** WHAT **BOXERS** DO TO TRAIN FOR A **FIGHT!**

THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S THE WAY THEY **LOSE WEIGHT!** NOW LISTEN TO ME, **NATCH** **KILROY!** YOU'LL DO IT, AND **NOT** TELL **JACKSON** ABOUT IT, OR I'LL NEVER **SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!**



O..... C'MON, **CHAMP--** I MEAN, **PORTIA!** GET WITH IT! YOU'VE BEEN **COMIN' ON** LIKE A **TURTLE** FOR THE LAST **TEN MILES!**

PUFF--PUFF! NATCH, IF I HAD THE **STRENGTH** PUFF--PUFF! I'D GIVE YOU A **FAST SHOT** IN THE **HEAD!** I'M **DOIN'** THE **BEST** I CAN! PUFF. PUFF!!



HEY, YOU **CHICKS!** HERE'S YOUR **POOR MAN'S MISS AMERICA!** SHE DID A **FAST FADE** AGAIN WHEN WE **STARTED UP** **LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN!**

THANKS, **NATCH--** AND DON'T FORGET TO **COME BACK** FOR HER **THIS AFTER-NOON!** SHE'S GOING TO HAVE HER **LUNCH** NOW!

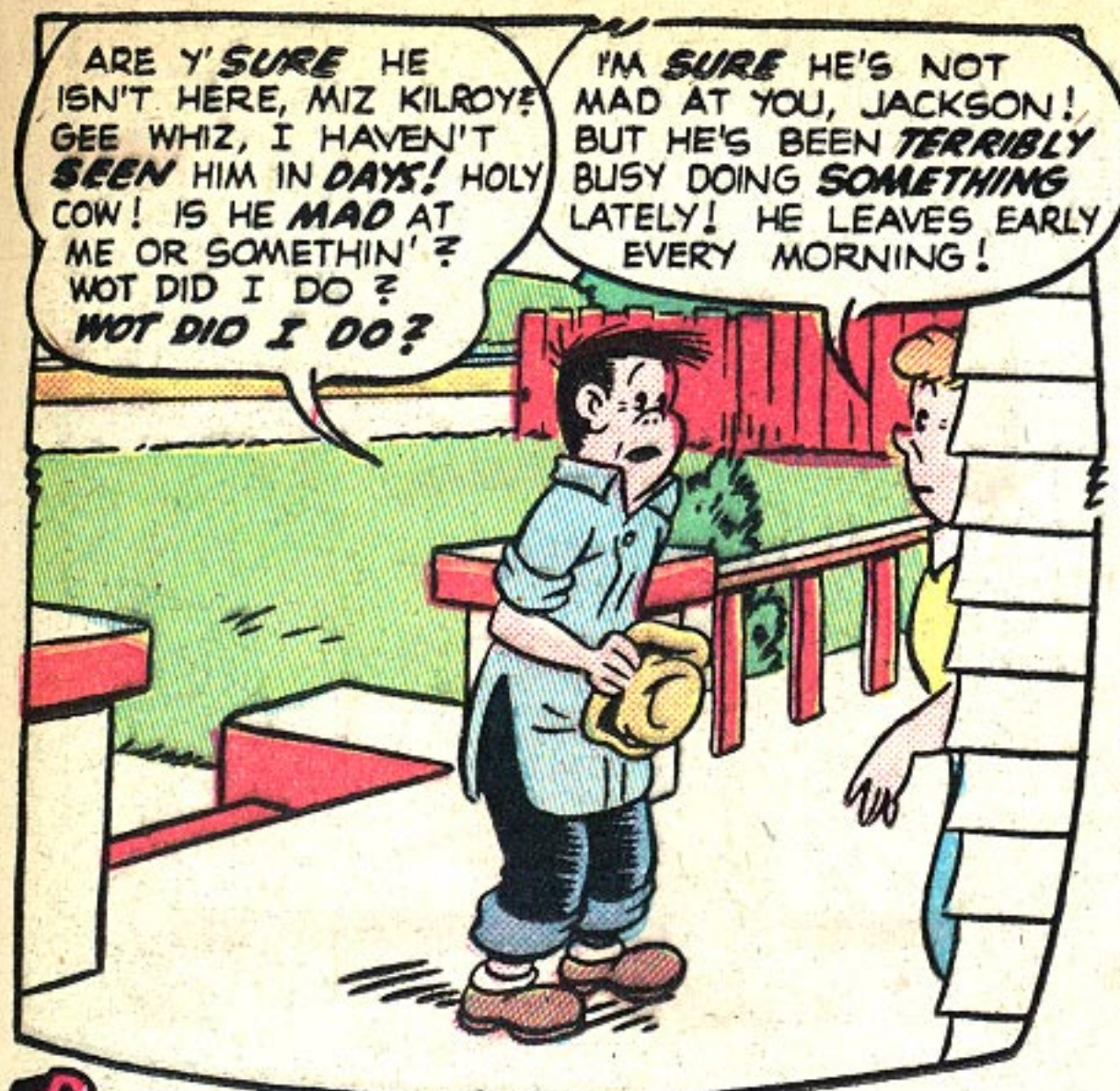
LUNCH! FOOD! DELICIOUS, **WONDERFUL** STUFF TO **EAT!**



HERE, **PORTIA,** AND **EAT SLOWLY!**

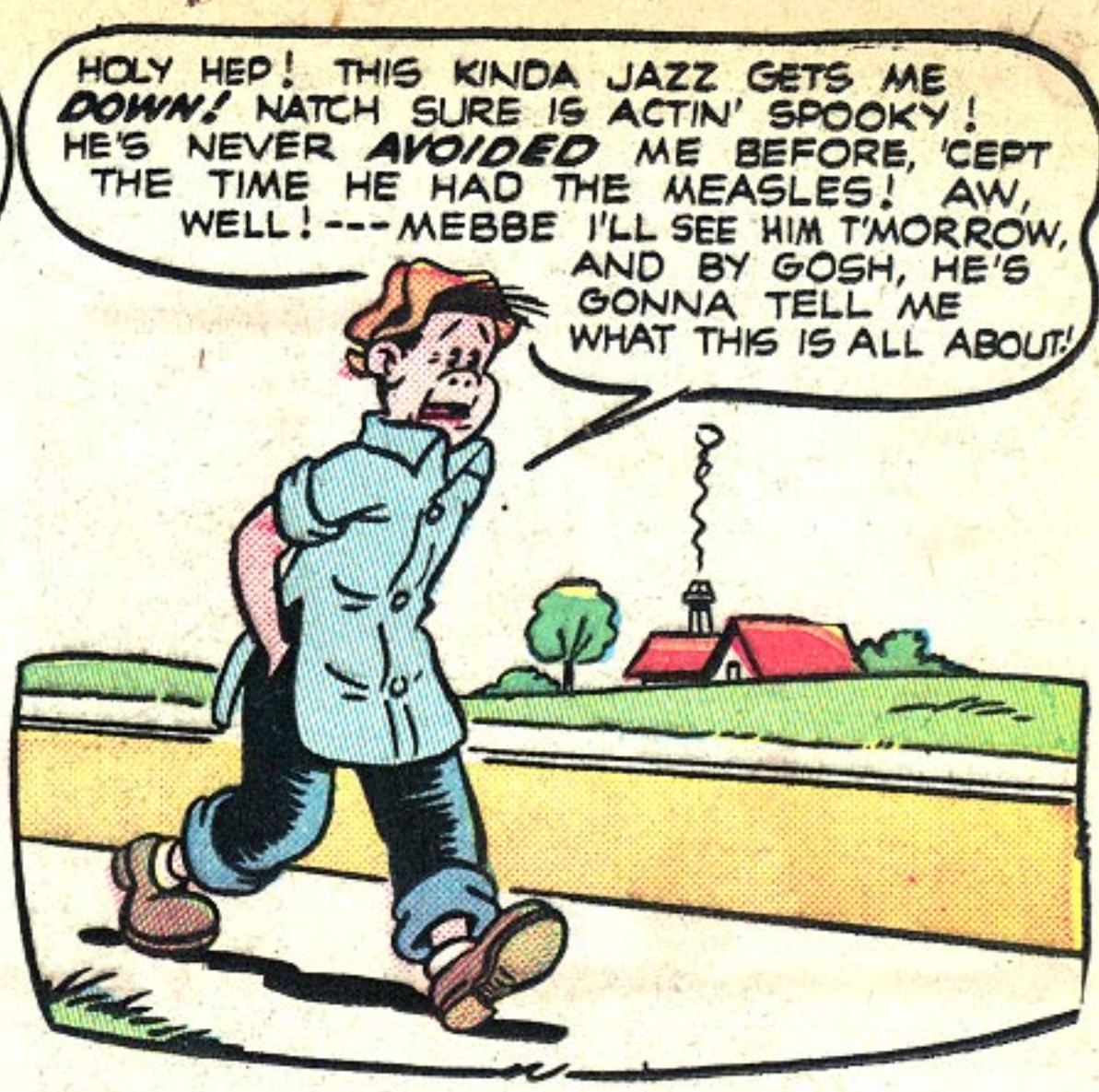
WHAT? A **CELERY STALK** AND **VITAMIN PILL** **AGAIN?** NO! NO! I'VE GOTTA **EAT!** I WANT **FOOD--** **STEAK, ICE CREAM!** I CAN'T GO ON LIKE **THIS!** SOB

REMEMBER, YOU SAID YOU'D DO **ANYTHING!--** WE'RE **CHANGING** THESE **GLASSES!**



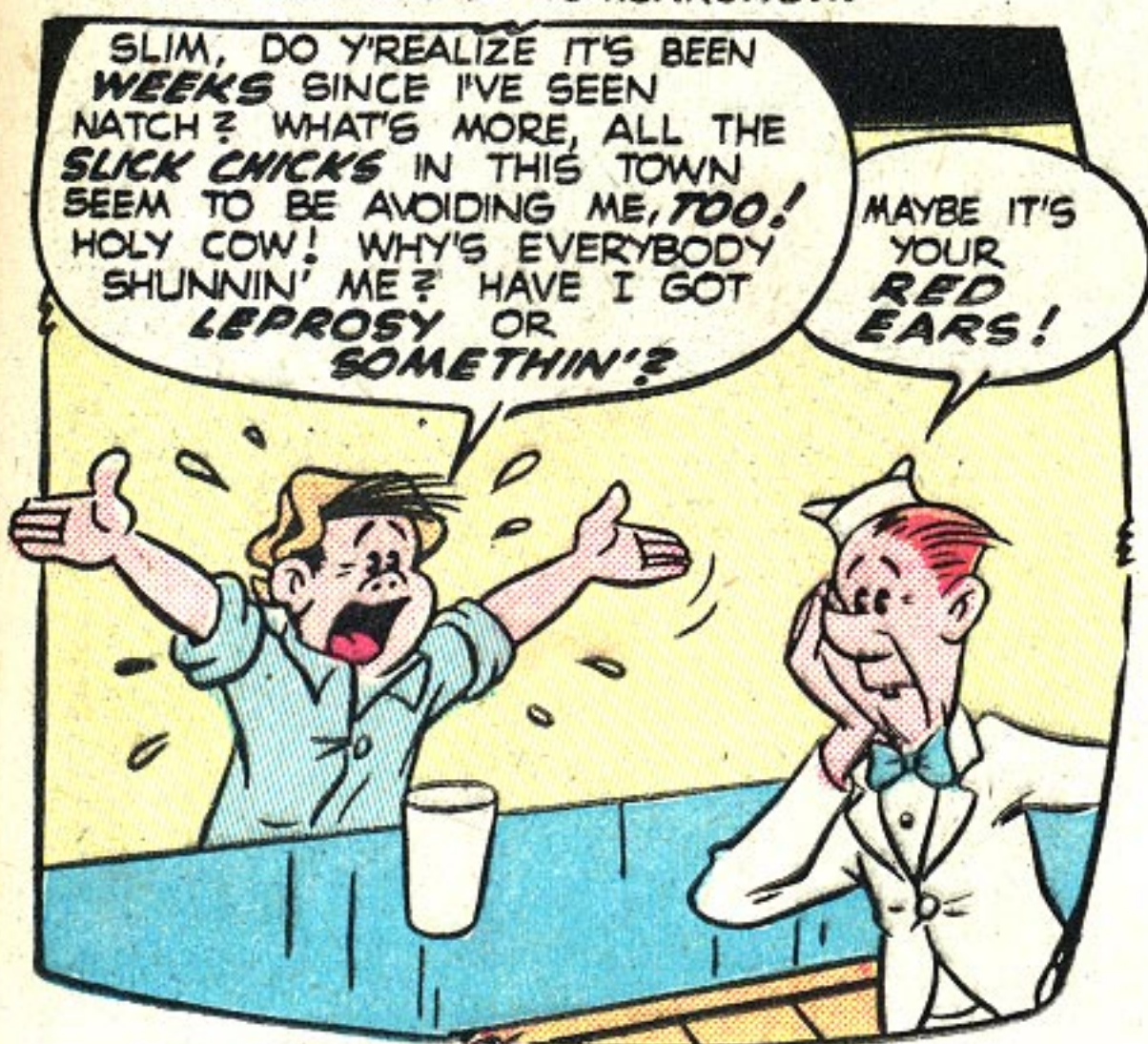
ARE Y' **SURE** HE ISN'T HERE, MIZ KILROY? GEE WHIZ, I HAVEN'T **SEEN** HIM IN **DAYS!** HOLY COW! IS HE **MAD** AT ME OR SOMETHIN'? WOT DID I DO? **WOT DID I DO?**

I'M **SURE** HE'S NOT MAD AT YOU, JACKSON! BUT HE'S BEEN **TERRIBLY** BUSY DOING **SOMETHING** LATELY! HE LEAVES EARLY EVERY MORNING!



HOLY HEP! THIS KINDA JAZZ GETS ME **DOWN!** NATCH SURE IS ACTIN' SPOOKY! HE'S NEVER **AVOIDED** ME BEFORE, 'CEPT THE TIME HE HAD THE MEASLES! AW, WELL! ---MEBBE I'LL SEE HIM T'MORROW, AND BY GOSH, HE'S GONNA TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

BUT TOMORROW CAME AND WENT-- AND SO DID A LOT MORE TOMORROWS...



SLIM, DO Y'REALIZE IT'S BEEN **WEEKS** SINCE I'VE SEEN NATCH? WHAT'S MORE, ALL THE **SLICK CHICKS** IN THIS TOWN SEEM TO BE AVOIDING ME, **TOO!** HOLY COW! WHY'S EVERYBODY SHUNNIN' ME? HAVE I GOT **LEPROSY** OR **SOMETHIN'?**

MAYBE IT'S YOUR **RED EARS!**



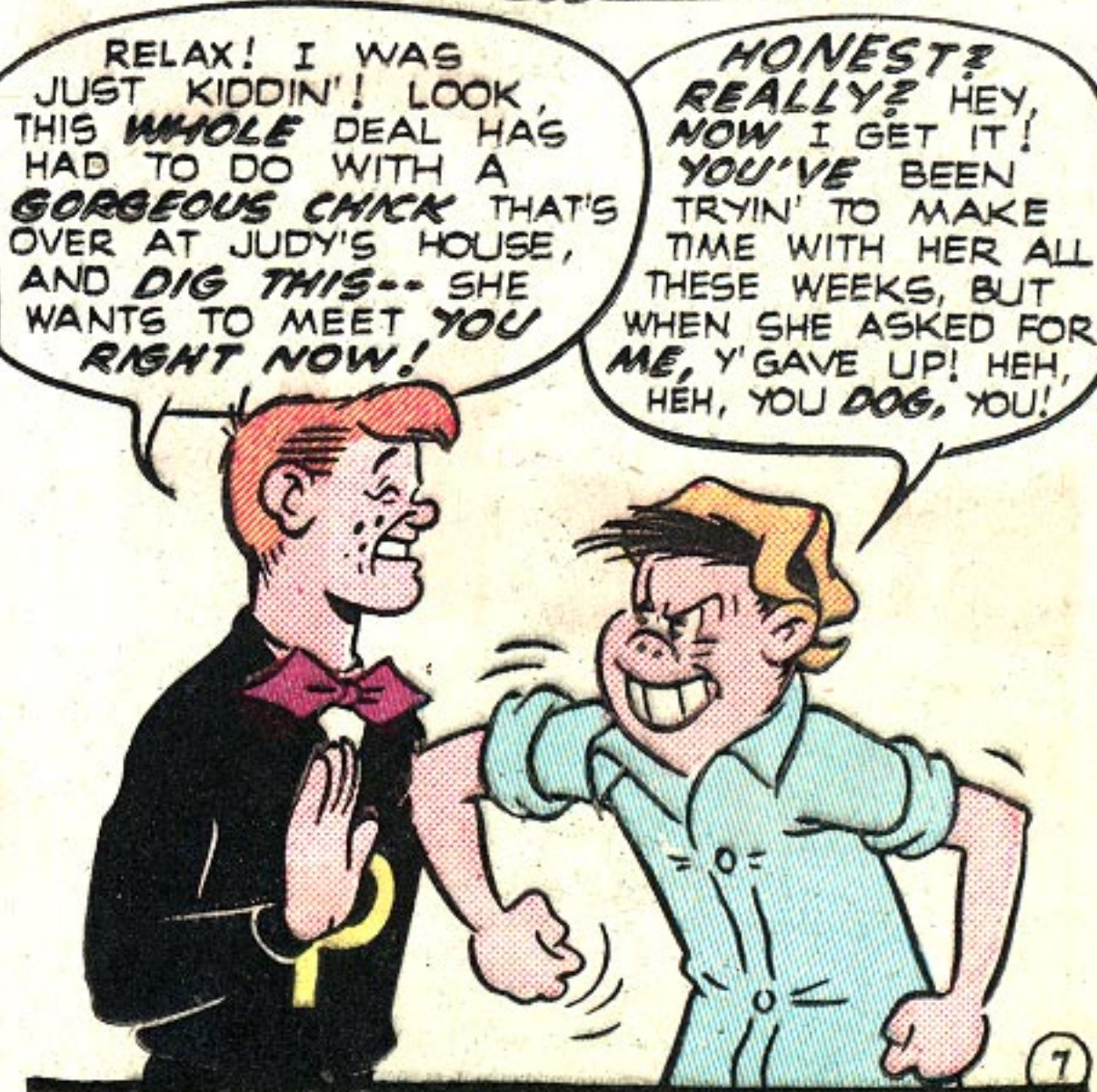
MY EARS HAVEN'T BEEN RED IN A LONG TIME, AND **YOU** **KNOW** IT, Y'HALF-BAKED BANANA SPLITTER!

OKAY, OKAY, IT WAS JUST A THOUGHT! I WAS---HEY! **LOOK WHO'S THERE!** IT'S **NATCH!**



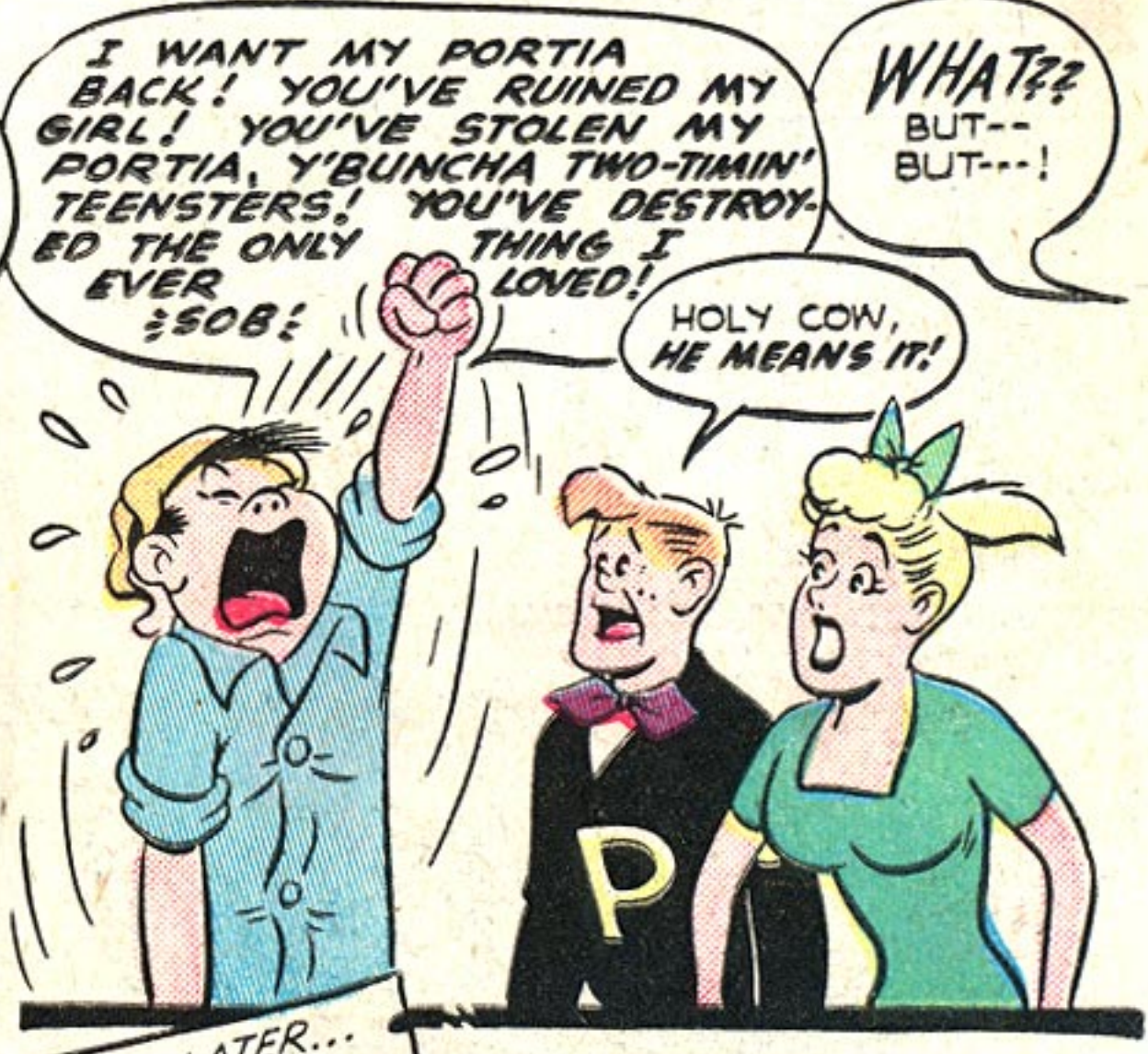
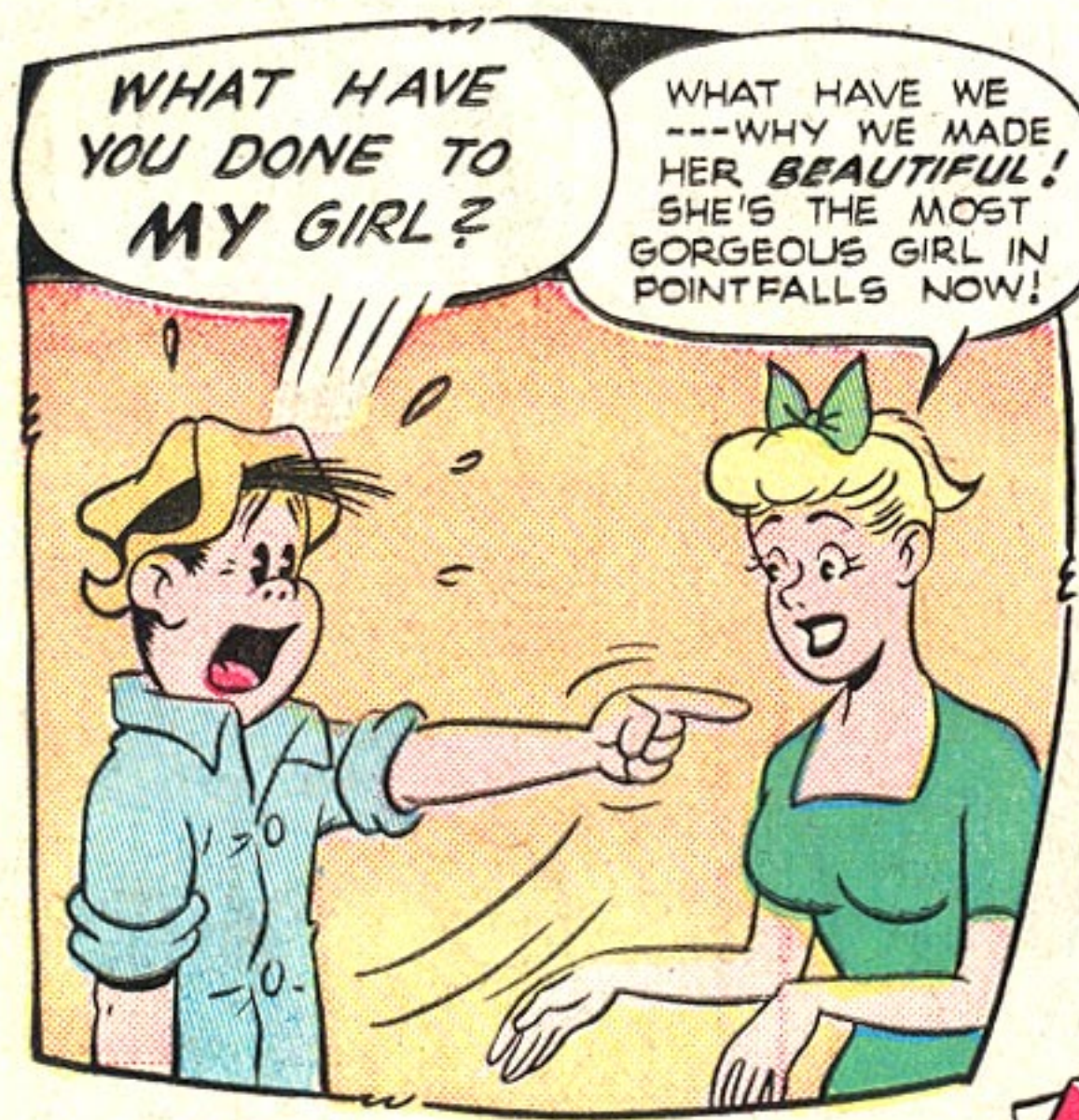
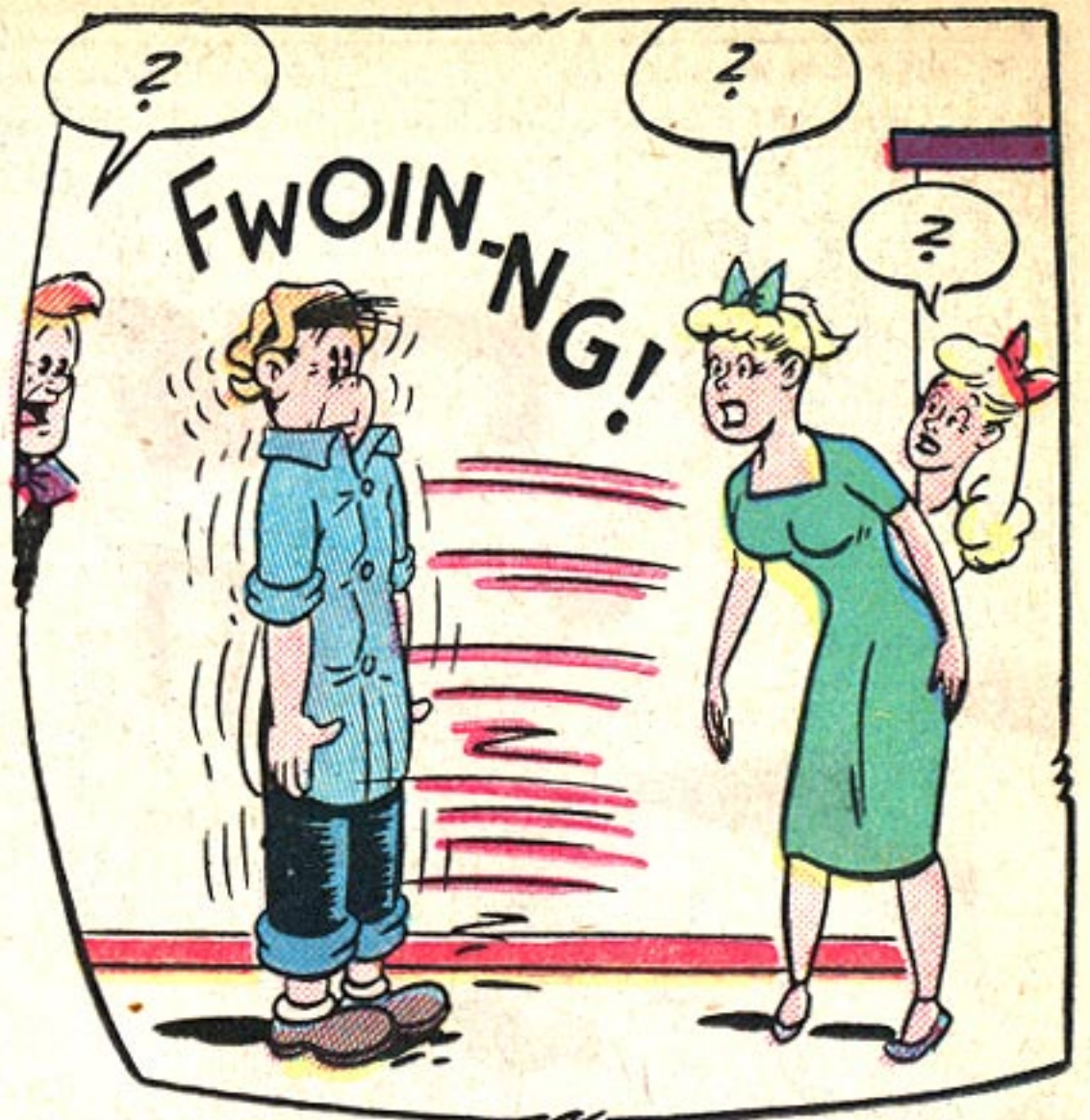
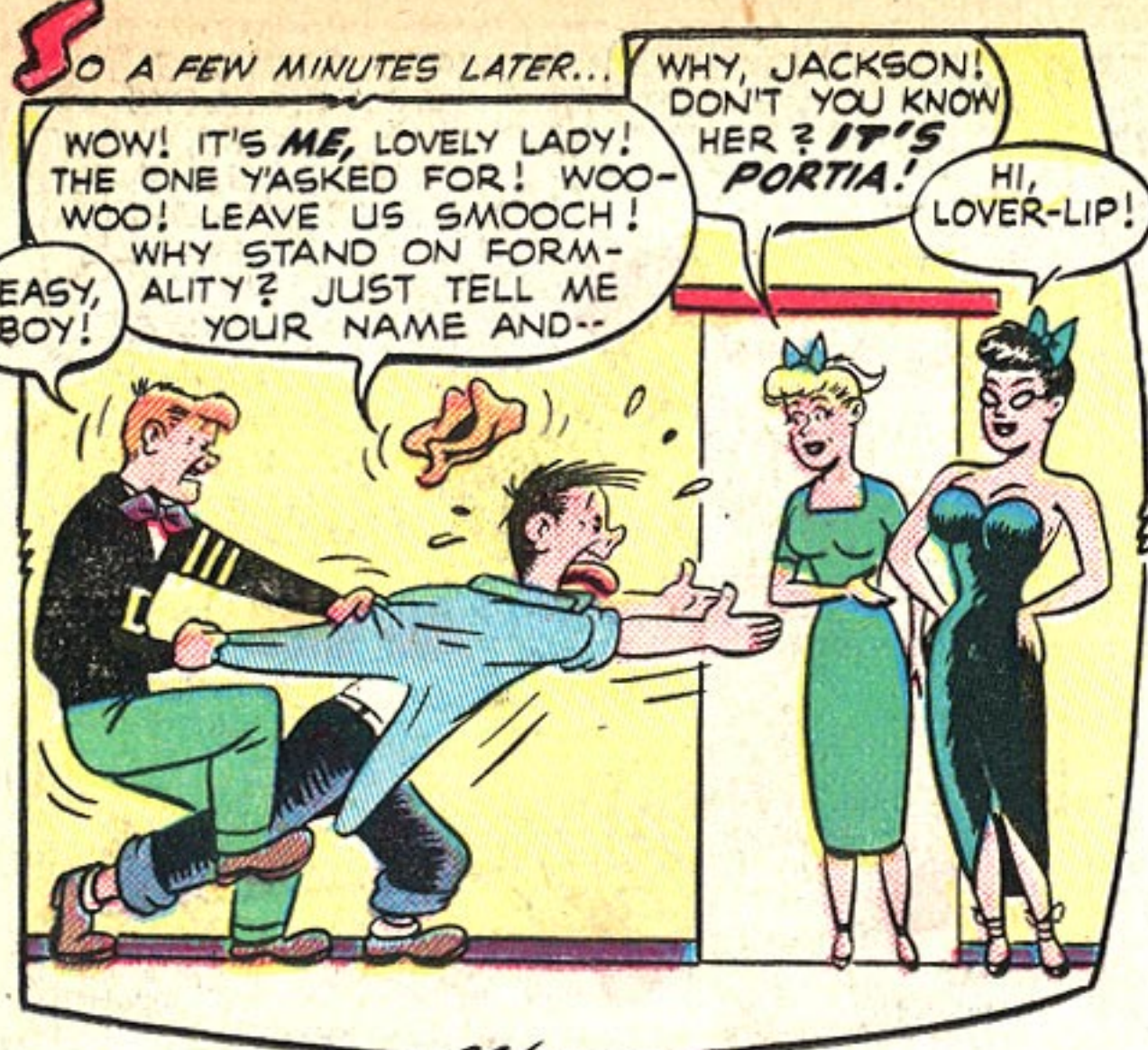
WELL, I'LL BE! DOCTOR LIVINGSTON, I PRESUME! WHAT GIVES IN THE TRANS-VOLT OR WHEREVER IT IS YOU'VE BEEN? WHICH **REMINDS** ME-- WHERE **HAVE** YOU BEEN?

HI YA, FUNNYMAN! ER--A--Y' **REALLY** WANTA KNOW? OKAY, I'LL TELL YA! I FOUND SOME **MONEY** IN MY POCKET AND BOUGHT A TICKET ON A ROCKET! OH, SHOW ME THE WAY TO GET THIS 'CAUSE--



RELAX! I WAS JUST KIDDIN'! LOOK, THIS **WHOLE** DEAL HAS HAD TO DO WITH A **GORGEOUS CHICK** THAT'S OVER AT JUDY'S HOUSE, AND **DIG THIS--** SHE WANTS TO MEET **YOU** **RIGHT NOW!**

HONEST? **REALLY?** HEY, NOW I GET IT! **YOU'VE** BEEN TRYIN' TO MAKE TIME WITH HER ALL THESE WEEKS, BUT WHEN SHE ASKED FOR **ME**, Y'GAVE UP! HEH, HEH, YOU **DOG**, YOU!



The End



For recommended reading...



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



ALL BIG
52
PAGES



Packed with Laughs and Thrills...
THE GREATEST GROUP
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL
...REGULARLY...

Read **AMERICAN!**

STAR IN HER EYES

“THE TROUBLE WITH you,” Buddy said bitterly, “is that you’re *star-struck*! I’ve been talkin’ to you for five minutes, Alice! Will you or won’t you?”

“Will I or won’t I what?” Alice asked dreamily, turning away reluctantly from the huge picture of Roger DeBonne that ornamented the front of the movie house. “Were you saying something, Buddy?”

Buddy gritted his teeth and fought down his desire to yell. Why was it his misfortune to have fallen for a dreamboat that couldn’t see him at all? Of all the girls in town, why had he selected the one most in love with Roger DeBonne, that suave, debonair star of the silver screen?

“I was sayin’ something,” Buddy managed to reply. “Will you go to th’ dance with me tomorrow night?”

“Oh, I *couldn’t*!” Alice looked at him in reproof. “Tomorrow’s the last showing of Roger in *Master of Heartbreak* and I wouldn’t miss it for anything!”

“If I’m not mistaken, you’ve already seen it five times,” Buddy pointed out. “Don’t you think that’s enough?”

“It’s the last showing!” Alice answered, as though Buddy were out of his mind to suggest that she miss it.

“Oh, I give up!” Disconsolate and discouraged, Buddy walked off, his shoulders sagging. What can you say to a gal who collected glamor shots of Roger DeBonne by the hundreds and mooned over his profile by the hour?

“I’m gettin’ so I actually *hate* the guy!” Buddy thought, vengefully kicking a pebble. “Boy, if I could only talk to him...Hey! Talk to him! What an idea! Maybe I can’t really speak to him, but I can give him a piece of my mind anyhow!”

That very day, Buddy wrote a scorch-

ing, fiery letter of denunciation to Roger DeBonne, accusing him of having stolen his dreambeam’s heart and time, as well! “If you have any conscience,” Buddy wrote, “you will do something about it!” He underlined “do” three times and put three airmail stamps on the envelope to speed the letter on its way.

About a week later, Buddy was astonished to receive a letter from that fabulous place, Hollywood. It was really a brief note, saying, “I have sent your girl this picture of me. Hope it does the trick!” It was signed “Roger DeBonne”. The enclosed picture showed the movie star in his shirtsleeves, relaxing at home. The handsome Roger wore no toupee and his head gleamed baldly. This, however, seemed to make no difference to a lady who was obviously his adoring wife and five tots who were obviously his adoring children.

“Whew!” said Buddy, mopping his brow. “This is *dynamite*!”

Indeed, there must have been a small explosion at the other end of town at the same moment that Buddy was examining that picture. For the phone rang and it was Alice, breathless and gay and terribly sweet to Buddy. “Just wondered if you were doing anything tonight,” she asked, trying to make her voice sound casual.

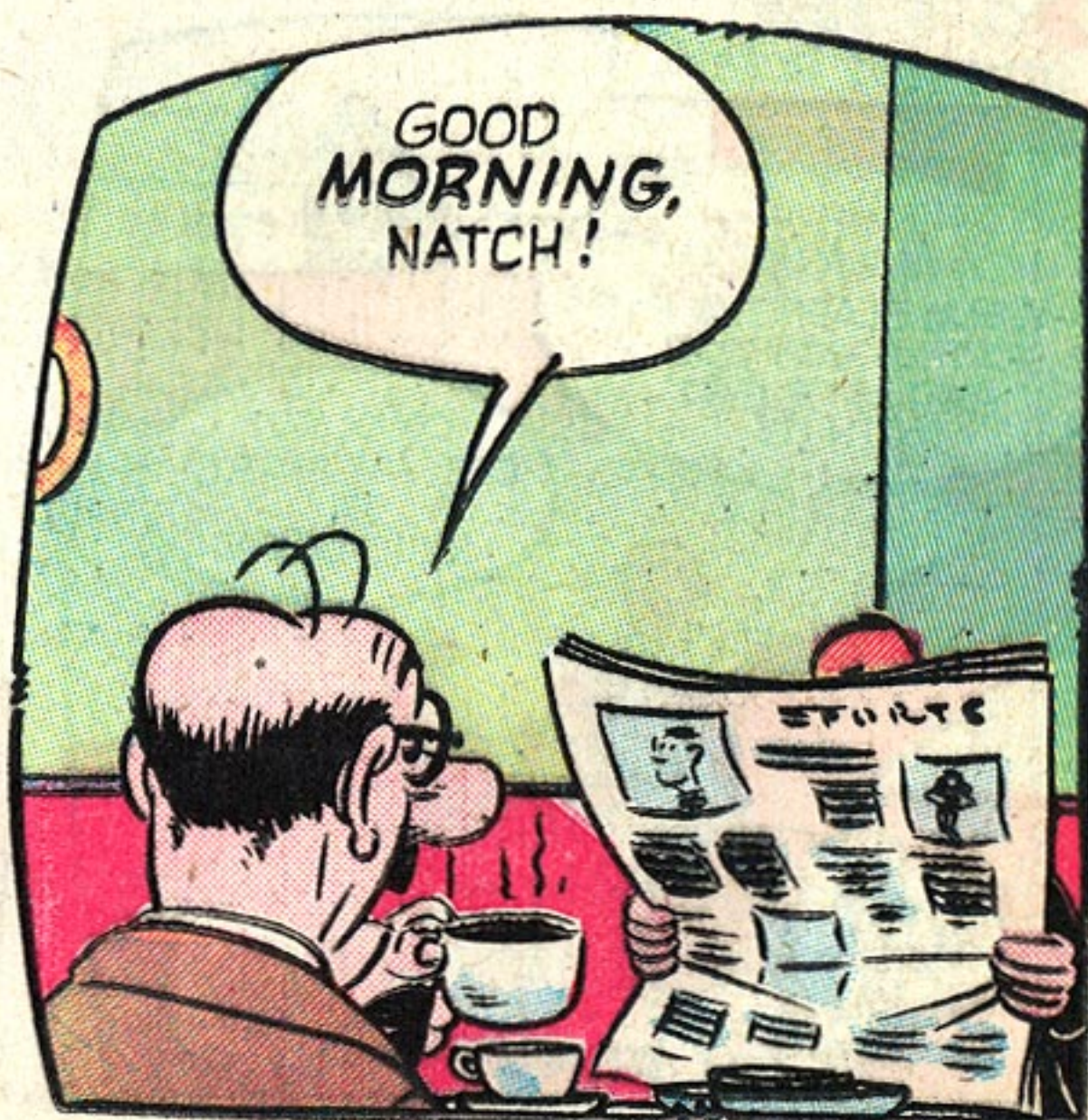
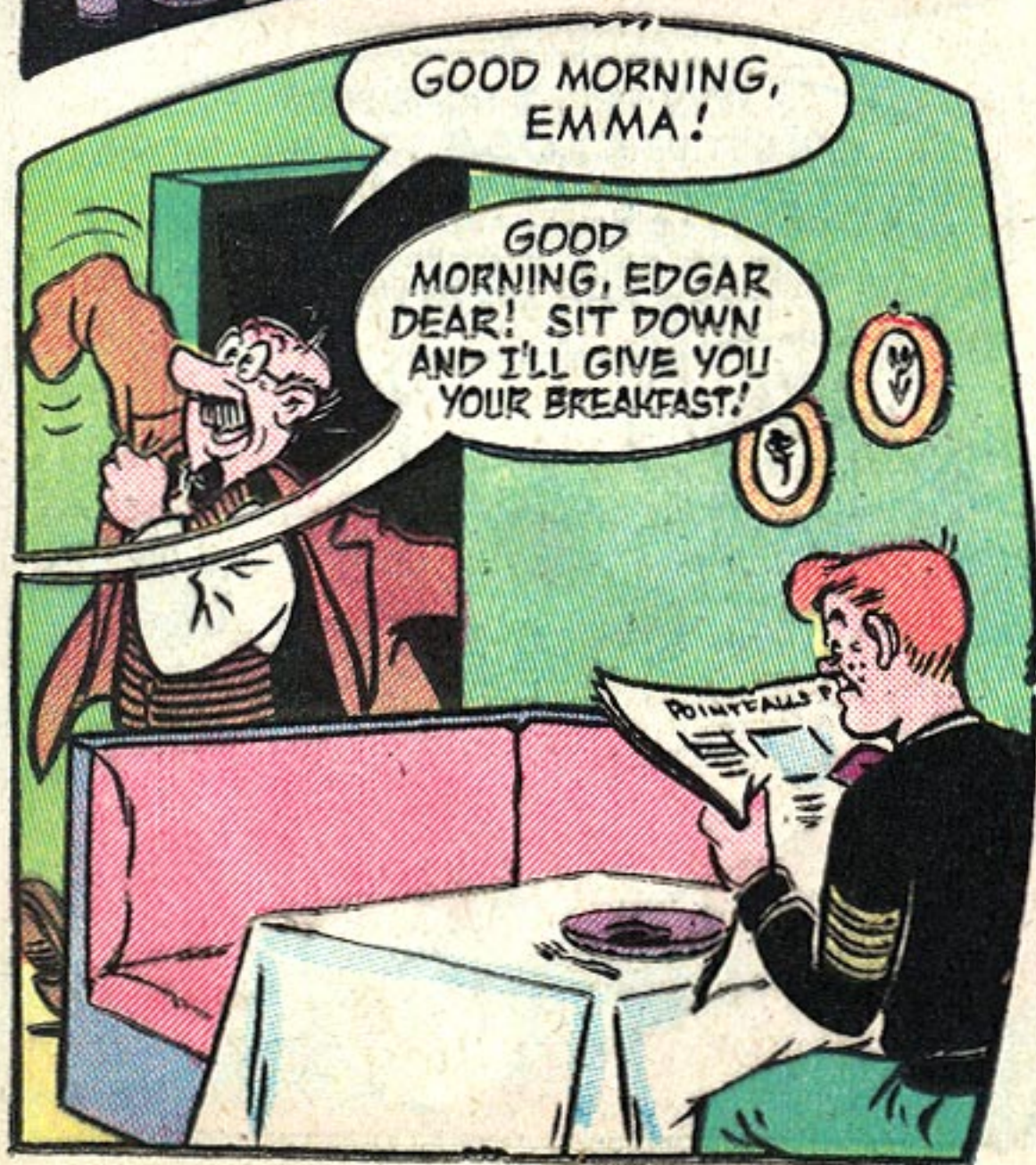
Buddy’s heart leaped with joy. “Nothin’ special,” he answered. “Say, they held that Roger DeBonne picture over, so maybe you’d like...”

“If you don’t mind,” Alice interrupted, “I’d rather just sit and talk to you, Buddy. Somehow I don’t think so much of *him* any more!”

Buddy wisely said nothing about the picture. “Funny,” he remarked, “I was just beginning to warm up to the guy! Oh, well! I’ll pick you up in ten minutes, dreamboat!”

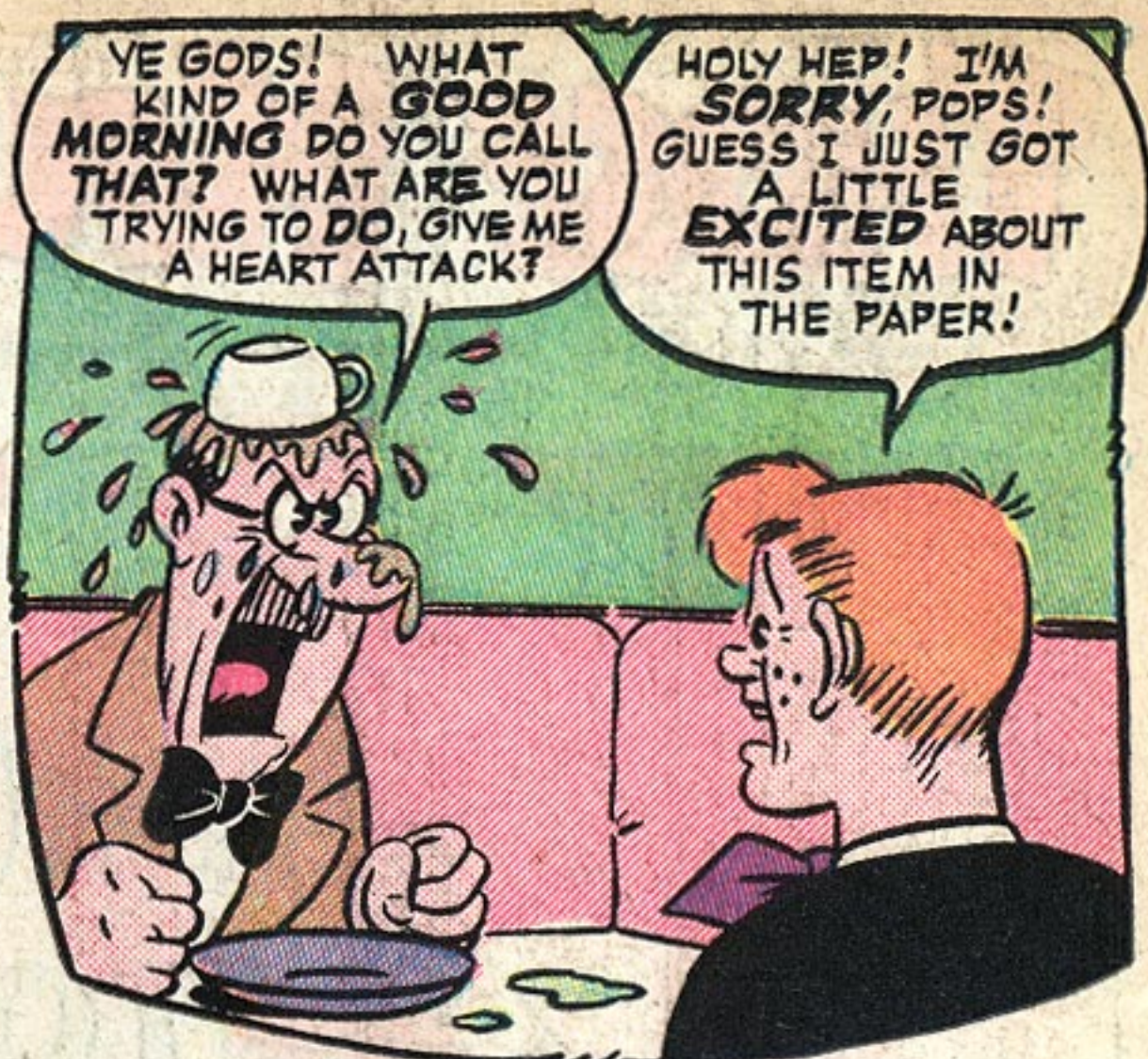
THOSE KILROY KIDS

in "Like A Bird On The Wing"





WOW! LOOKIT THIS! HEY, WOW!



YE GODS! WHAT KIND OF A GOOD MORNING DO YOU CALL THAT? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, GIVE ME A HEART ATTACK?

HOLY HEP! I'M SORRY, POPS! GUESS I JUST GOT A LITTLE EXCITED ABOUT THIS ITEM IN THE PAPER!



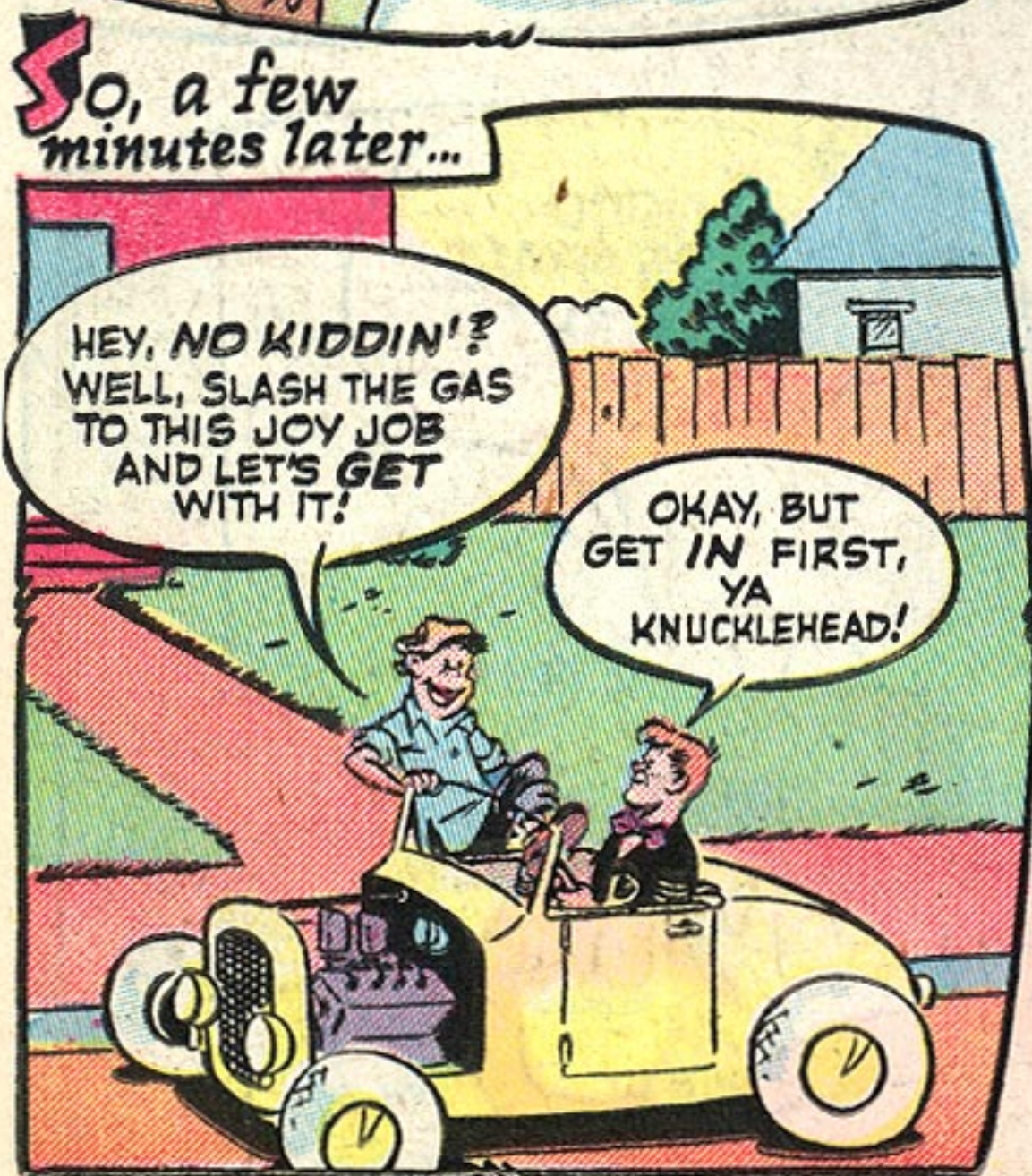
WHAT KIND OF AN ITEM IN THE PAPER WOULD MAKE YOU ACT LIKE THAT? WHAT HAPPENED? DID AN EARTHQUAKE LEVEL NEW YORK?

HUH? ... GOSH, NO, POPS! ... PAUL RANTZ, THE FAMOUS AVIATOR, IS GONNA TRY TO BREAK THE CROSS COUNTRY SPEED RECORD FOR LIGHT PLANES--AND HE'S STARTIN' FROM HERE!



I'M GONNA JUMP IN THE JALOP AND GO GET JACKSON!--BET HE'LL WANNA SEE HIM TAKE OFF TOO!

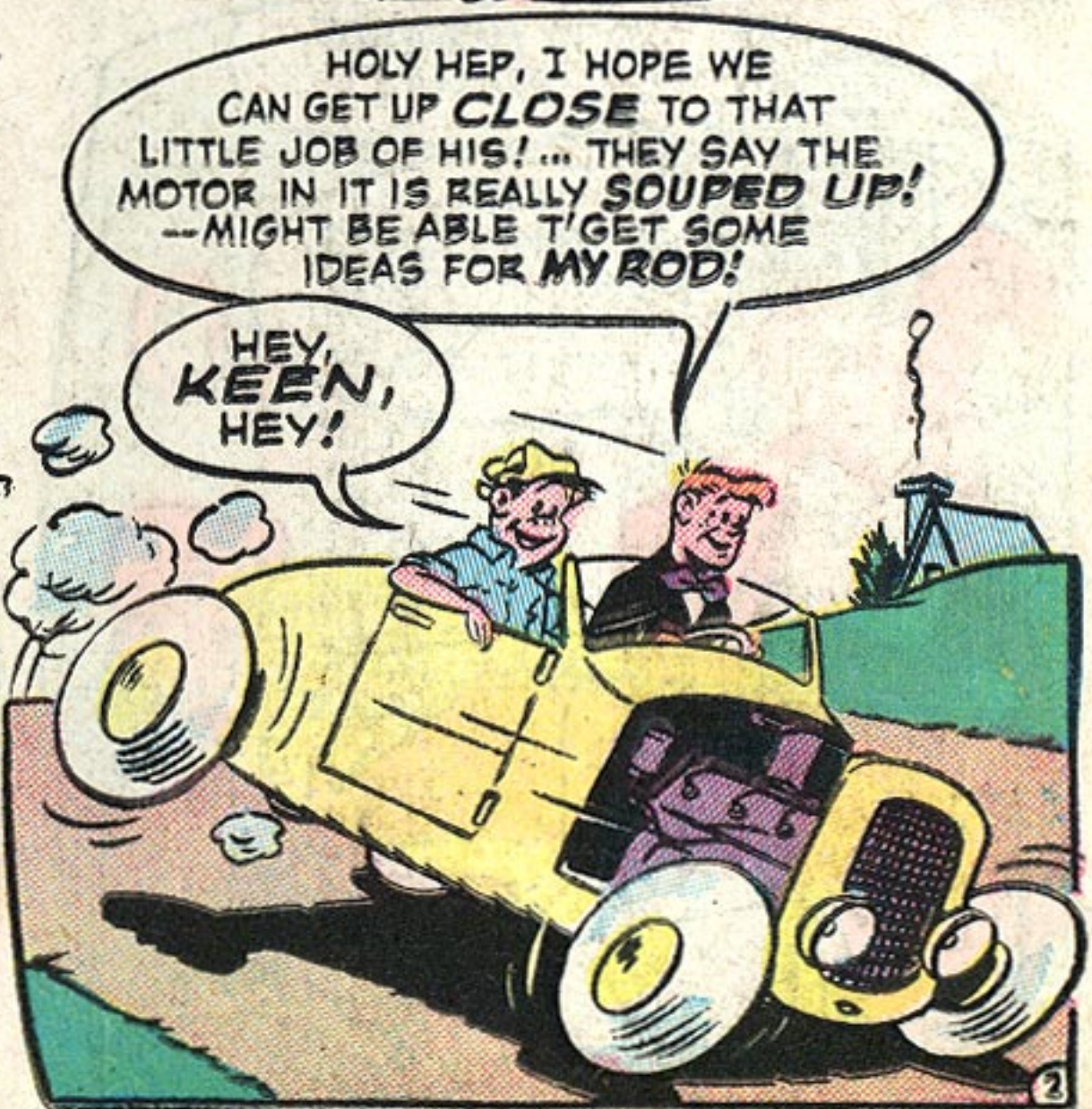
COME BACK WITH THAT PAPER! ... I HAVEN'T SEEN IT YET!



So, a few minutes later...

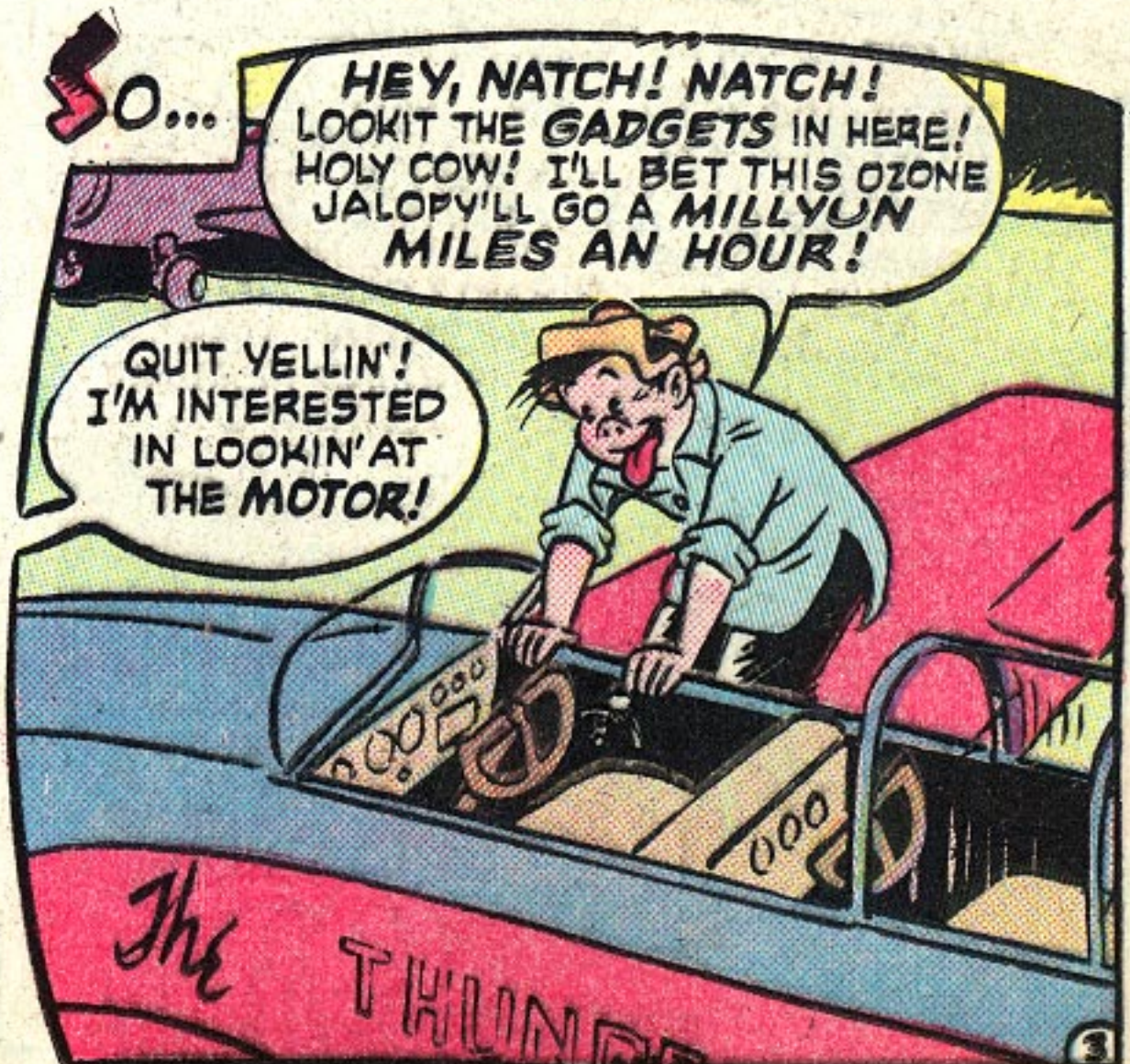
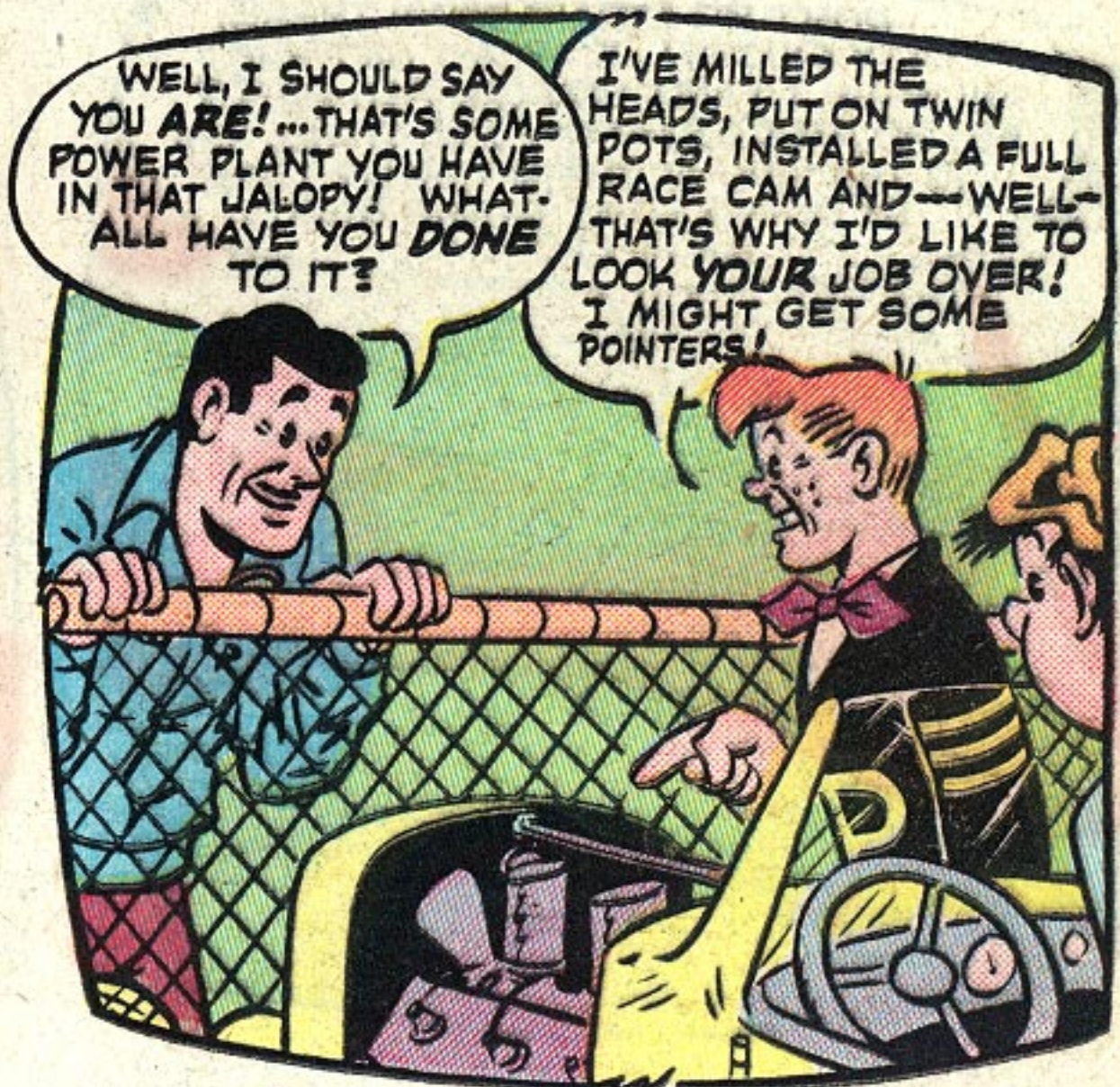
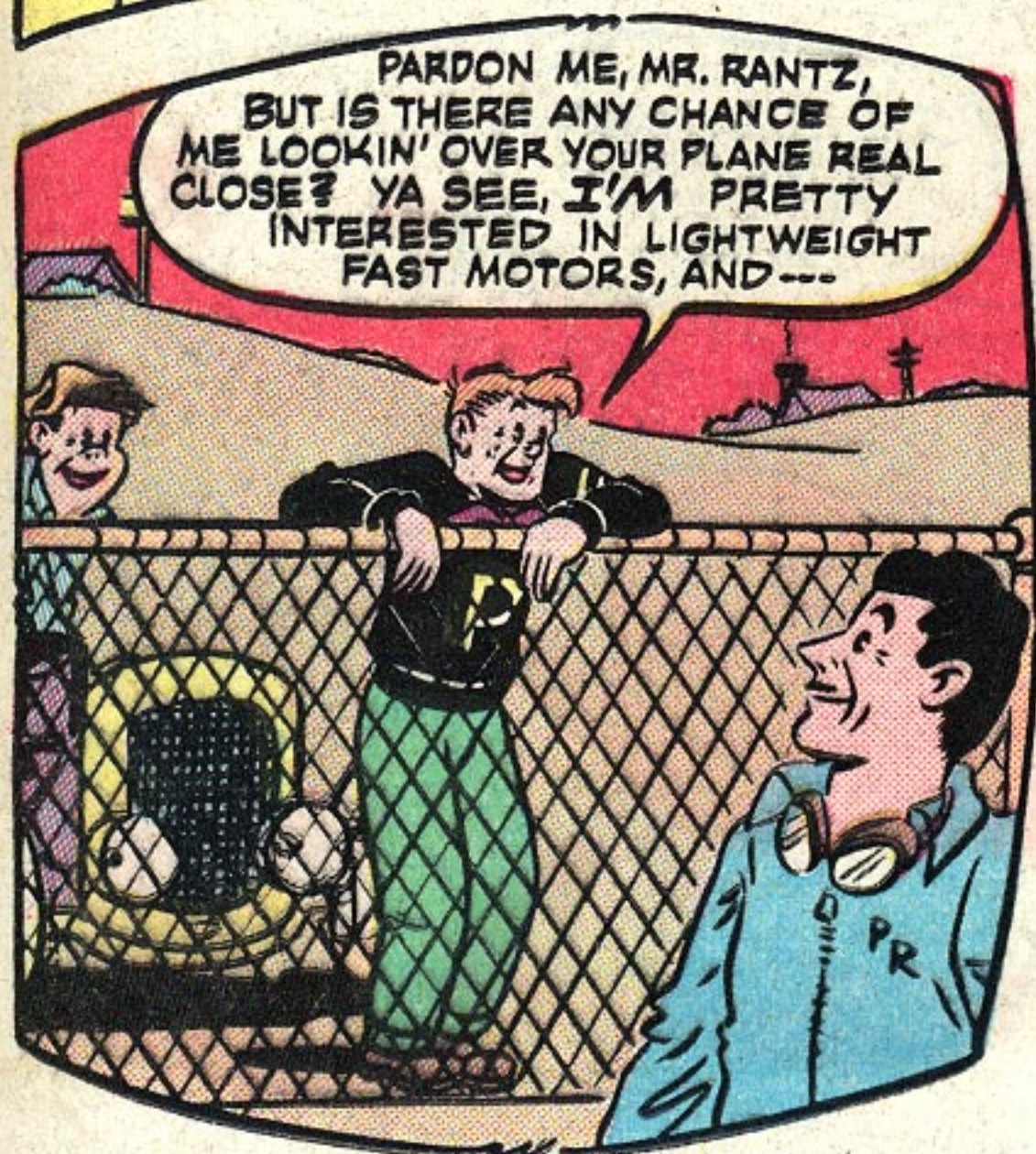
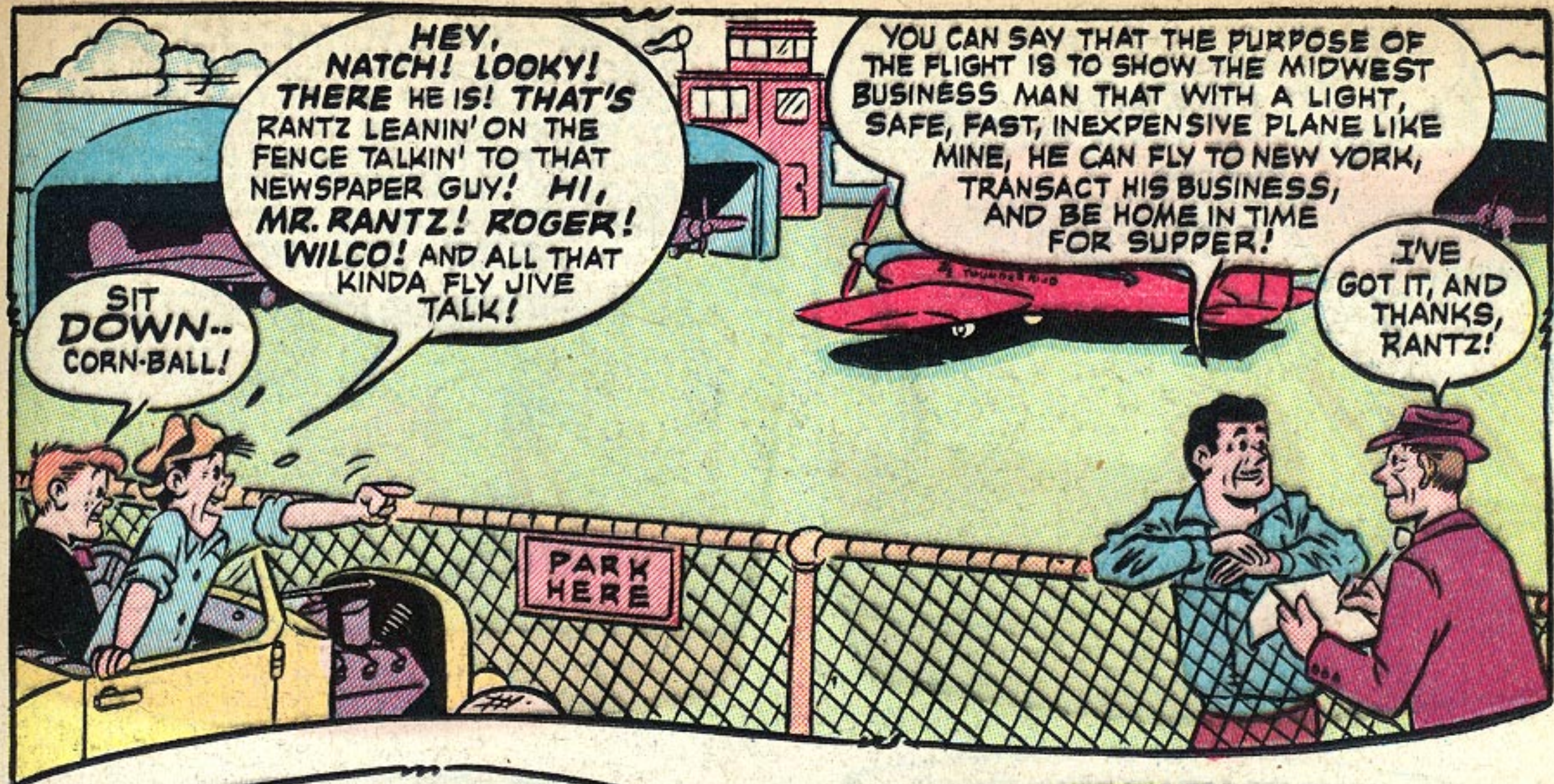
HEY, NO KIDDIN'? WELL, SLASH THE GAS TO THIS JOY JOB AND LET'S GET WITH IT!

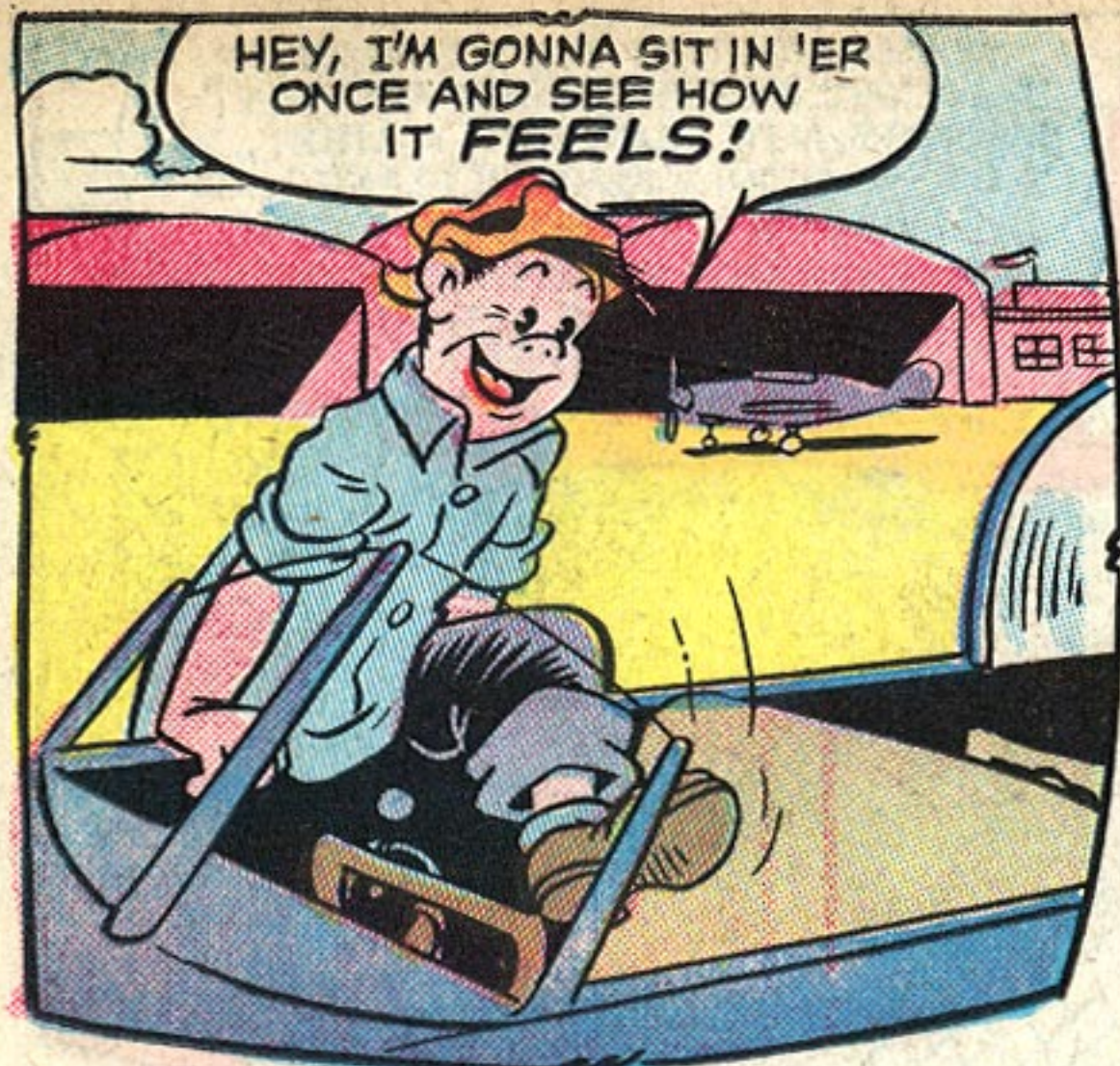
OKAY, BUT GET IN FIRST, YA KNUCKLEHEAD!



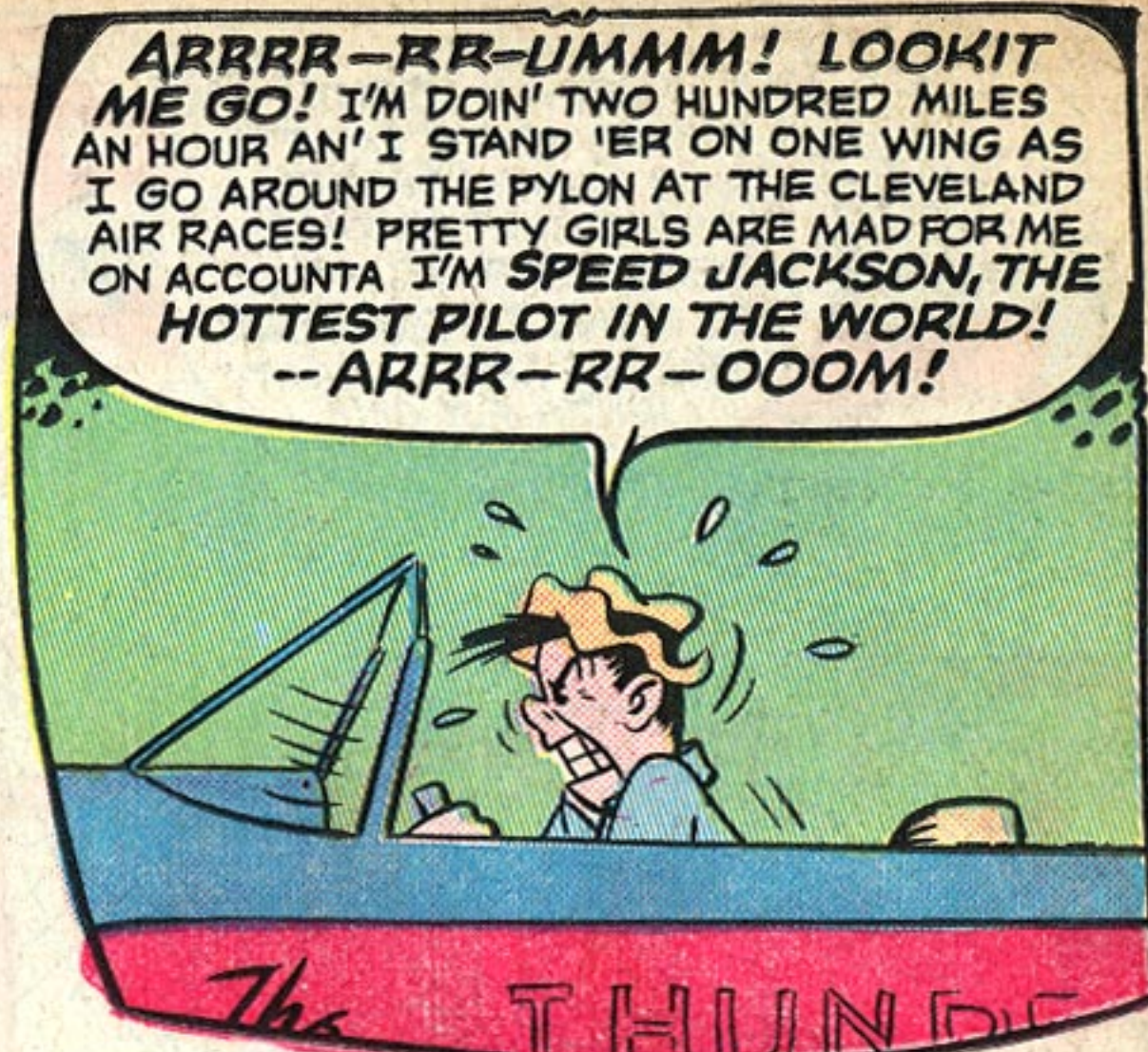
HOLY HEP, I HOPE WE CAN GET UP CLOSE TO THAT LITTLE JOB OF HIS! ... THEY SAY THE MOTOR IN IT IS REALLY SOUPED UP! --MIGHT BE ABLE T'GET SOME IDEAS FOR MY ROD!

HEY, KEEN, HEY!

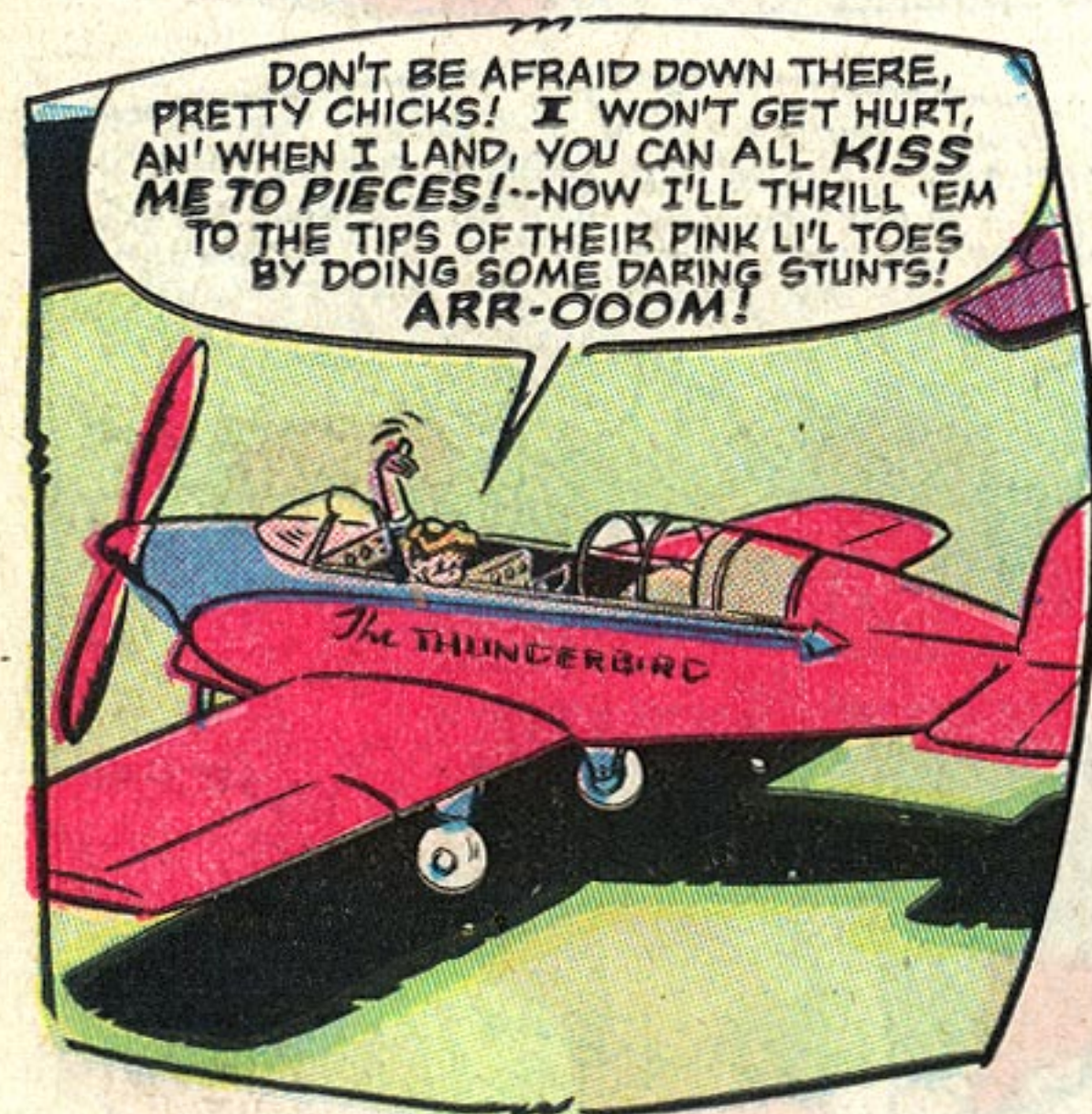




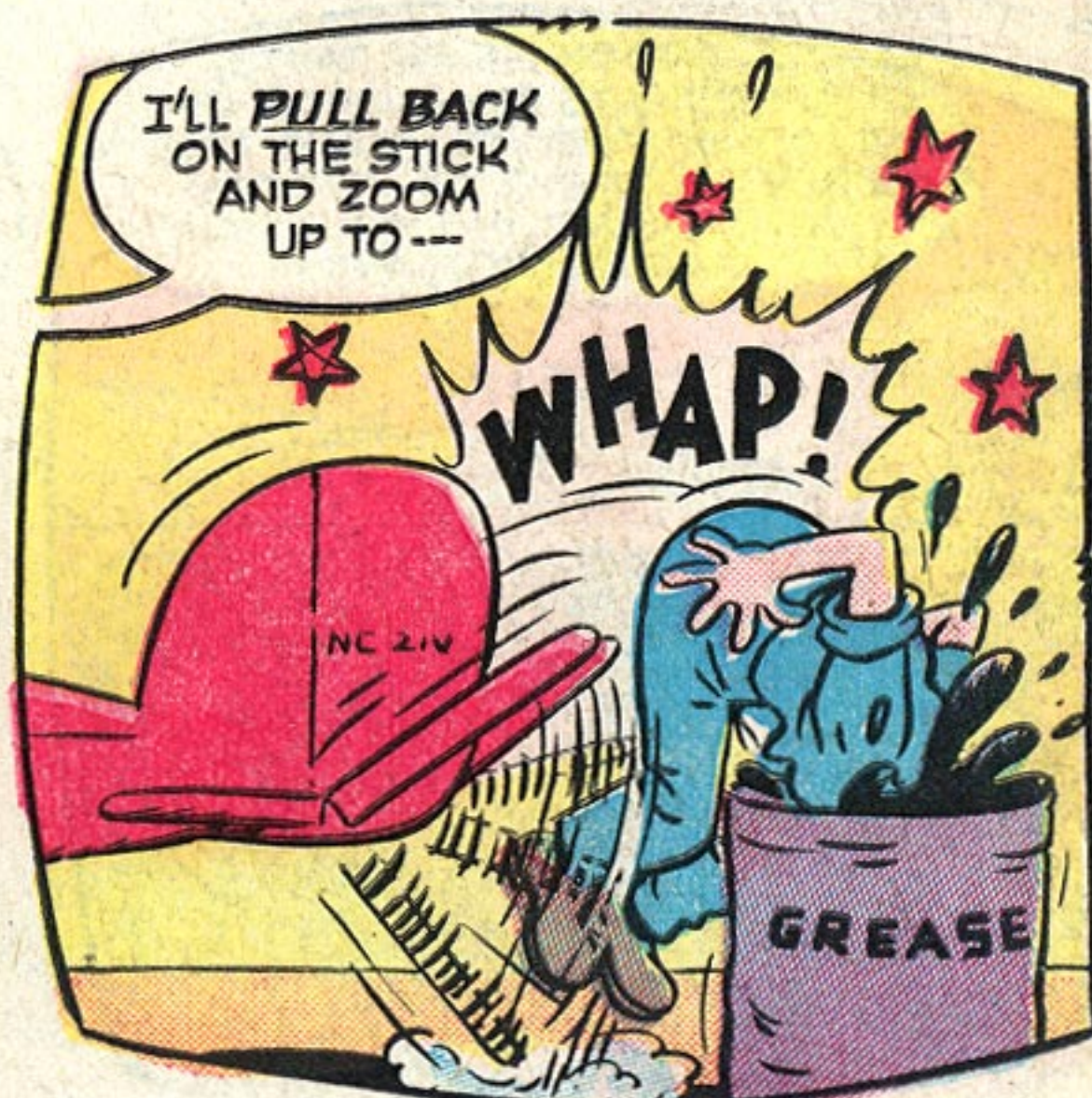
HEY, I'M GONNA SIT IN 'ER
ONCE AND SEE HOW
IT **FEELS!**



**ARRRR-RR-UMMM! LOOKIT
ME GO! I'M DOIN' TWO HUNDRED MILES
AN HOUR AN' I STAND 'ER ON ONE WING AS
I GO AROUND THE PYLON AT THE CLEVELAND
AIR RACES! PRETTY GIRLS ARE MAD FOR ME
ON ACCOUNTA I'M **SPEED JACKSON, THE
HOTTEST PILOT IN THE WORLD!**
--ARRR-RR-OOOM!**



DON'T BE AFRAID DOWN THERE,
PRETTY CHICKS! I WON'T GET HURT,
AN' WHEN I LAND, YOU CAN ALL **KISS
ME TO PIECES!**--NOW I'LL THRILL 'EM
TO THE TIPS OF THEIR PINK LI'L TOES
BY DOING SOME DARING STUNTS!
ARR-OOOM!



I'LL **PULL BACK**
ON THE STICK
AND ZOOM
UP TO---

WHAP!



WHAT IN TH'--
@##*XXX* IS
THE BIG IDEA?..
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' IN
THERE? YOU'VE GOT NO
BUSINESS AROUND
THIS SHIP, KID!

GET LOST,
GREASE BALL,
GET LOST! GO
OIL A CAMSHAFT OR
SOMETHIN'! --MR.
RANTZ GAVE ME **PER-
MISHUN** T'BE
AROUND HERE ALL
I WANTED
TO!



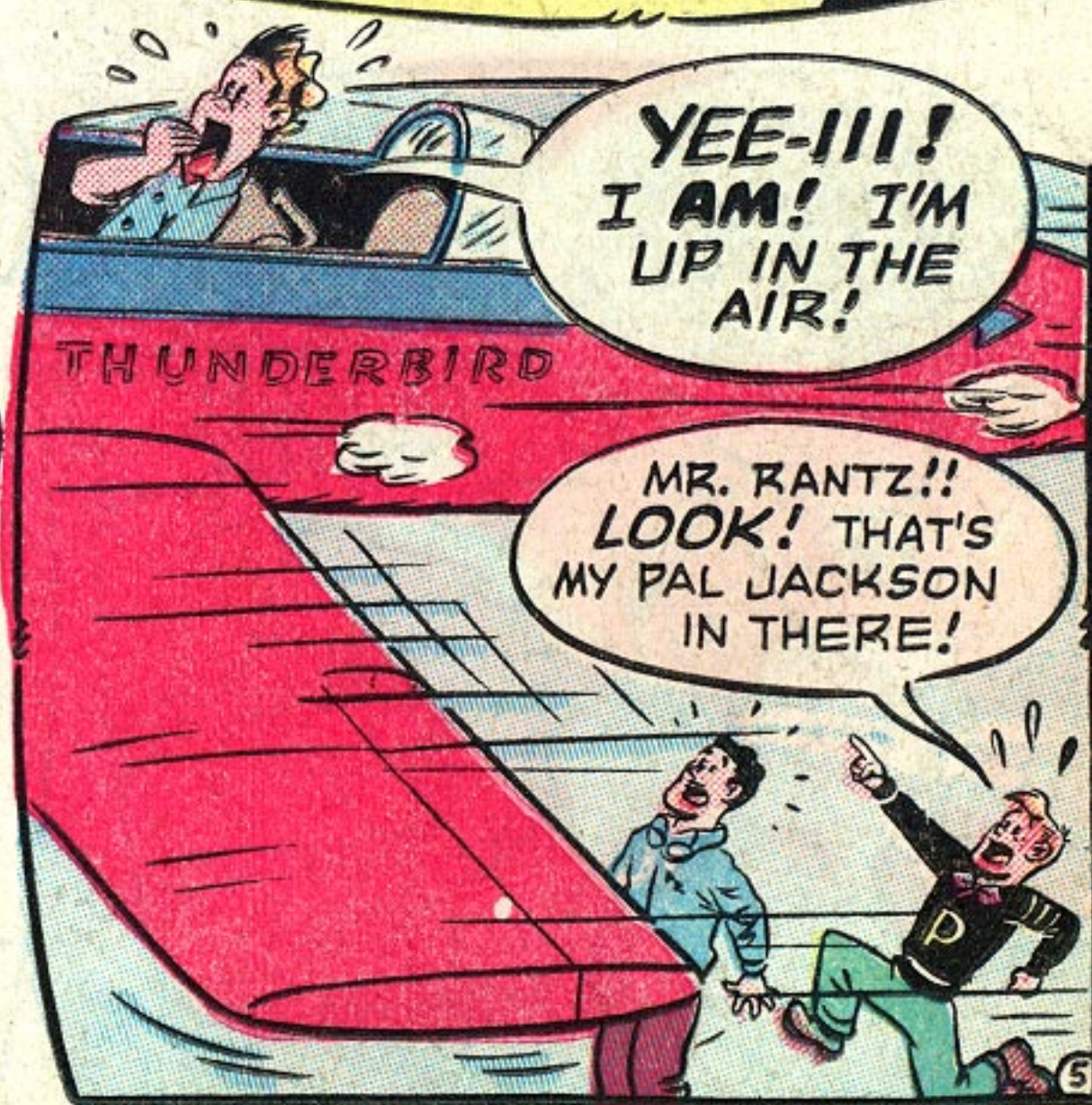
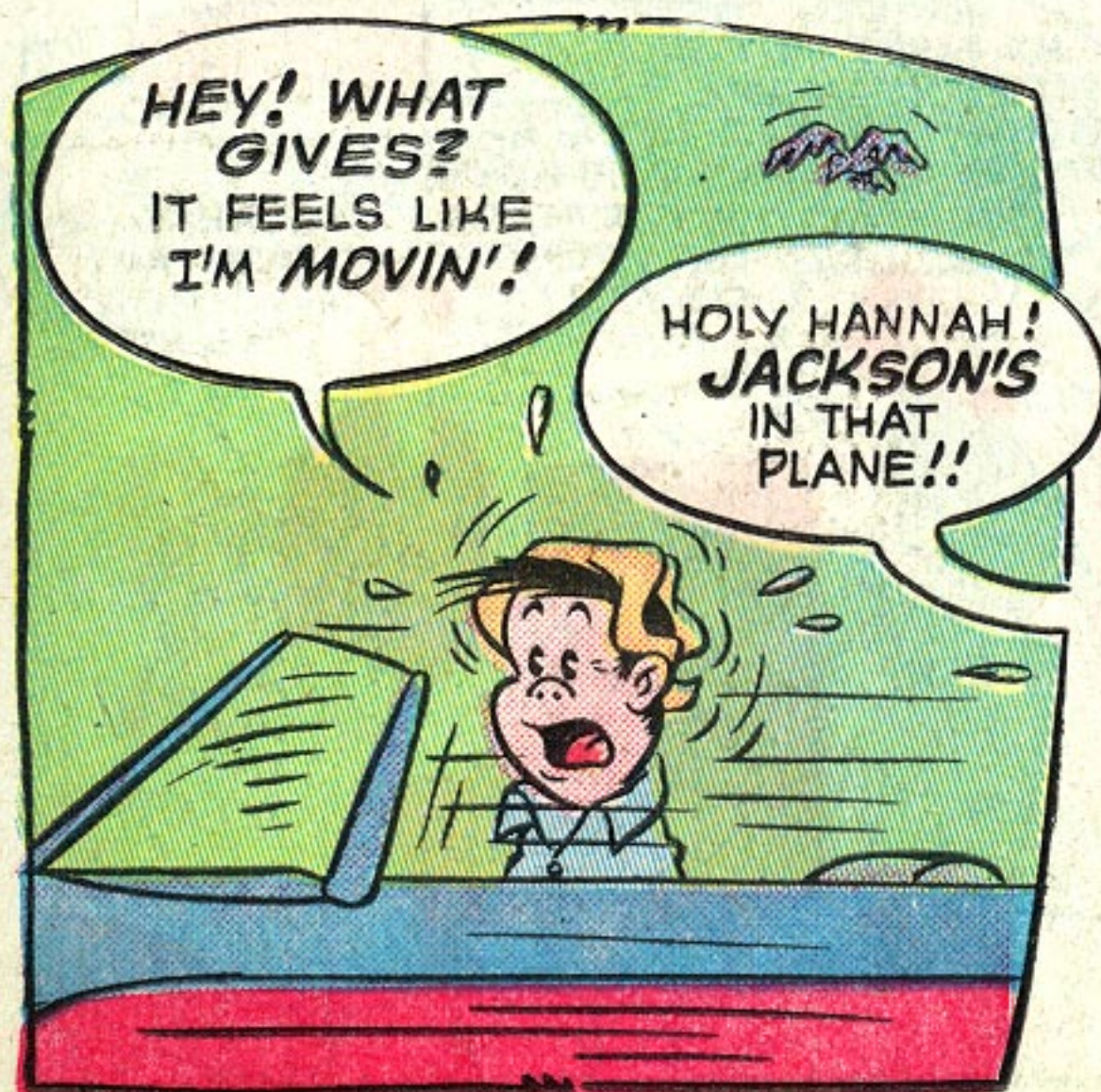
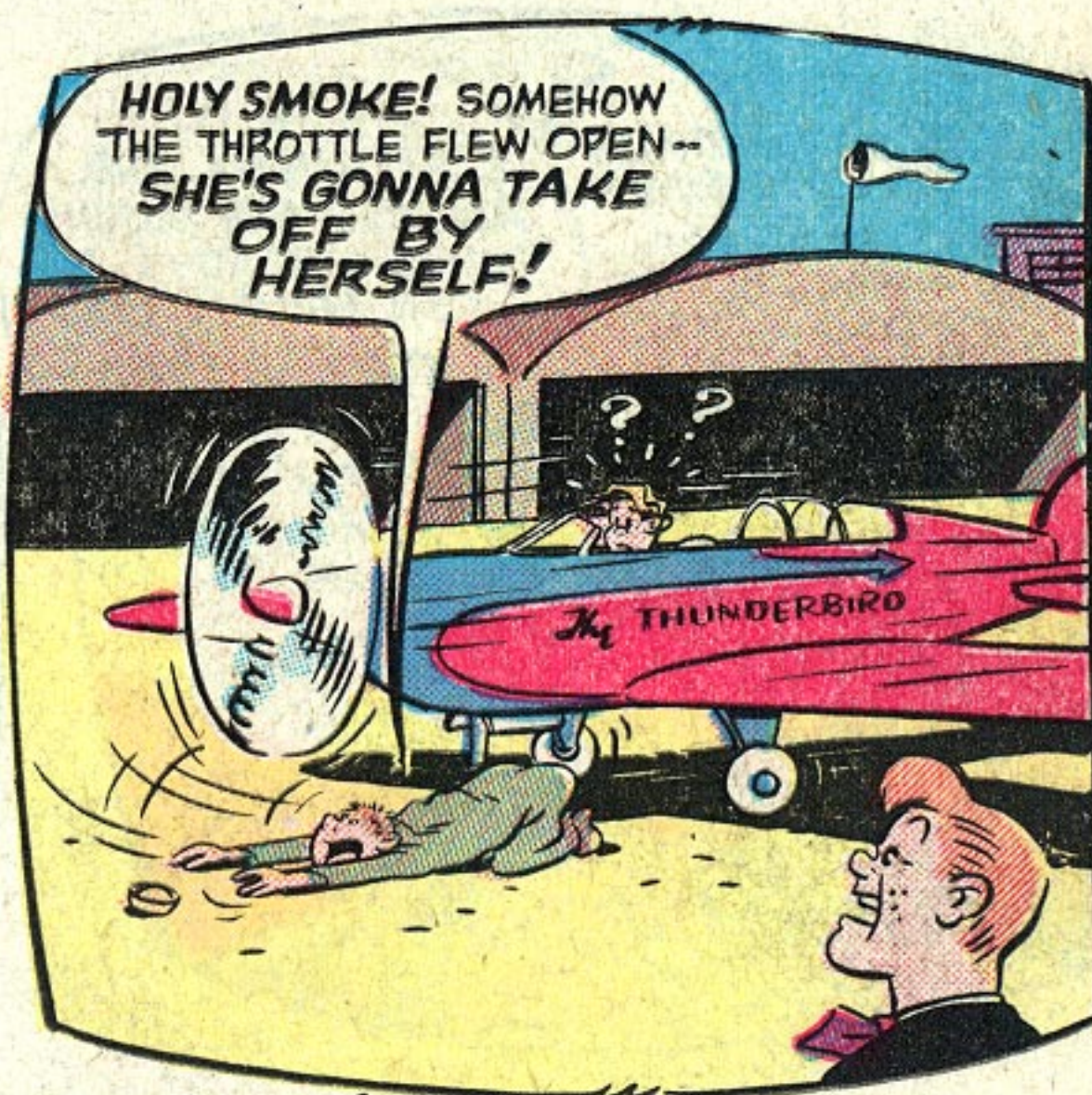
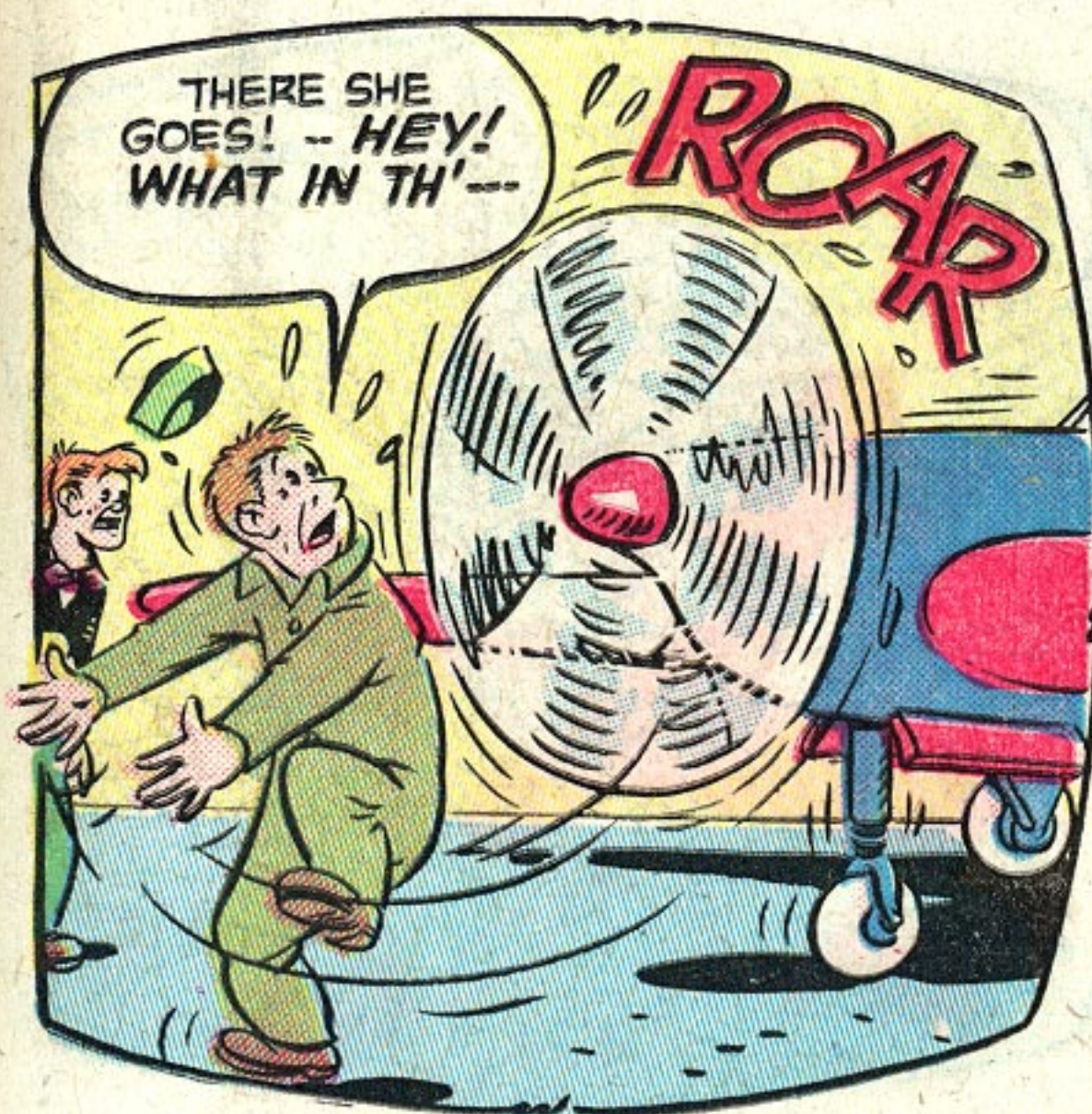
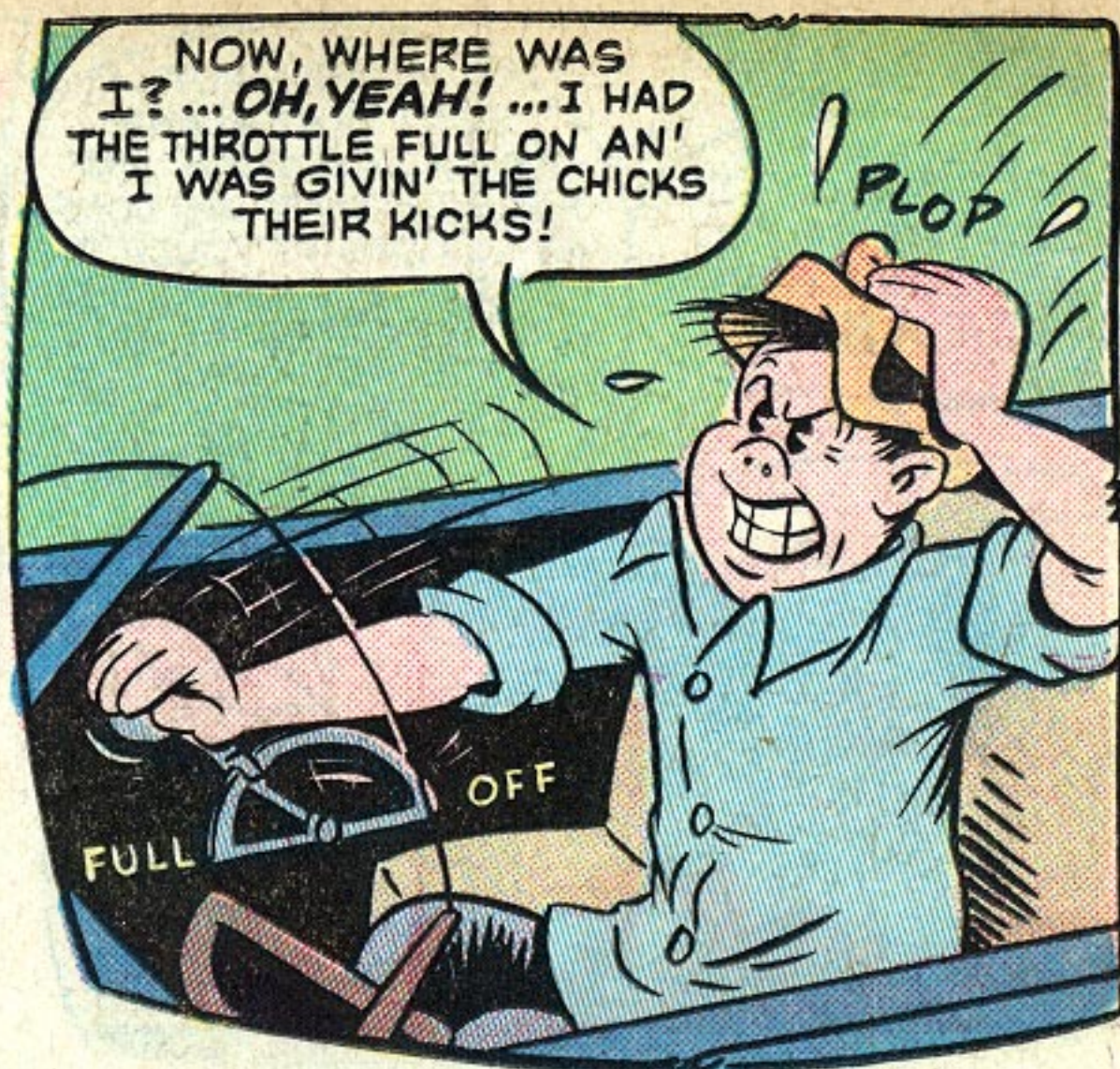
Meanwhile...

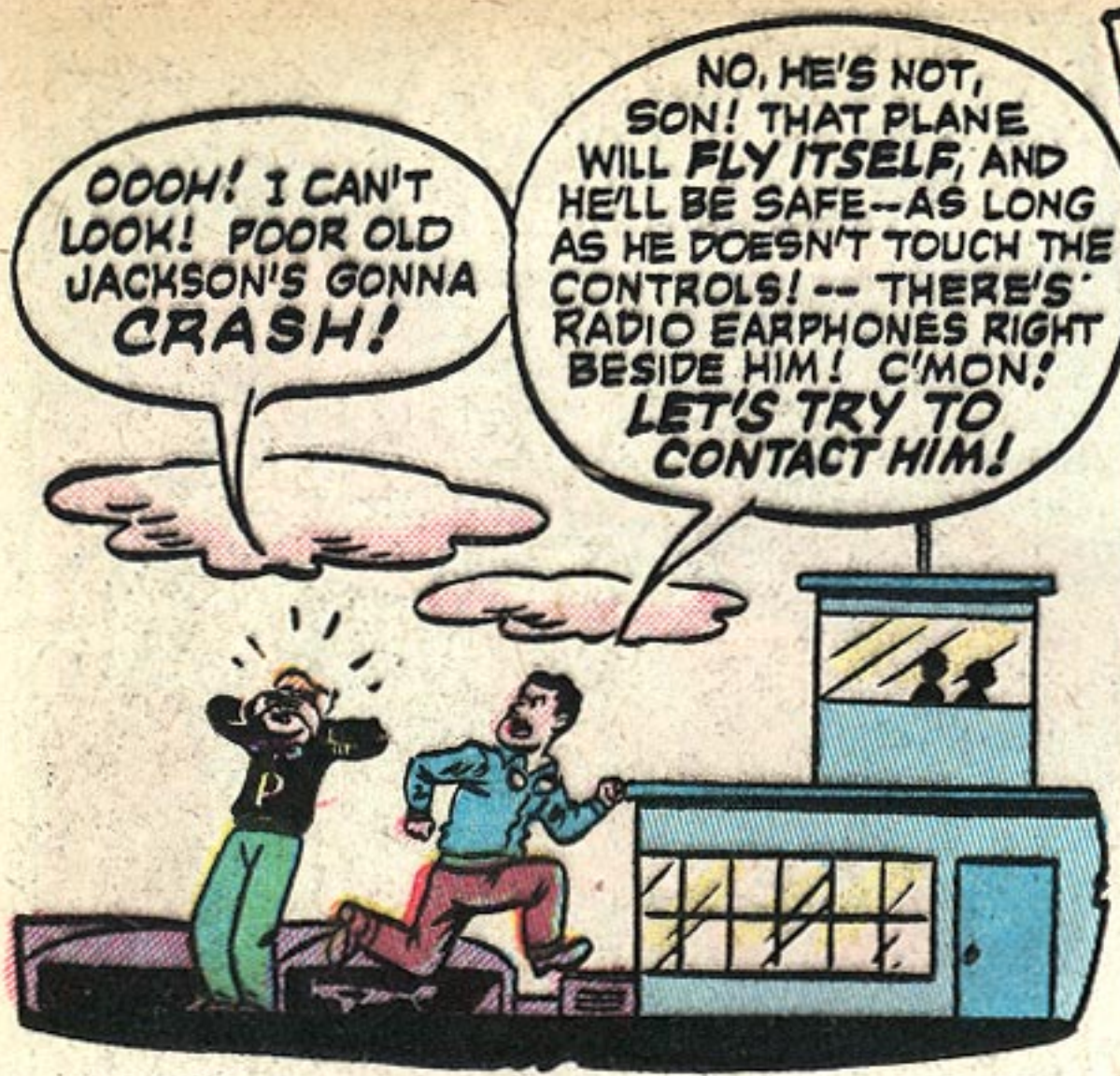
MAC, I WANT TO
TAKE OFF RIGHT ON THE HOUR,
SO WHY DON'T YOU RUN OUT
AND GET THE MOTOR
STARTED SO SHE'LL
WARM UP!

SURE THING,
MR. RANTZ!

POINTFALLS
AIRPORT

Seconds later...





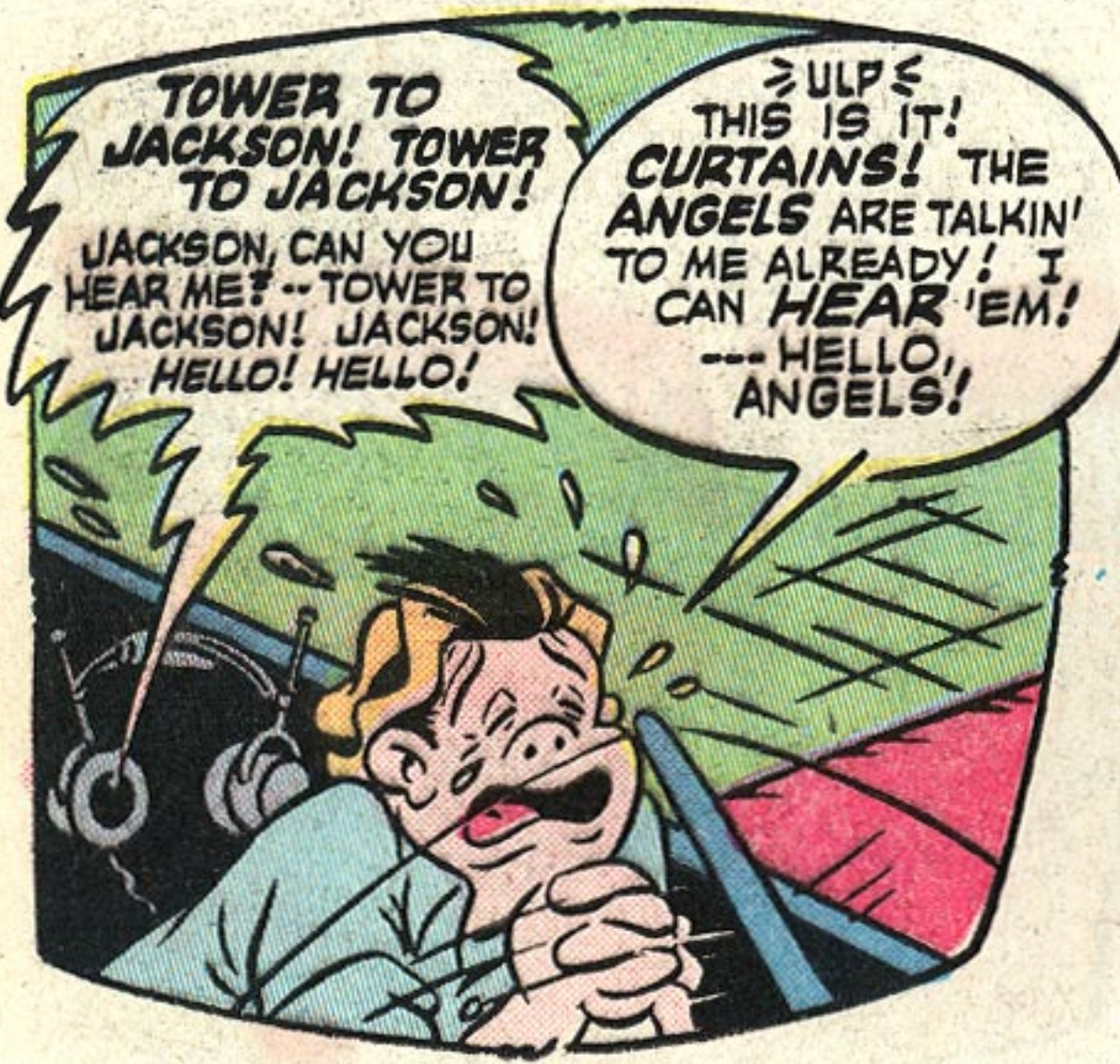
OOOH! I CAN'T LOOK! POOR OLD JACKSON'S GONNA CRASH!

NO, HE'S NOT, SON! THAT PLANE WILL FLY ITSELF, AND HE'LL BE SAFE--AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T TOUCH THE CONTROLS! -- THERE'S RADIO EARPHONES RIGHT BESIDE HIM! C'MON! LET'S TRY TO CONTACT HIM!



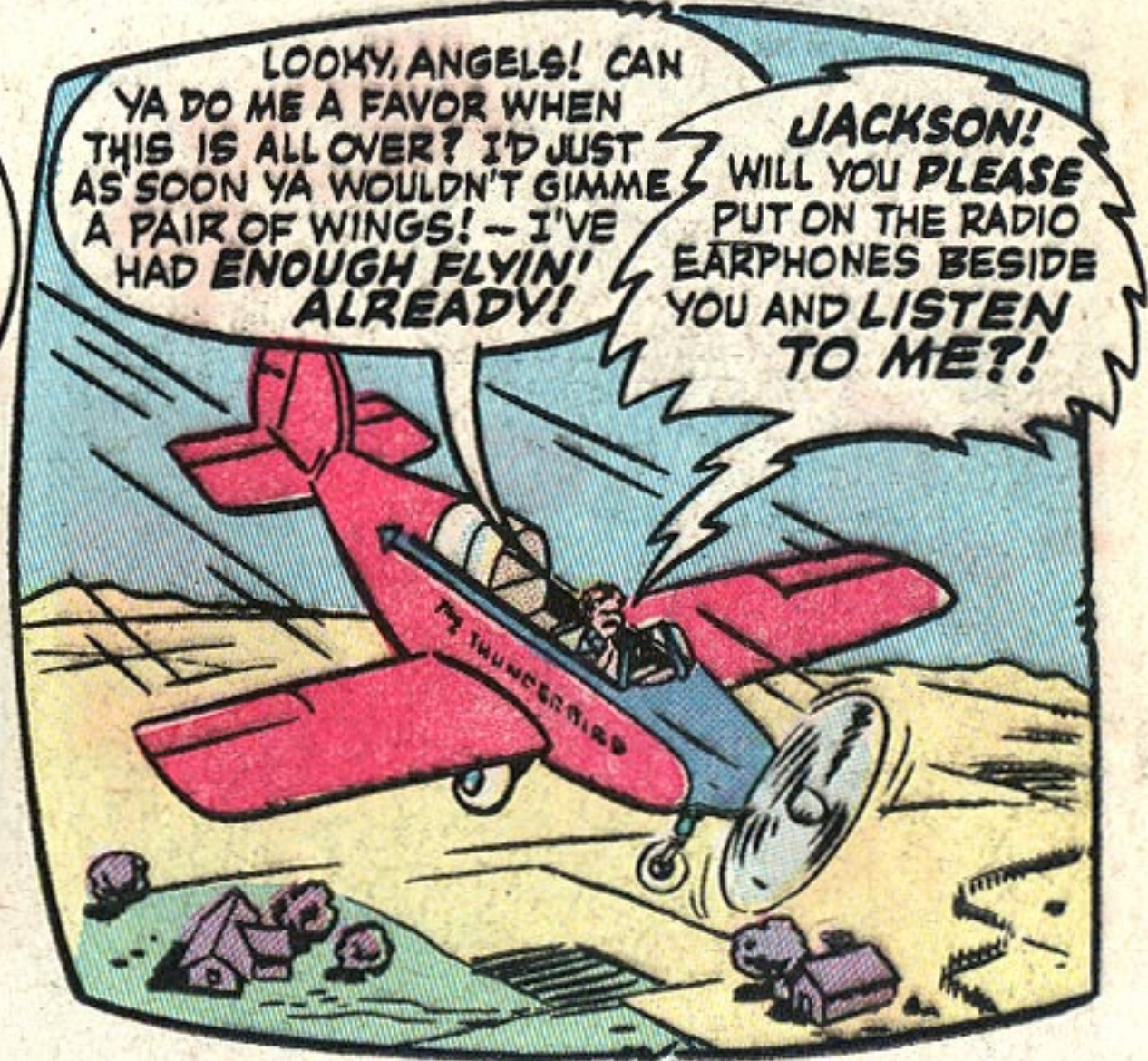
Seconds later...

JEEPERS, WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR AN ELEVATOR RIGHT NOW! NATCH! ... SOMEBODY! SAVE ME!



TOWER TO JACKSON! TOWER TO JACKSON! JACKSON, CAN YOU HEAR ME? -- TOWER TO JACKSON! JACKSON! HELLO! HELLO!

GULP! THIS IS IT! CURTAINS! THE ANGELS ARE TALKIN' TO ME ALREADY! I CAN HEAR 'EM! --- HELLO, ANGELS!



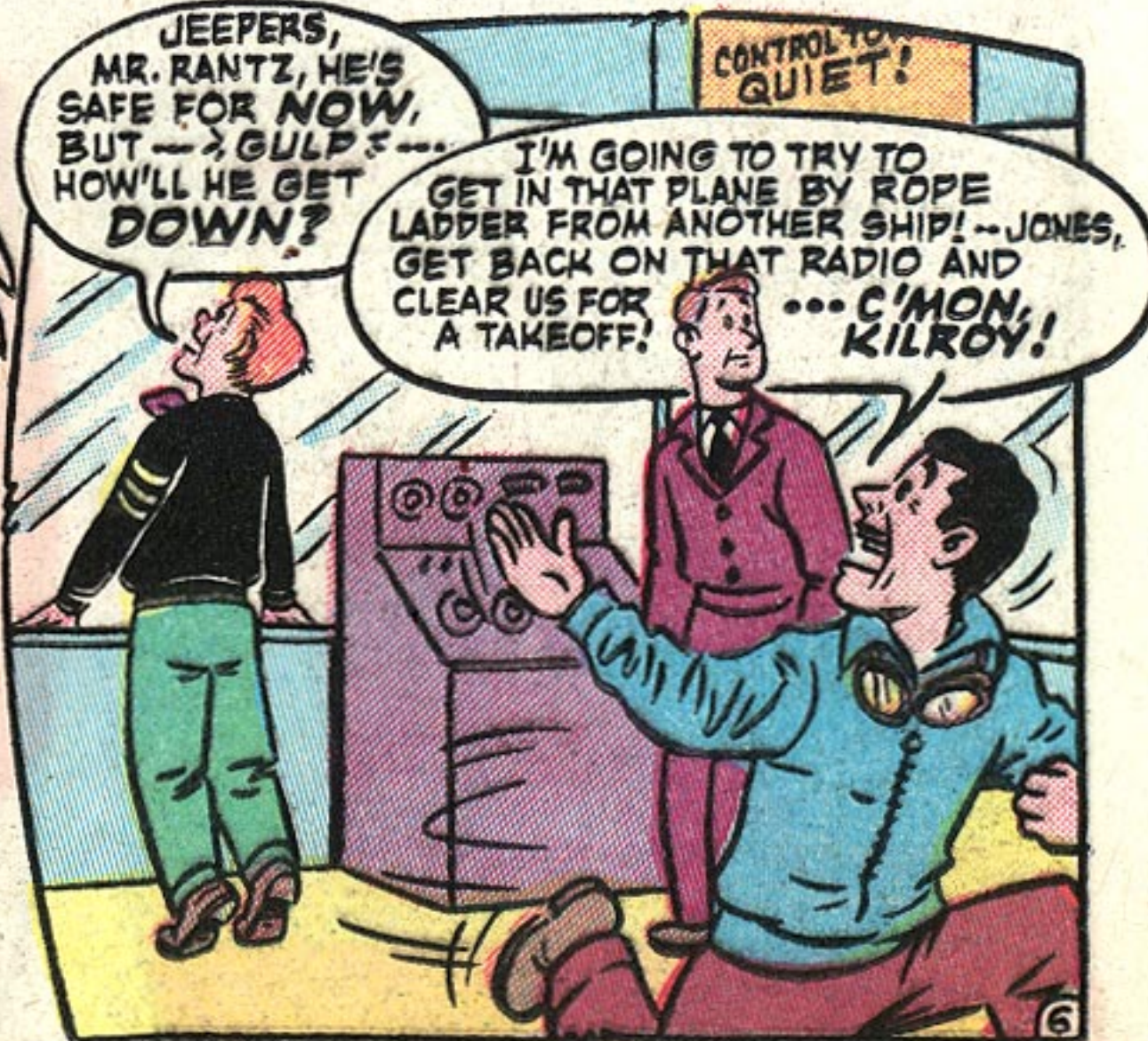
LOOKY, ANGELS! CAN YA DO ME A FAVOR WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER? I'D JUST AS SOON YA WOULDN'T GIMME A PAIR OF WINGS! -- I'VE HAD ENOUGH FLYIN' ALREADY!

JACKSON! WILL YOU PLEASE PUT ON THE RADIO EARPHONES BESIDE YOU AND LISTEN TO ME?!



HEY, THAT'S NOT ANGELS, IT'S THESE THINGS! SOMEBODY WANTS TO TALK TO ME! HELLO, THIS IS JACKSON! I'M NOT FINE -- HOW ARE YOU?

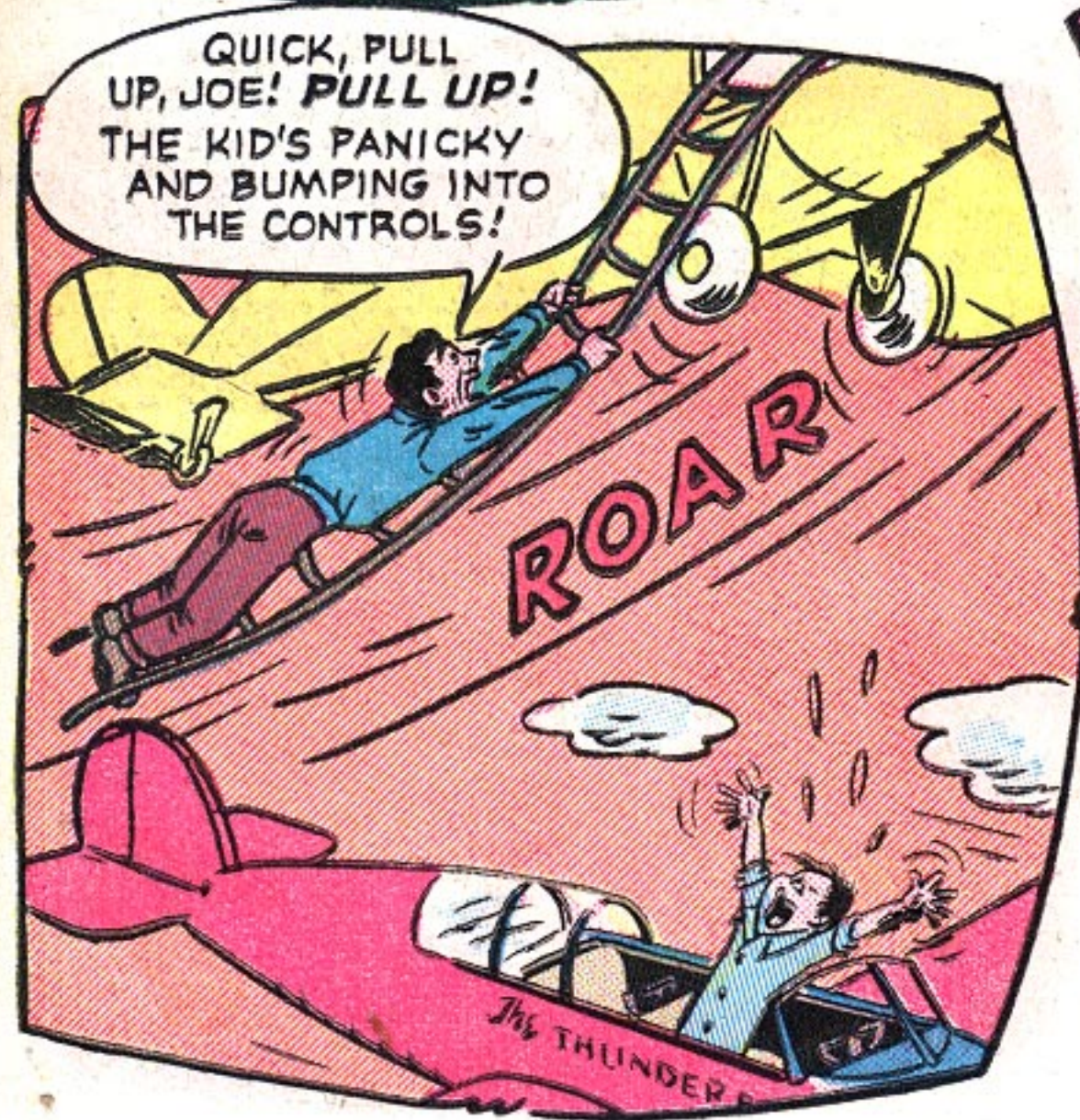
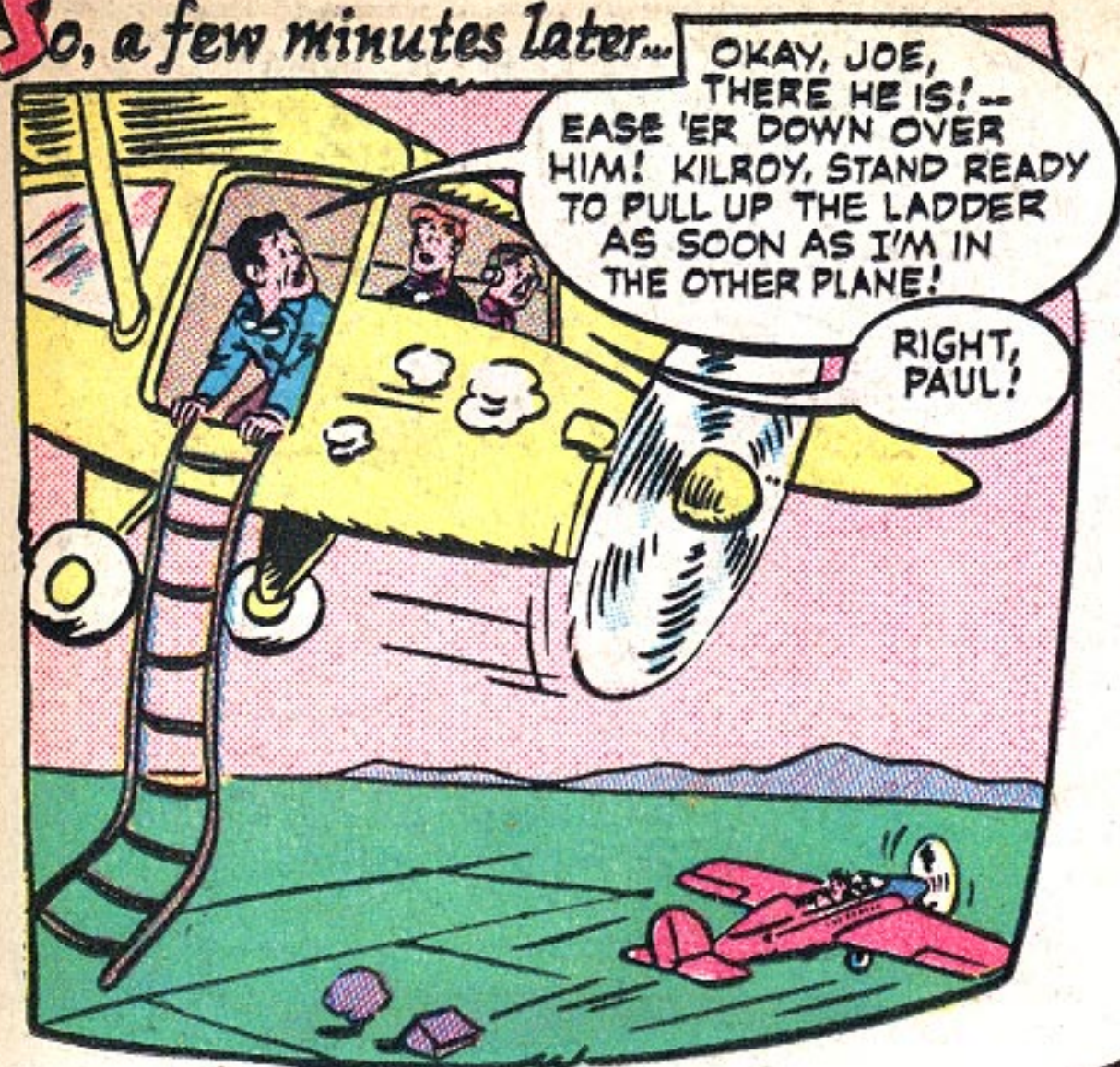
JACKSON, THIS IS PAUL RANTZ! NOW, LISTEN CAREFULLY! DO NOT TOUCH THOSE CONTROLS OR YOU'LL CRASH!



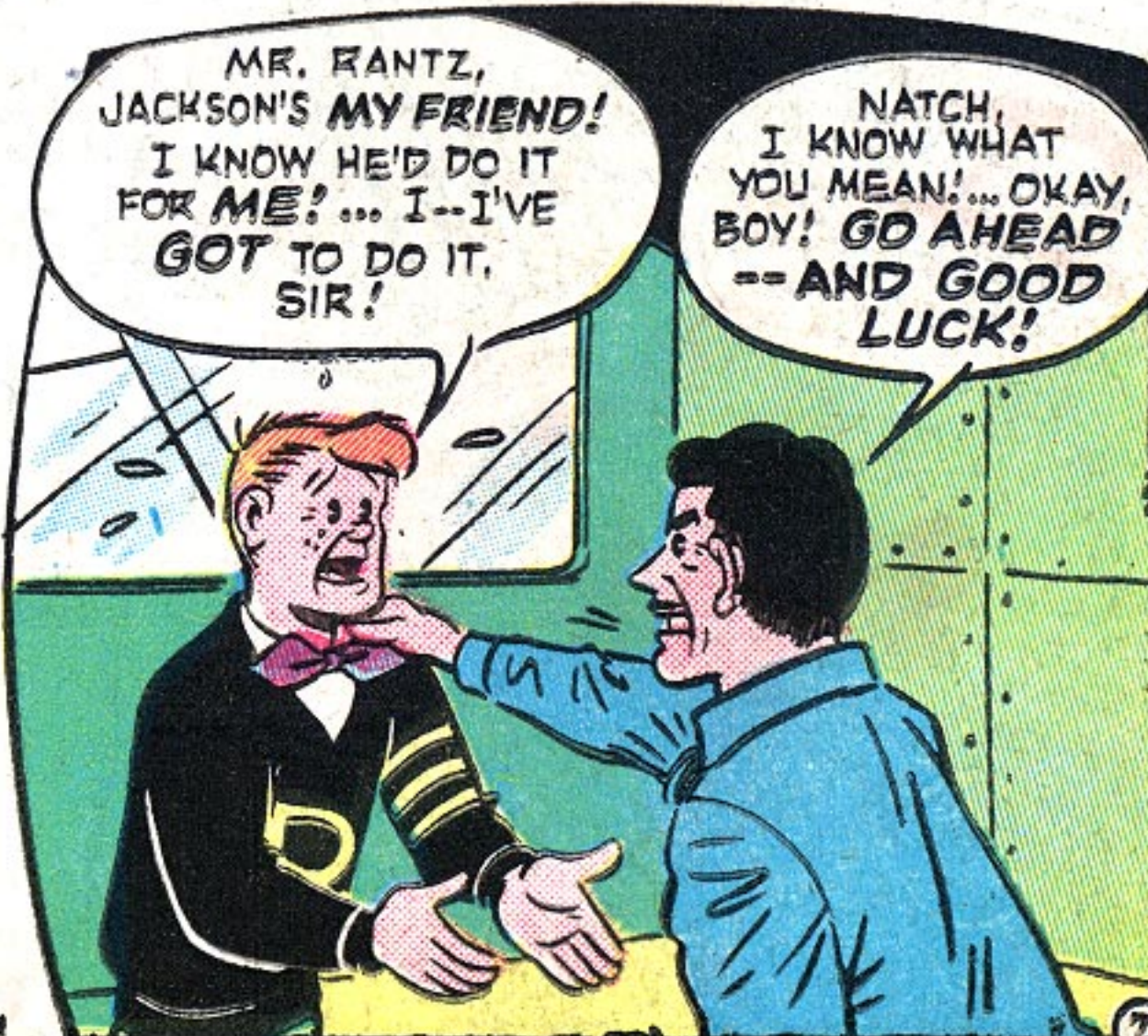
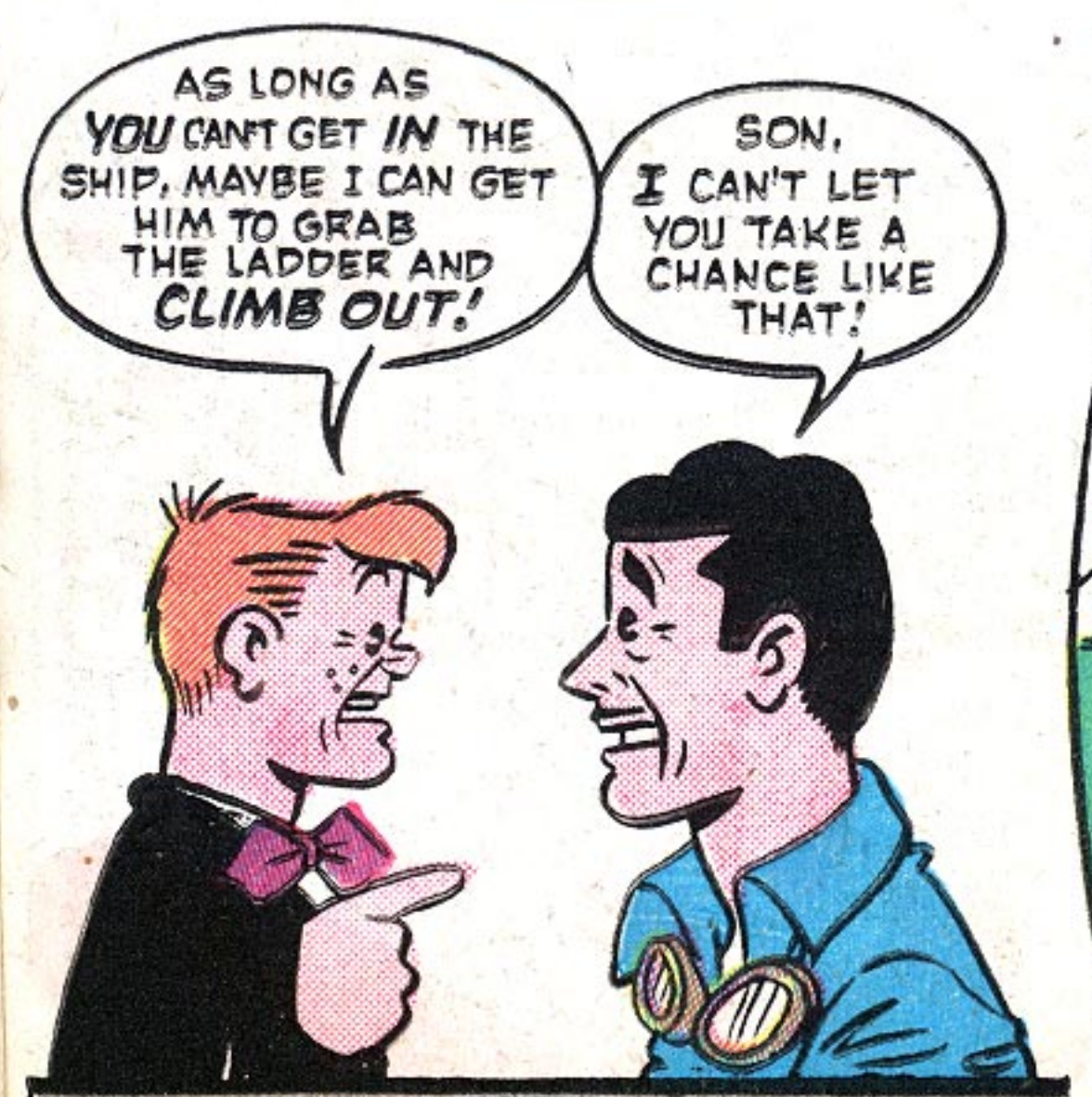
JEEPERS, MR. RANTZ, HE'S SAFE FOR NOW, BUT -- GULP! -- HOW'LL HE GET DOWN?

I'M GOING TO TRY TO GET IN THAT PLANE BY ROPE LADDER FROM ANOTHER SHIP! -- JONES, GET BACK ON THAT RADIO AND CLEAR US FOR A TAKEOFF! ... C'MON, KILROY!

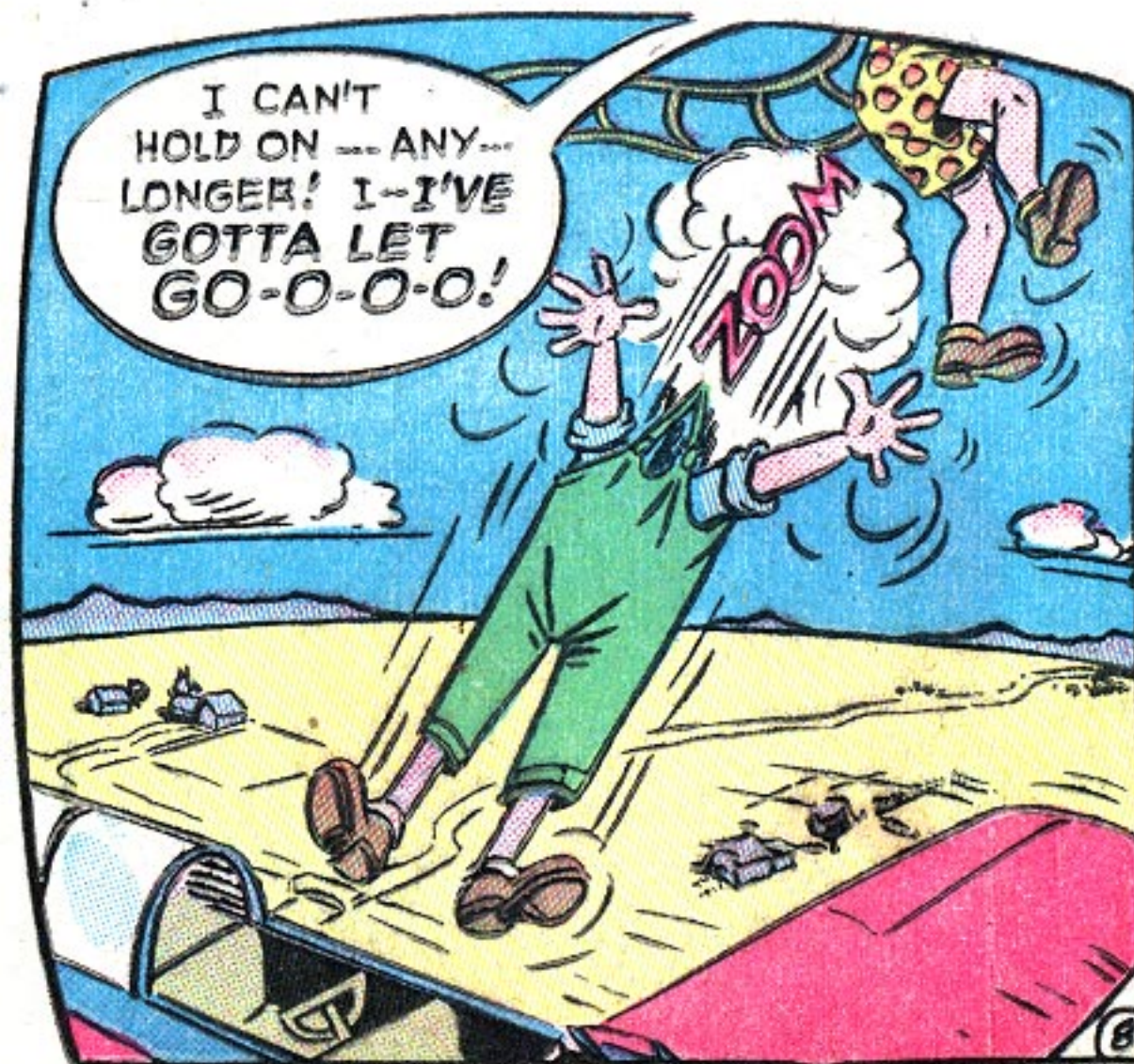
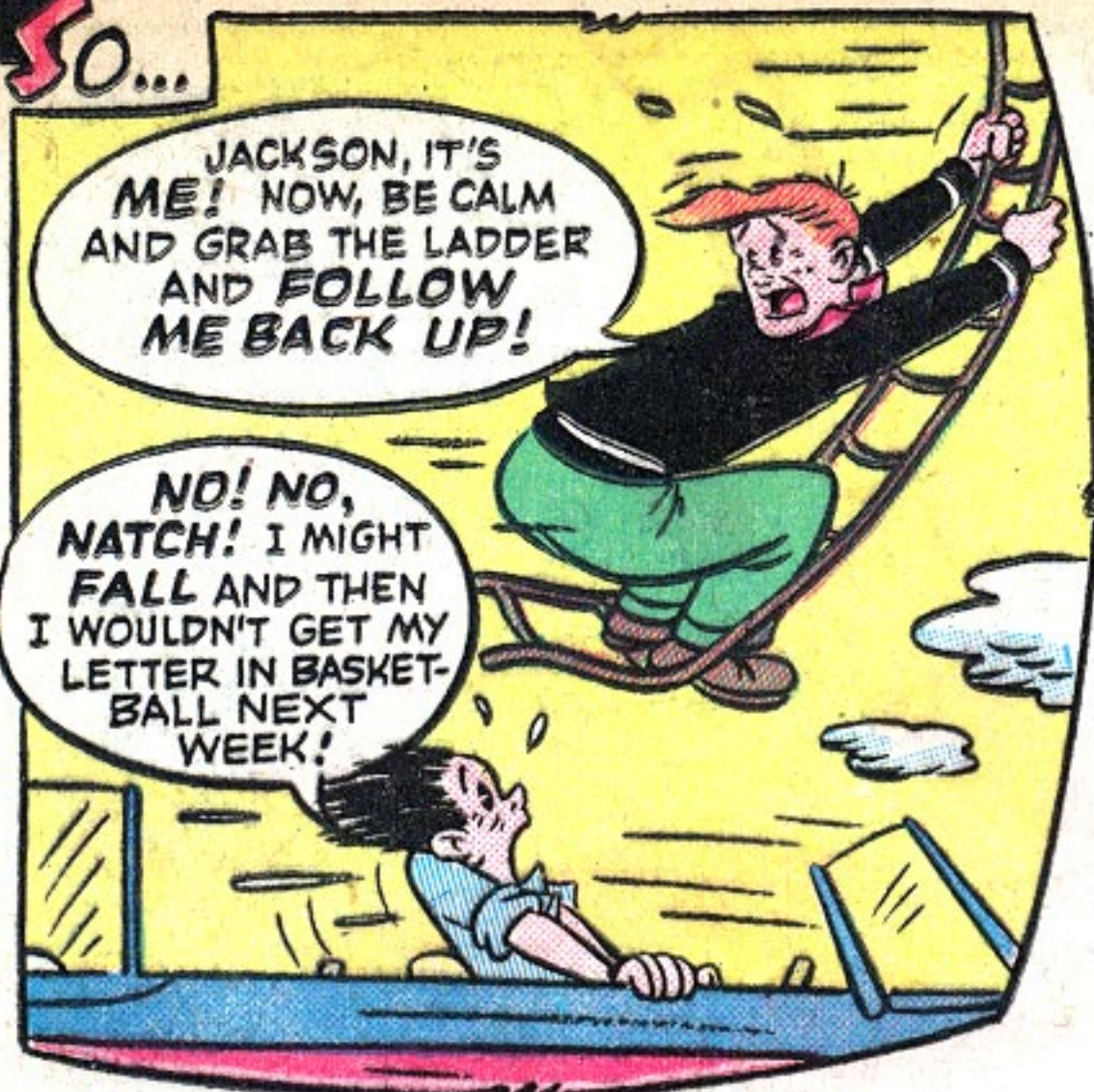
So, a few minutes later...

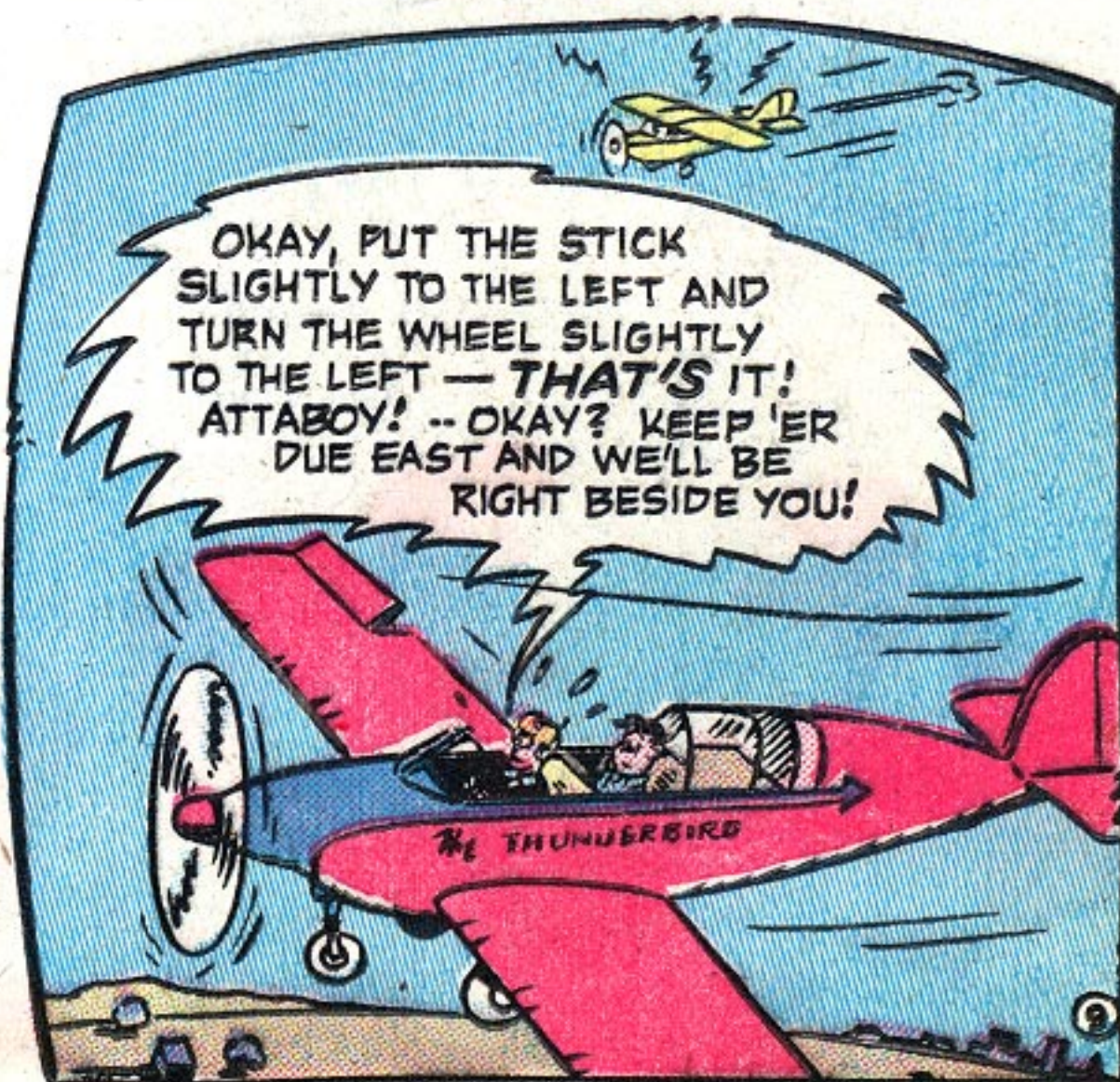
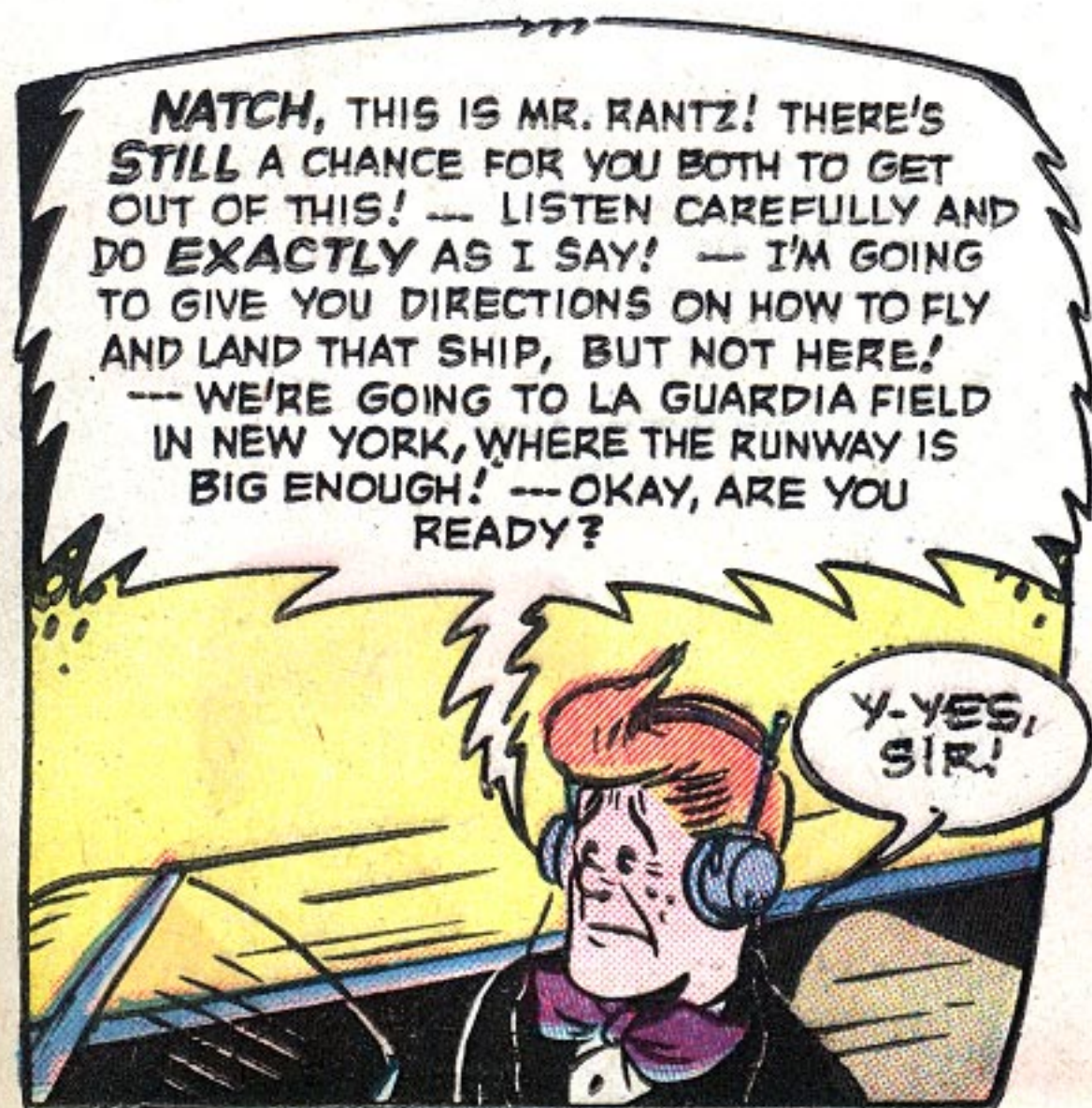
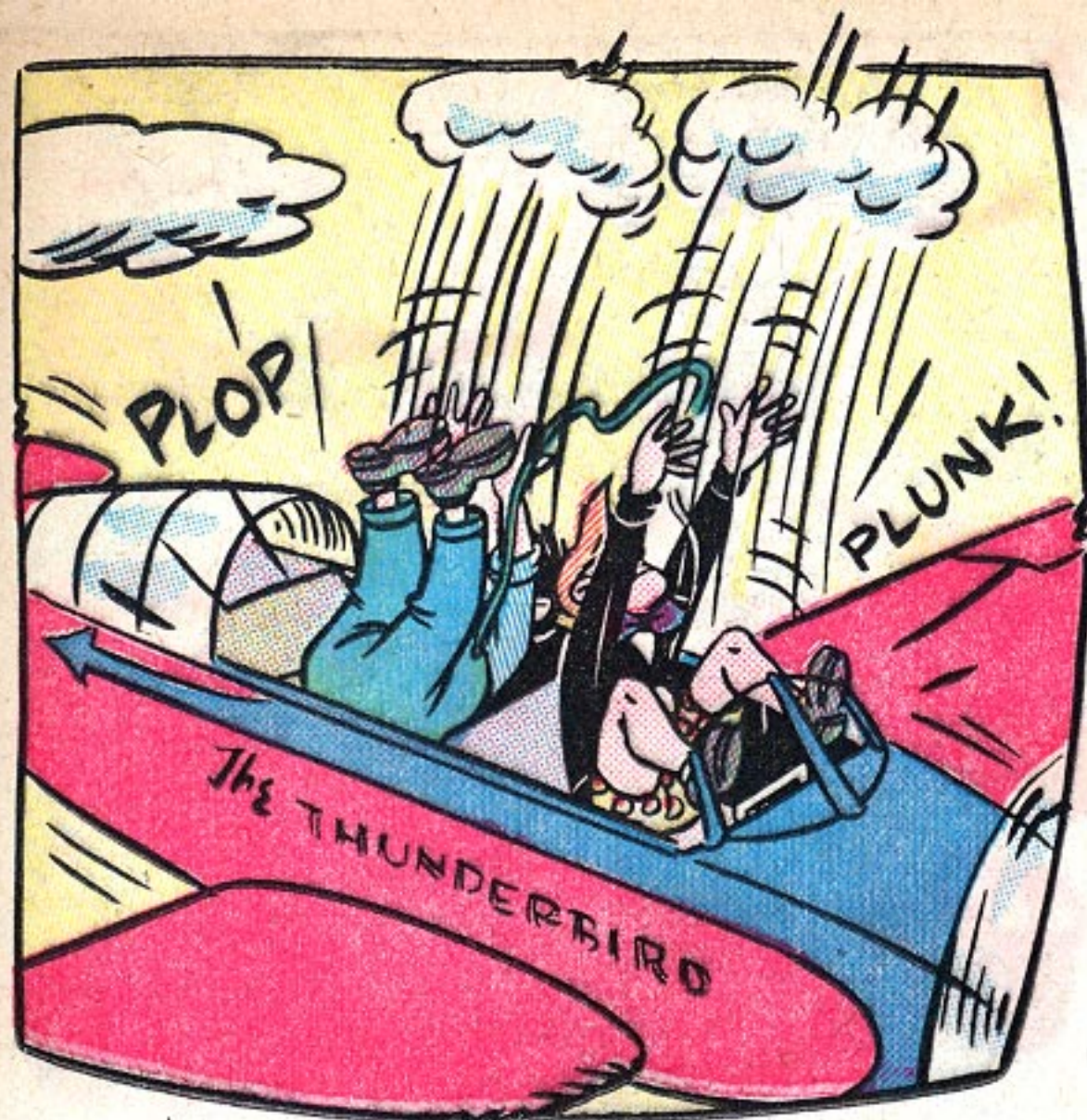


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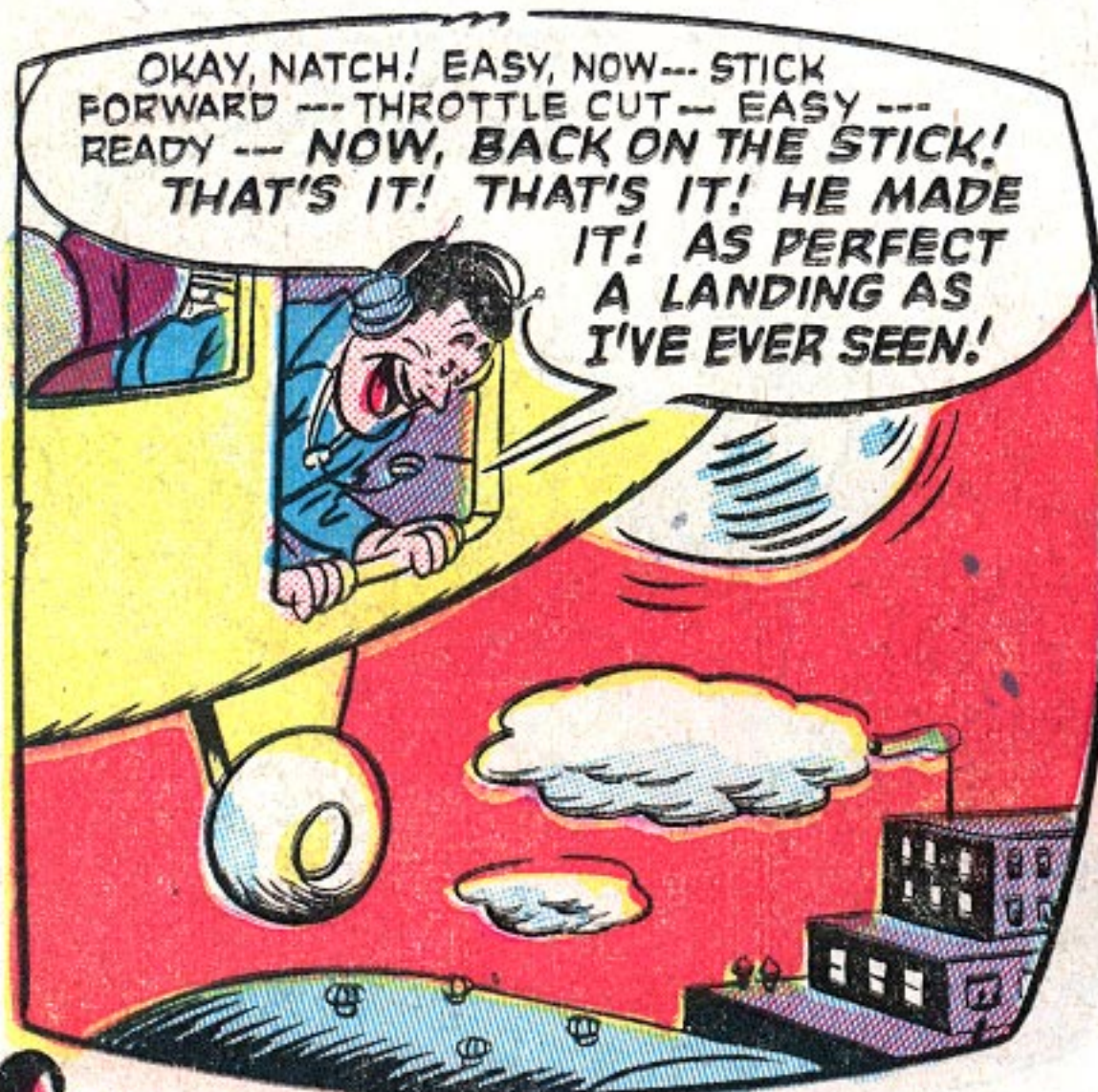
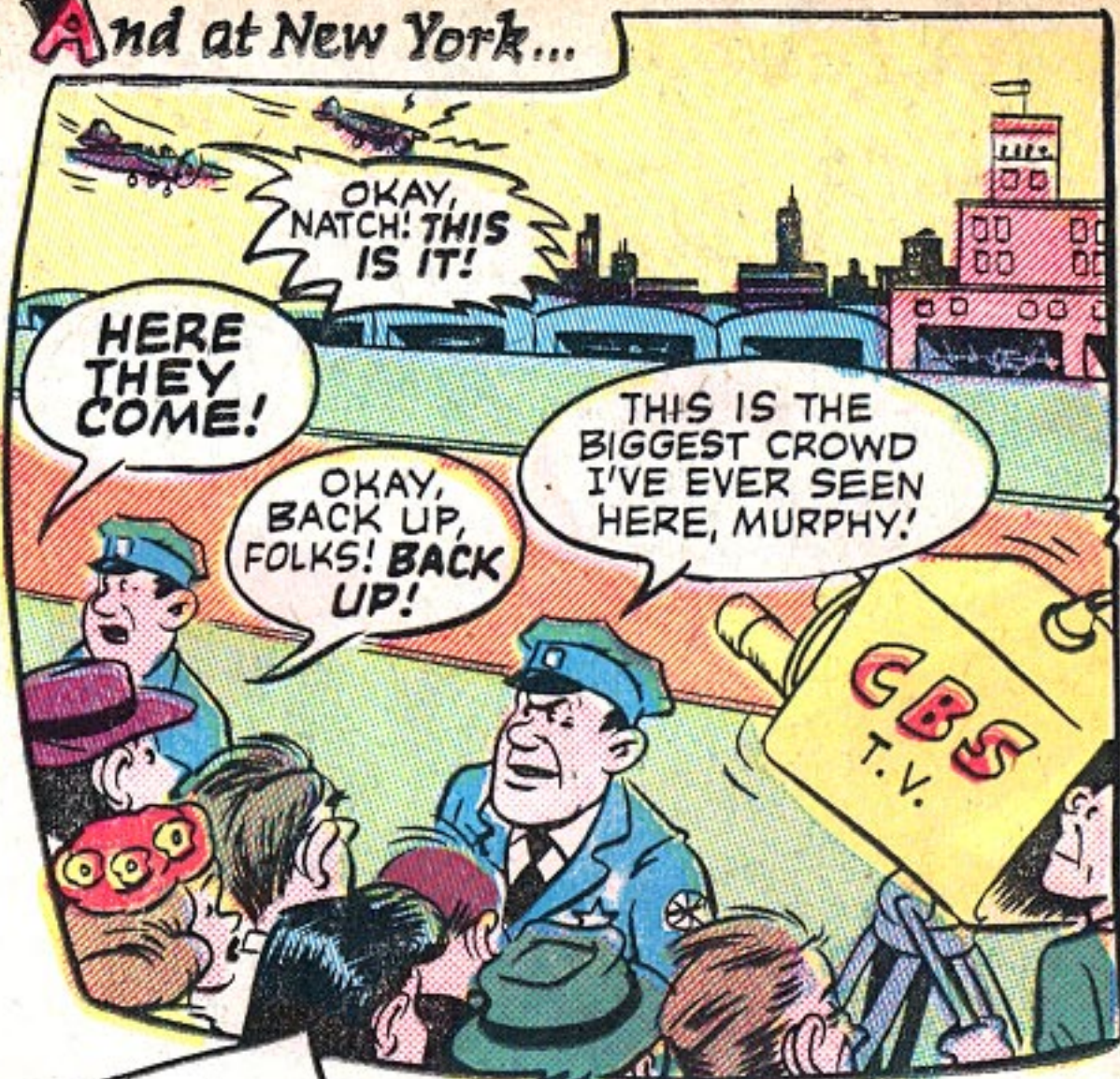
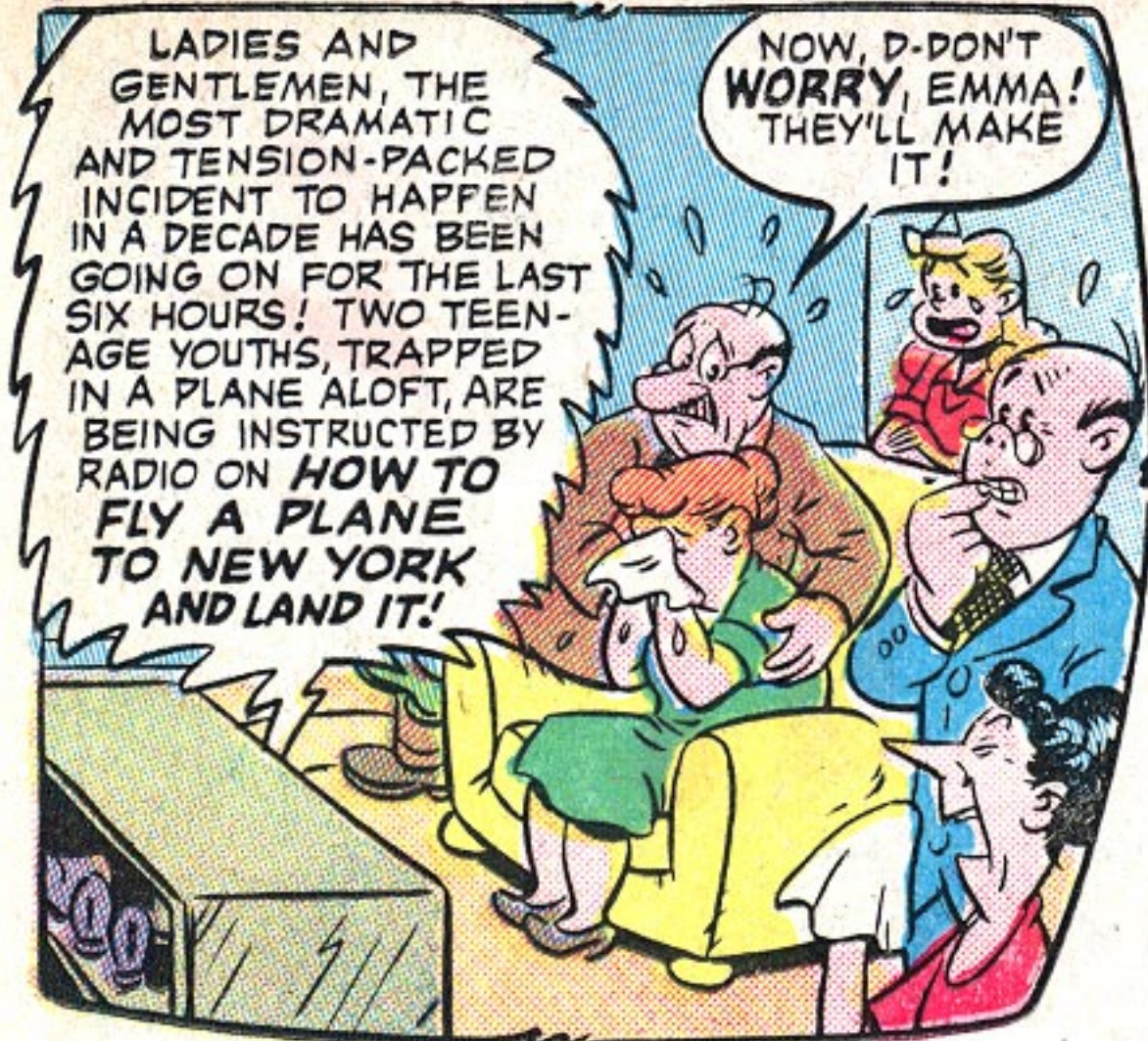


50...

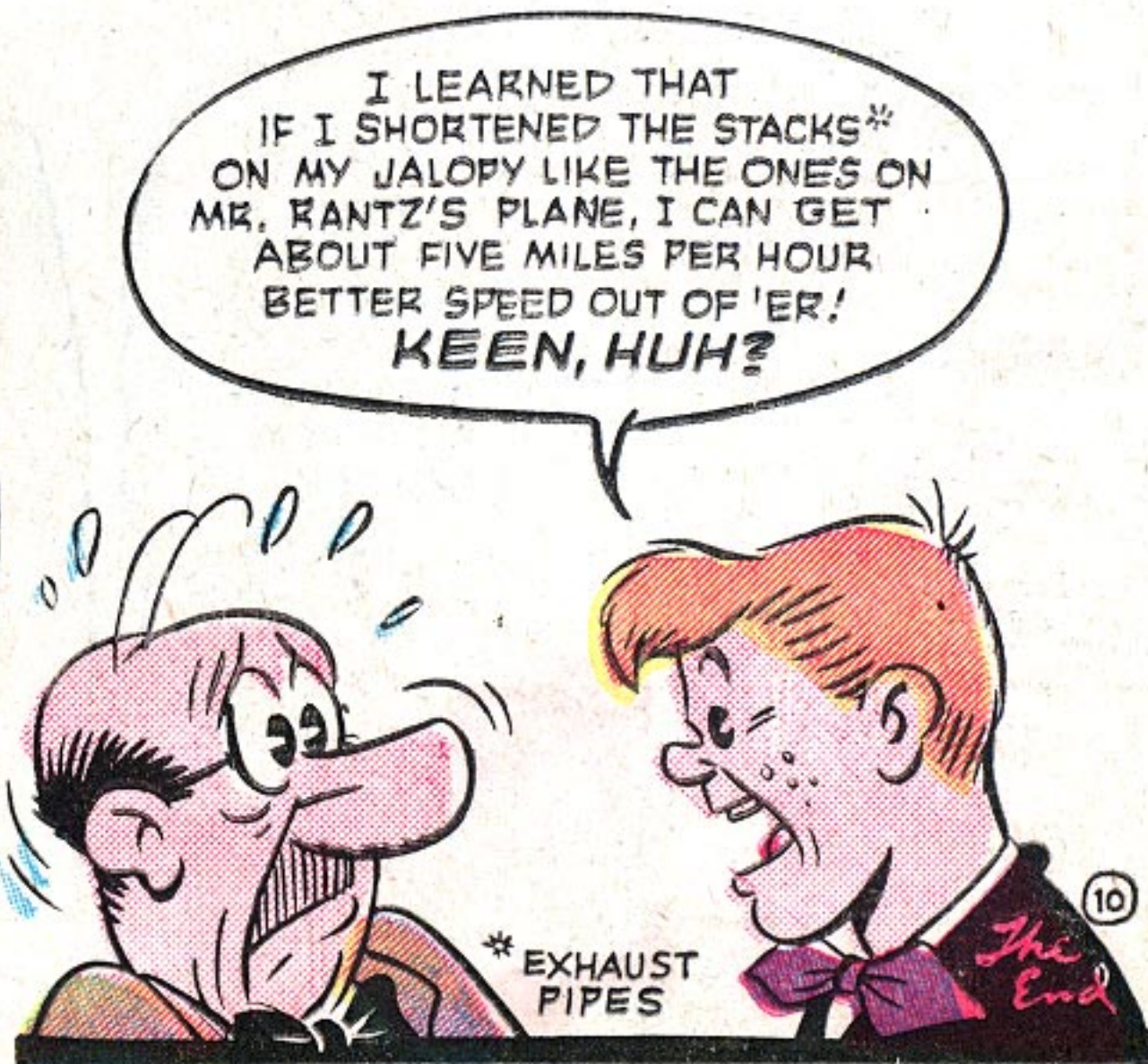
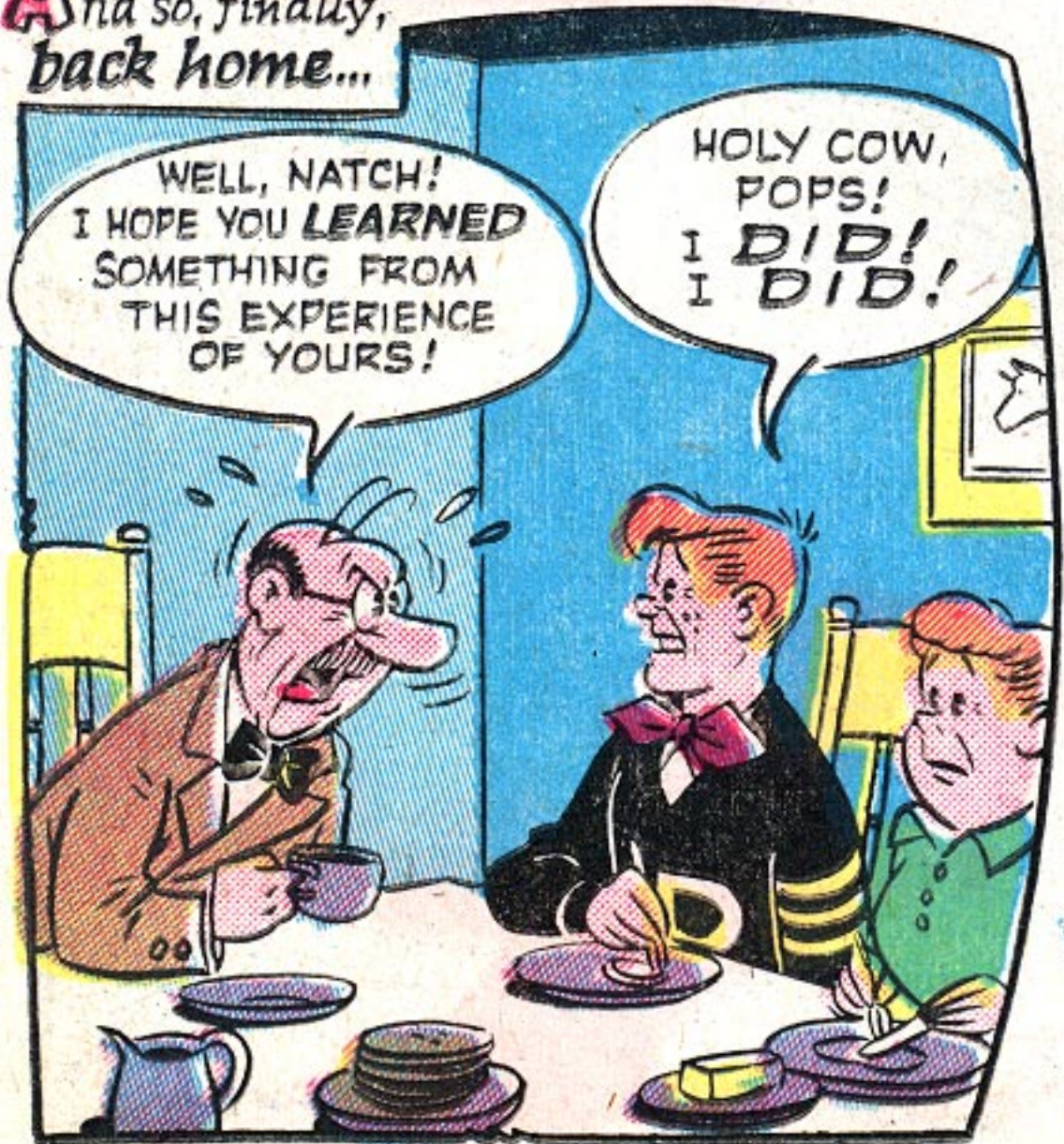




The news of the happening travels fast... **And** at New York...



And so, finally, back home...



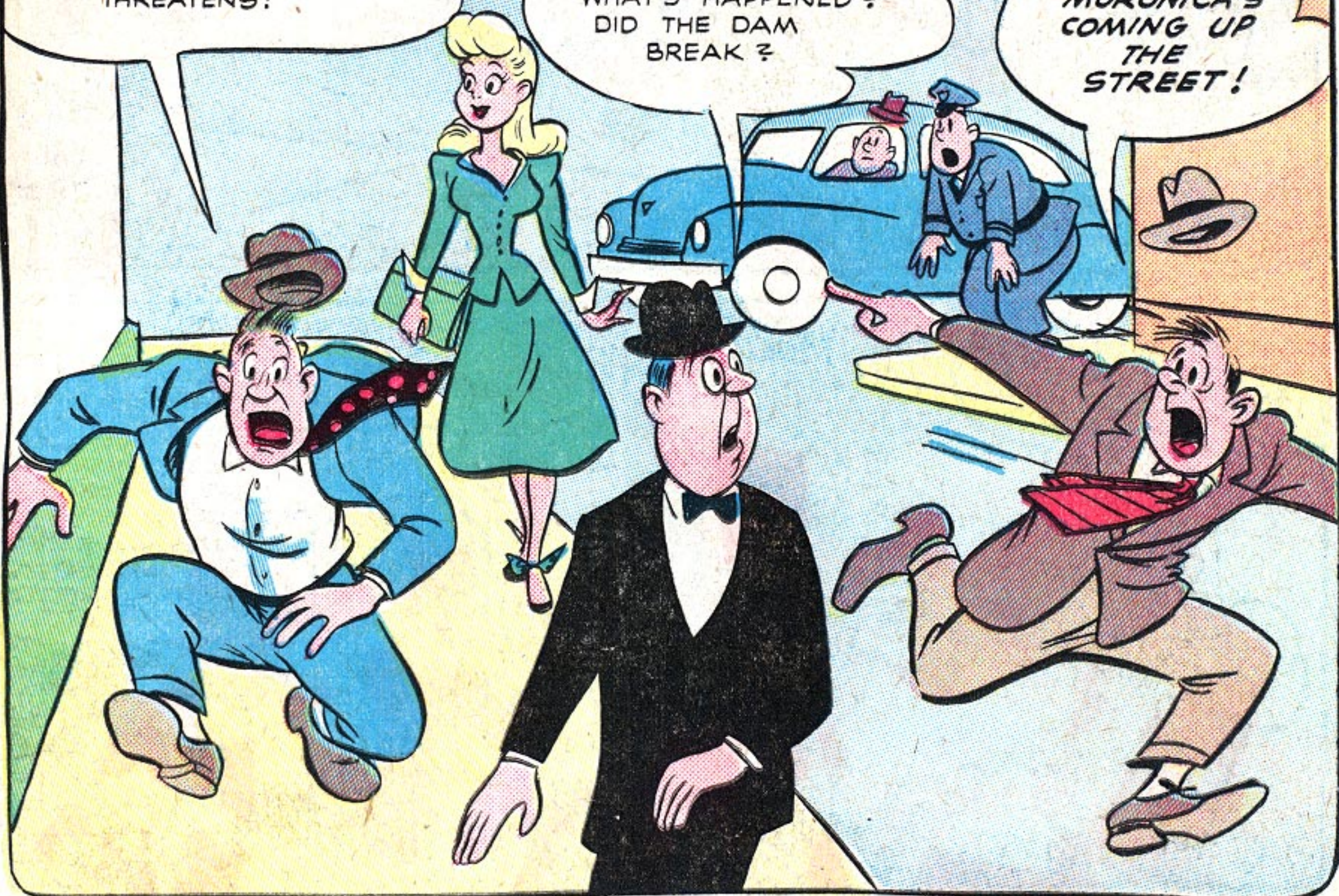
MORONICA

MISS NIT-WIT OF 1951

HIT FOR THE HILLS,
EVERYBODY! **DANGER**
THREATENS!

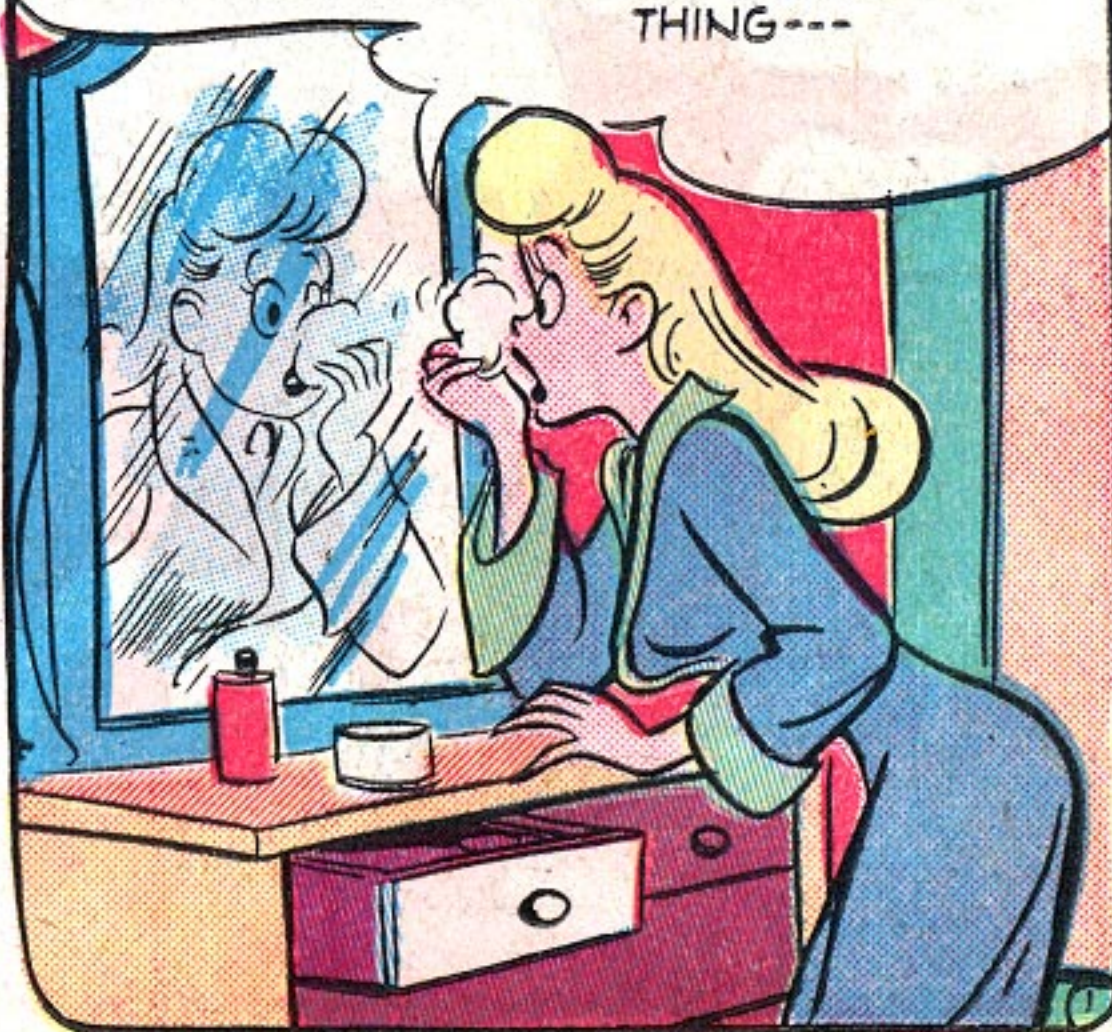
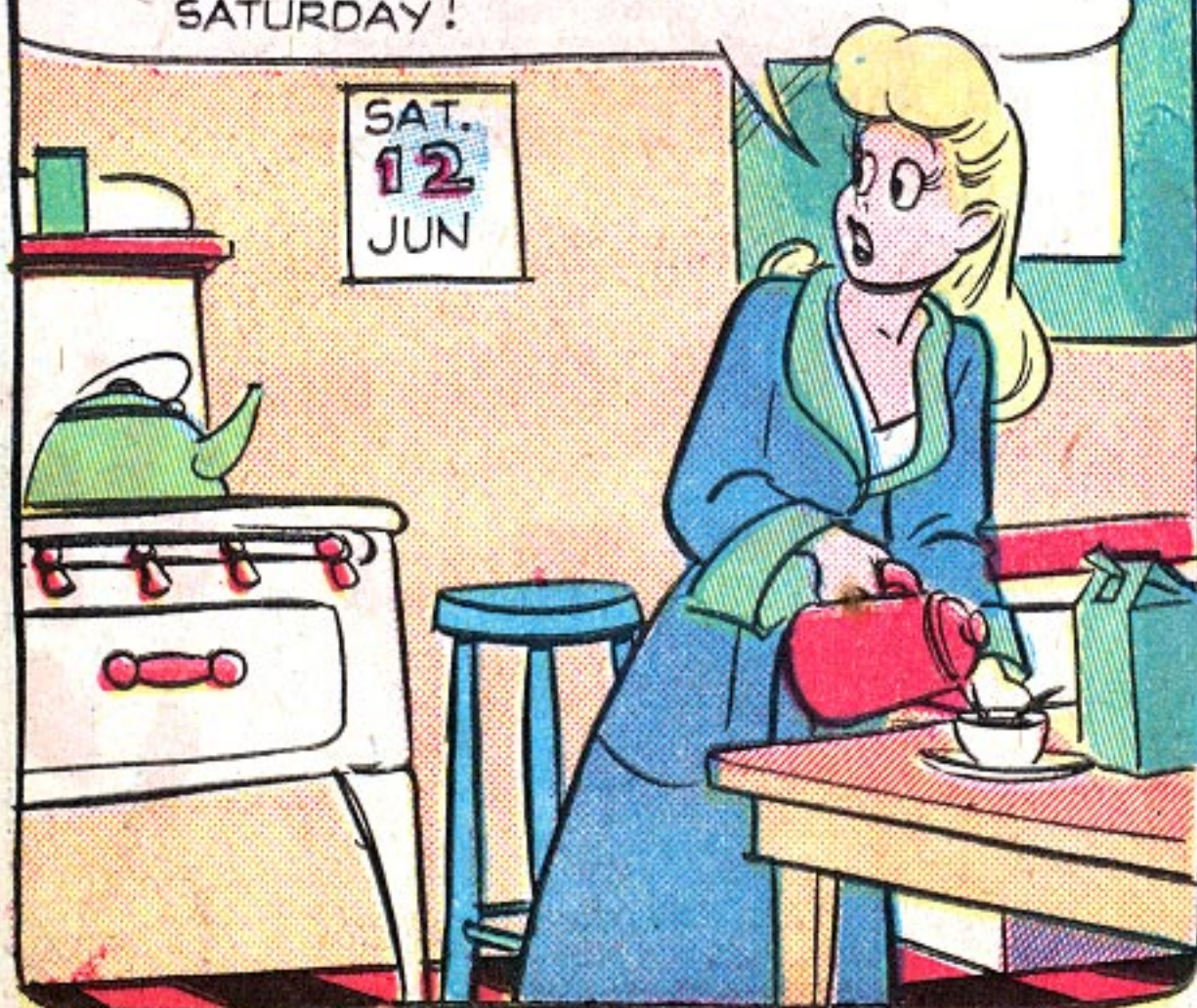
GOODNESS!
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
DID THE DAM
BREAK?

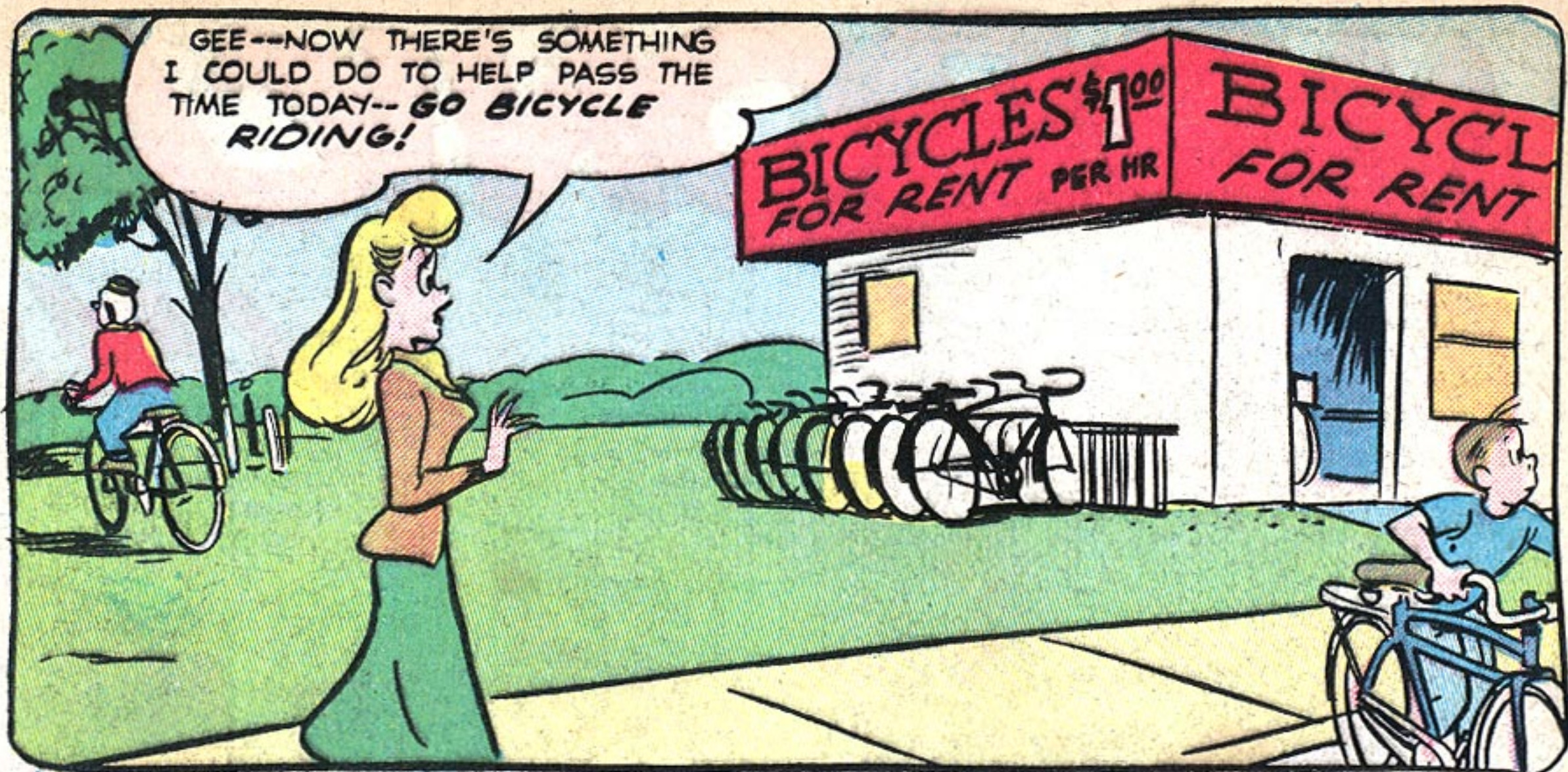
WORSE!
MORONICA'S
COMING UP
THE
STREET!



OH, DEAR! IT'S SATURDAY--I SIMPLY
HATE SATURDAY! IT'S THE **DULLEST** DAY
OF THE WEEK! NOTHING, I MEAN SIMPLY
NOTHING, HAPPENS ON
SATURDAY!

WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO STAY COOPED
UP IN THIS LITTLE OLD APARTMENT ALL
DAY--I'D GO MAD! MIGHT AS WELL
GO FOR A WALK OR SOME-
THING---

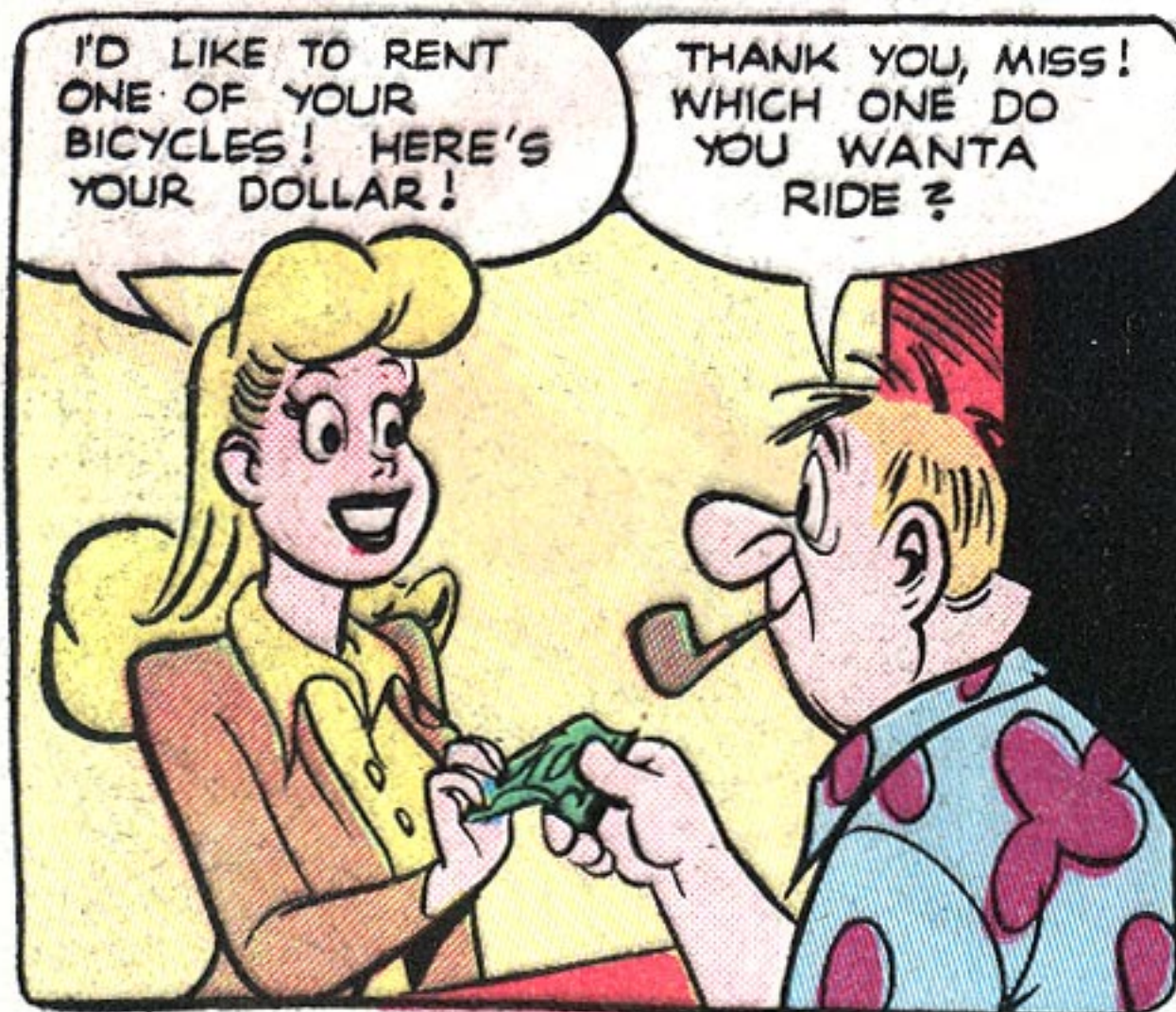




GEE--NOW THERE'S SOMETHING I COULD DO TO HELP PASS THE TIME TODAY--GO BICYCLE RIDING!

BICYCLES \$1.00
FOR RENT PER HR

BICYCLES
FOR RENT



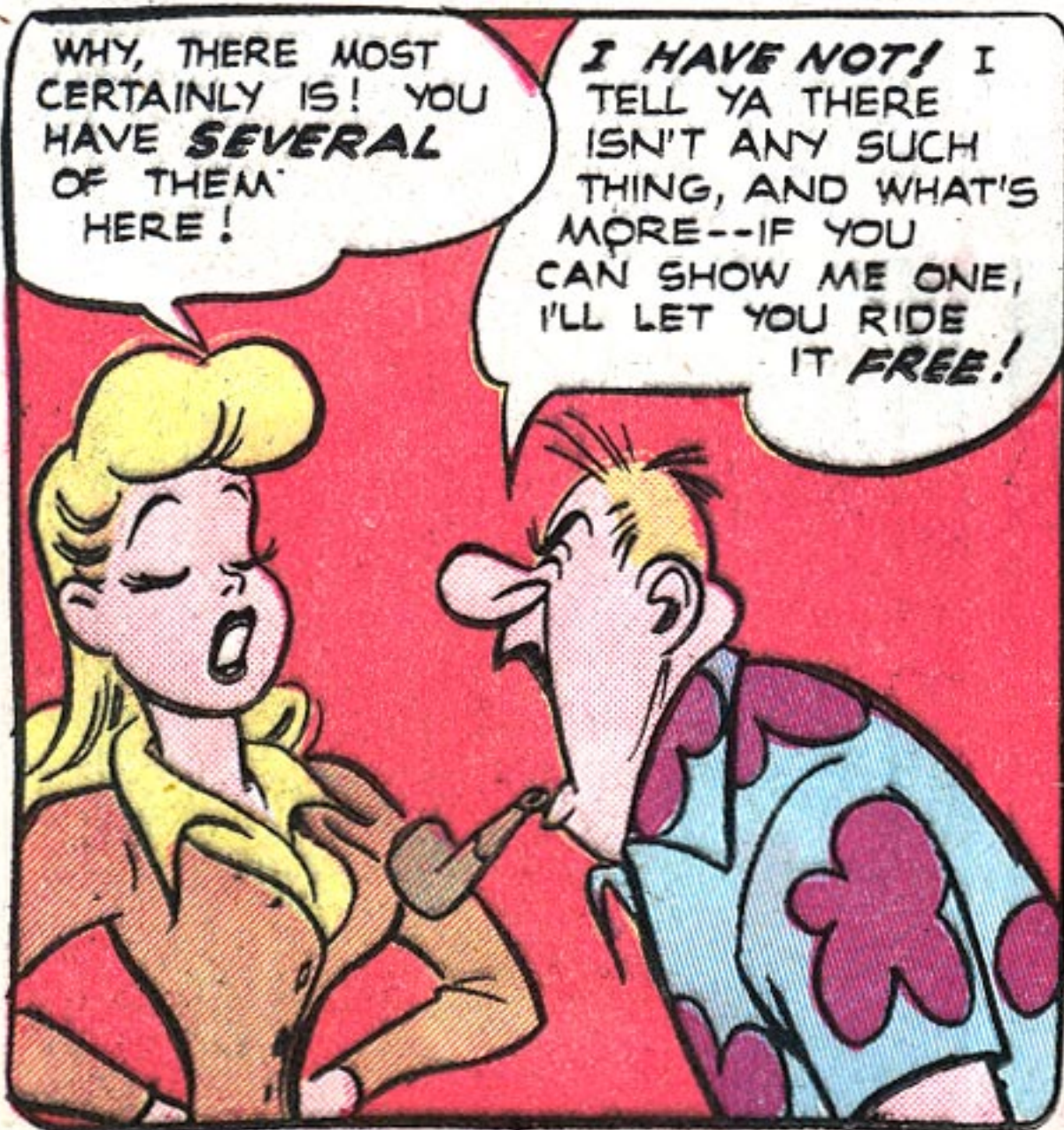
I'D LIKE TO RENT ONE OF YOUR BICYCLES! HERE'S YOUR DOLLAR!

THANK YOU, MISS! WHICH ONE DO YOU WANTA RIDE?



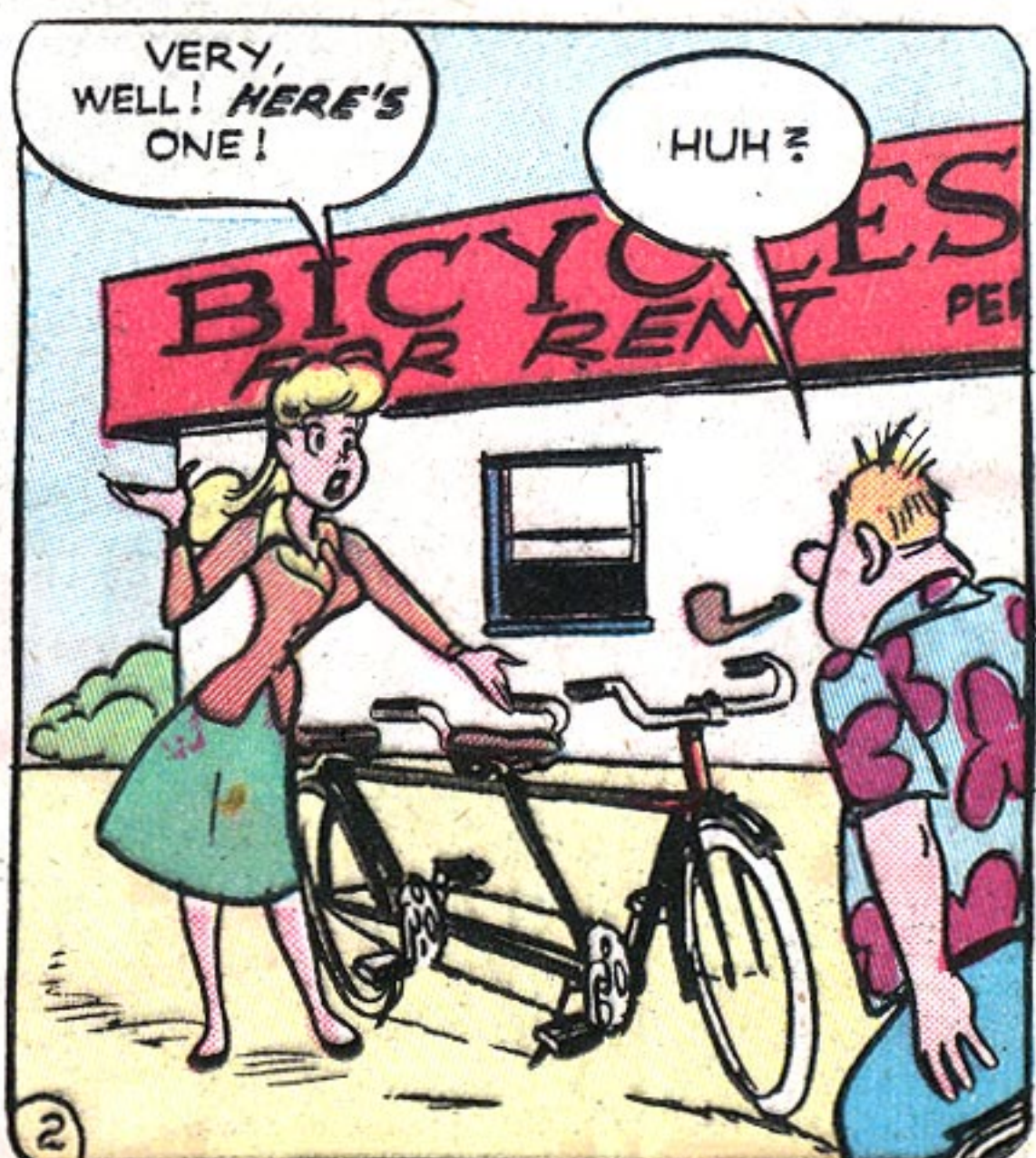
I'D LIKE ONE OF THE **SEDANS!**

ONE OF THE--? LOOK, MISS--- BICYCLES DON'T COME IN SEDANS! THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A SEDAN BICYCLE!



WHY, THERE MOST CERTAINLY IS! YOU HAVE **SEVERAL** OF THEM HERE!

I HAVE NOT! I TELL YA THERE ISN'T ANY SUCH THING, AND WHAT'S MORE--IF YOU CAN SHOW ME ONE, I'LL LET YOU RIDE IT **FREE!**

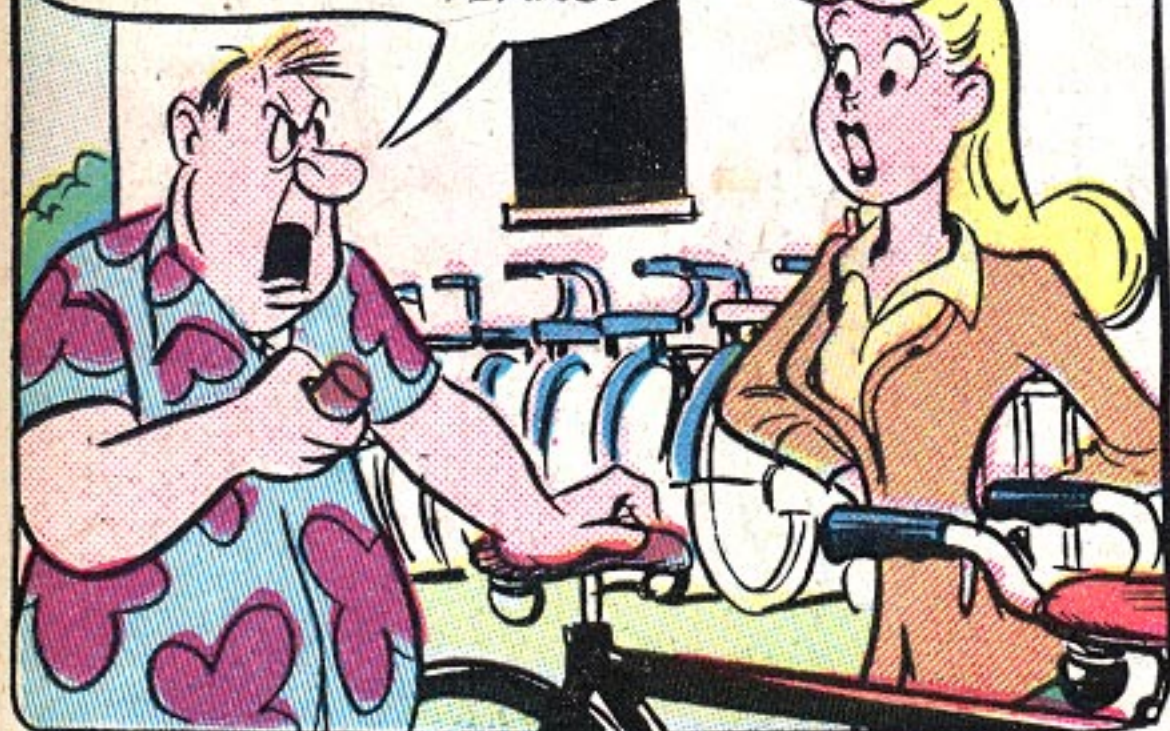


VERY, WELL! **HERE'S** ONE!

HUH?

LADY, THAT IS CALLED A **TANDEM BICYCLE!** IT'S **BEEN** CALLED A TANDEM BICYCLE FOR 50 YEARS---AND IT'LL **BE** CALLED A TANDEM FOR **ANOTHER 50 YEARS!**

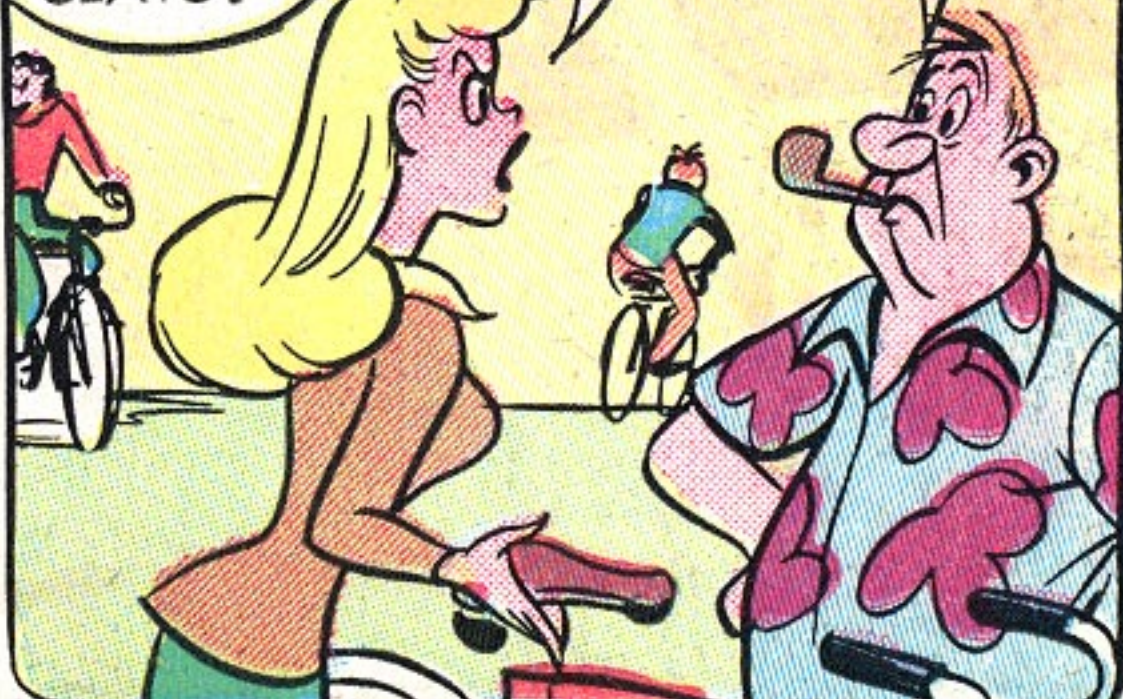
WELL, I KNOW BETTER THAN THAT!



I KNOW A **SEDAN** WHEN I SEE IT! LOOK! IT HAS A FRONT SEAT AND A BACK SEAT, DOESN'T IT?

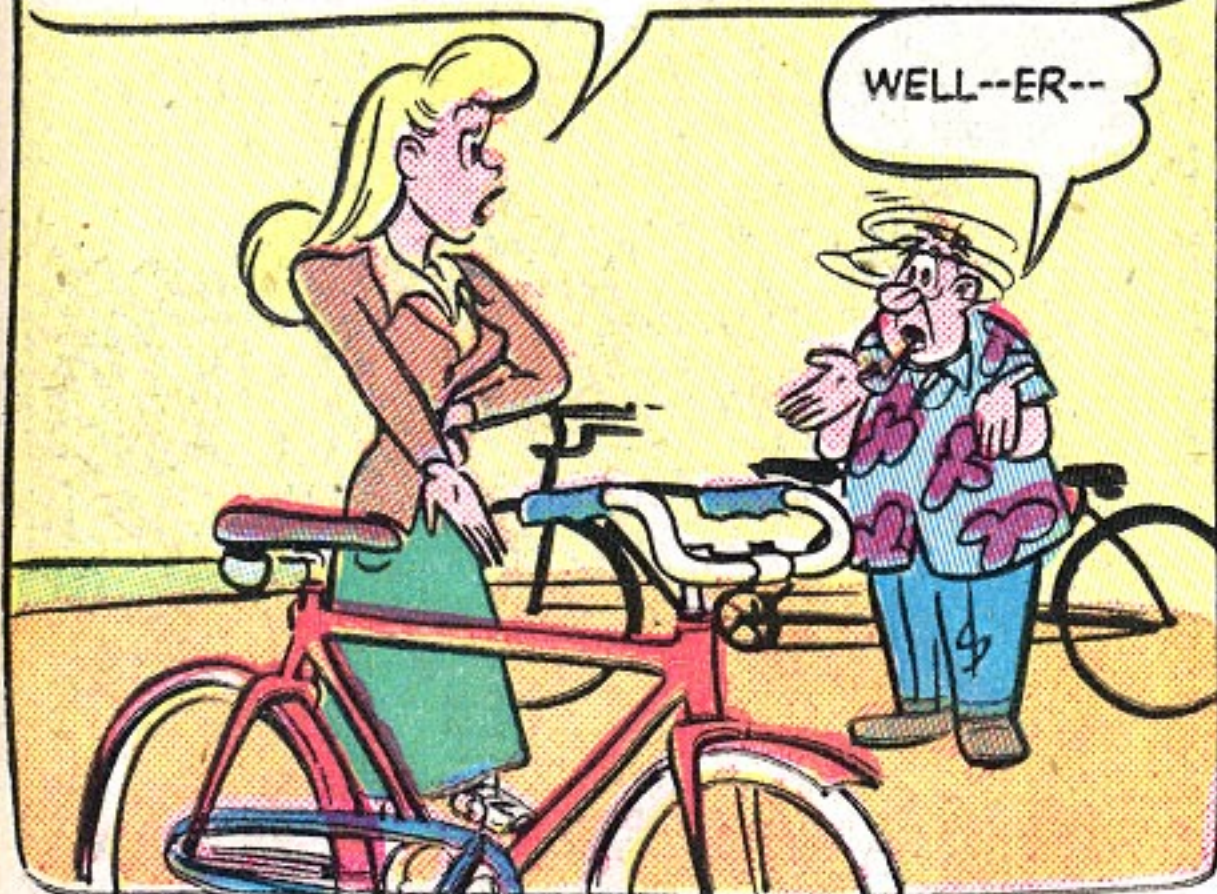
SO IT'S A SEDAN! SEDANS HAVE FRONT AND BACK SEATS!

SO WHAT?

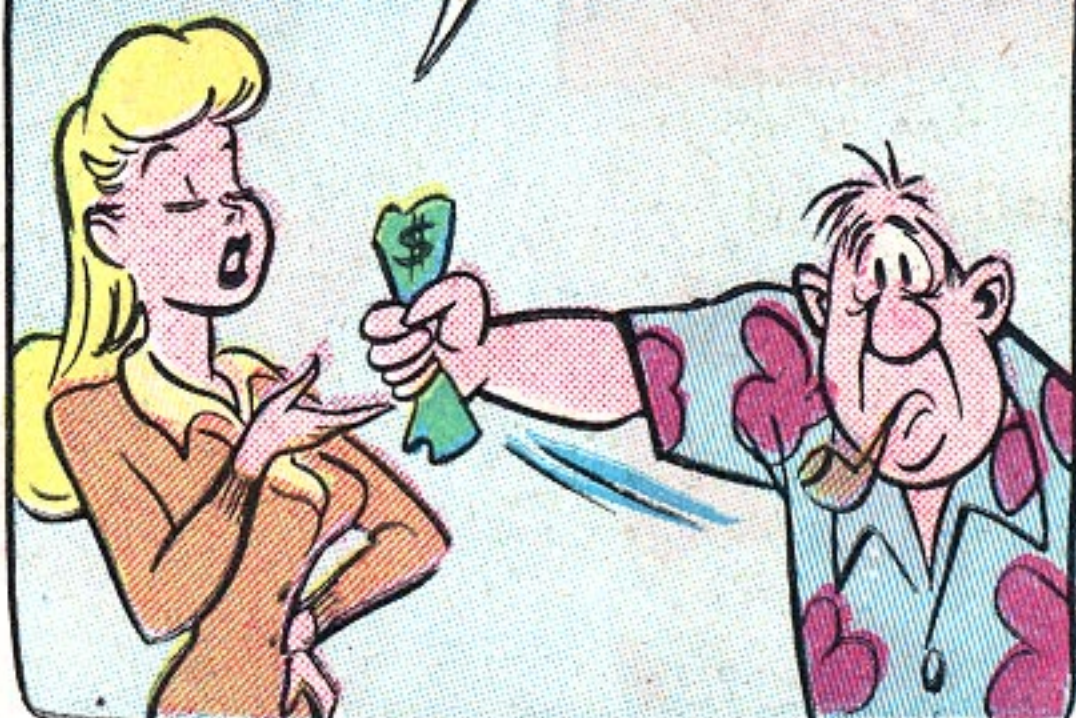


COUPES HAVE ONLY FRONT SEATS! THIS ONE'S A COUPE AND THAT ONE'S A SEDAN!

WELL--ER--

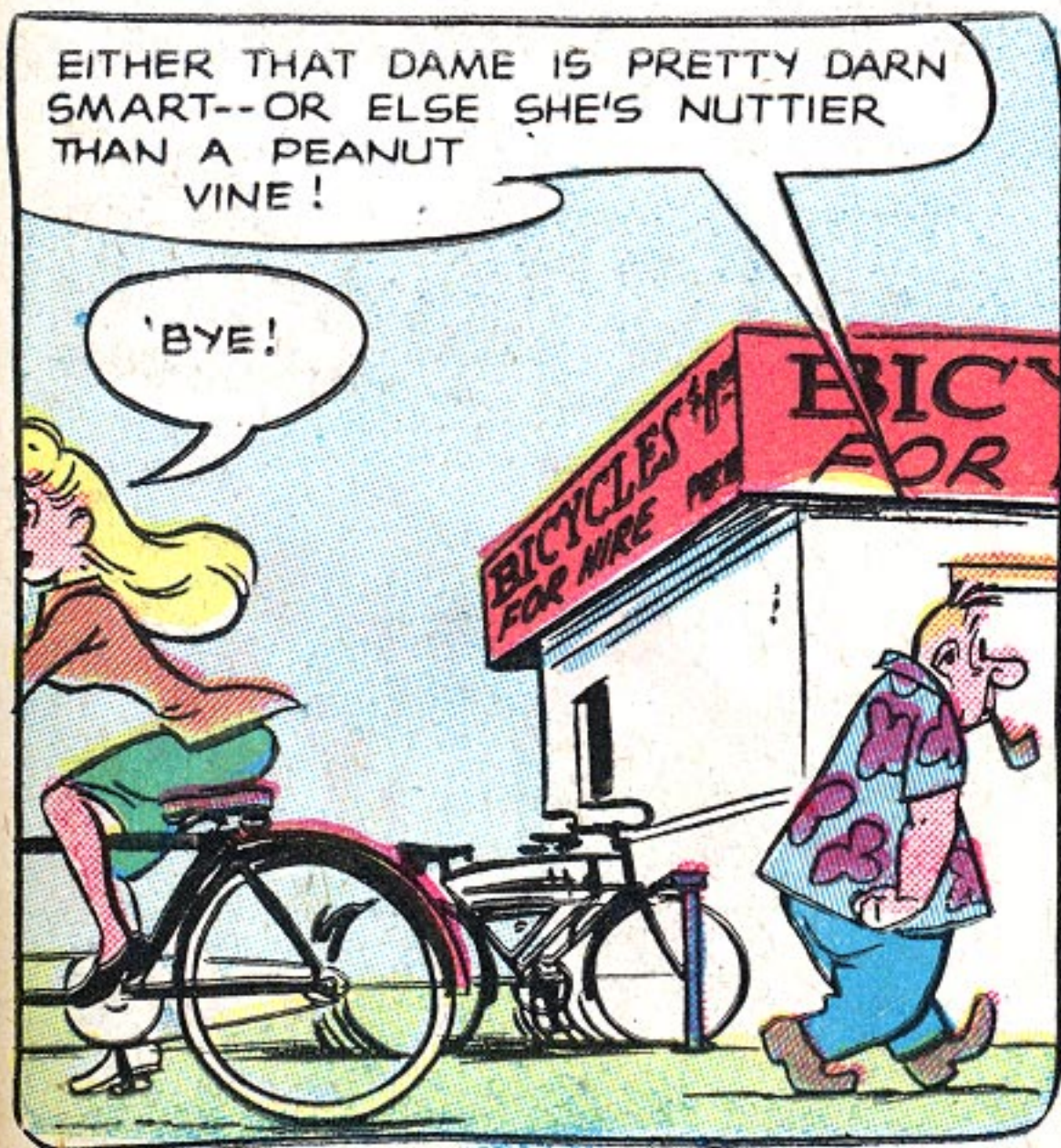


VERY WELL, GIVE ME BACK MY MONEY! YOU SAID I COULD RIDE FREE IF I SHOWED YOU A SEDAN-- AND I HAVE!

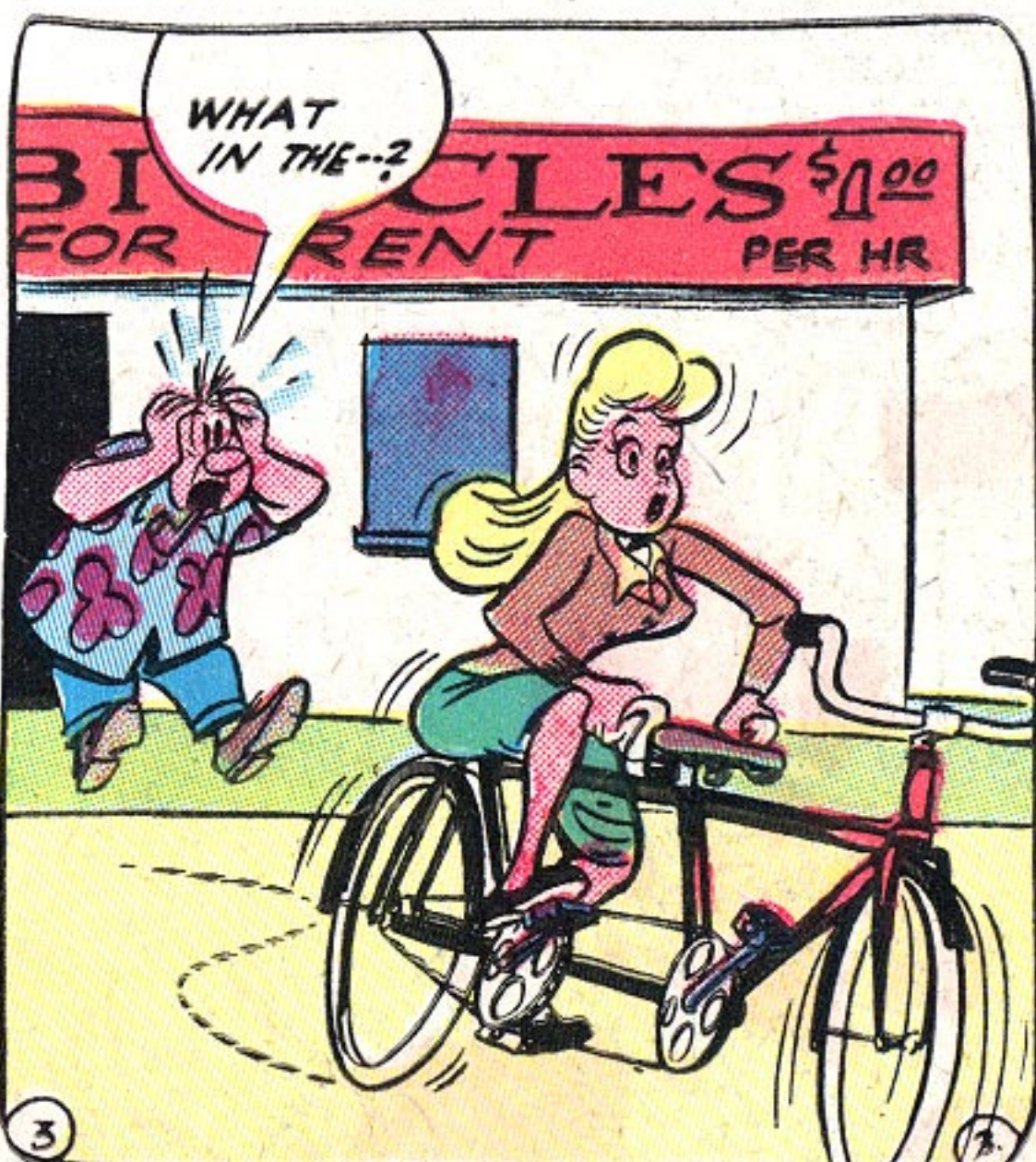


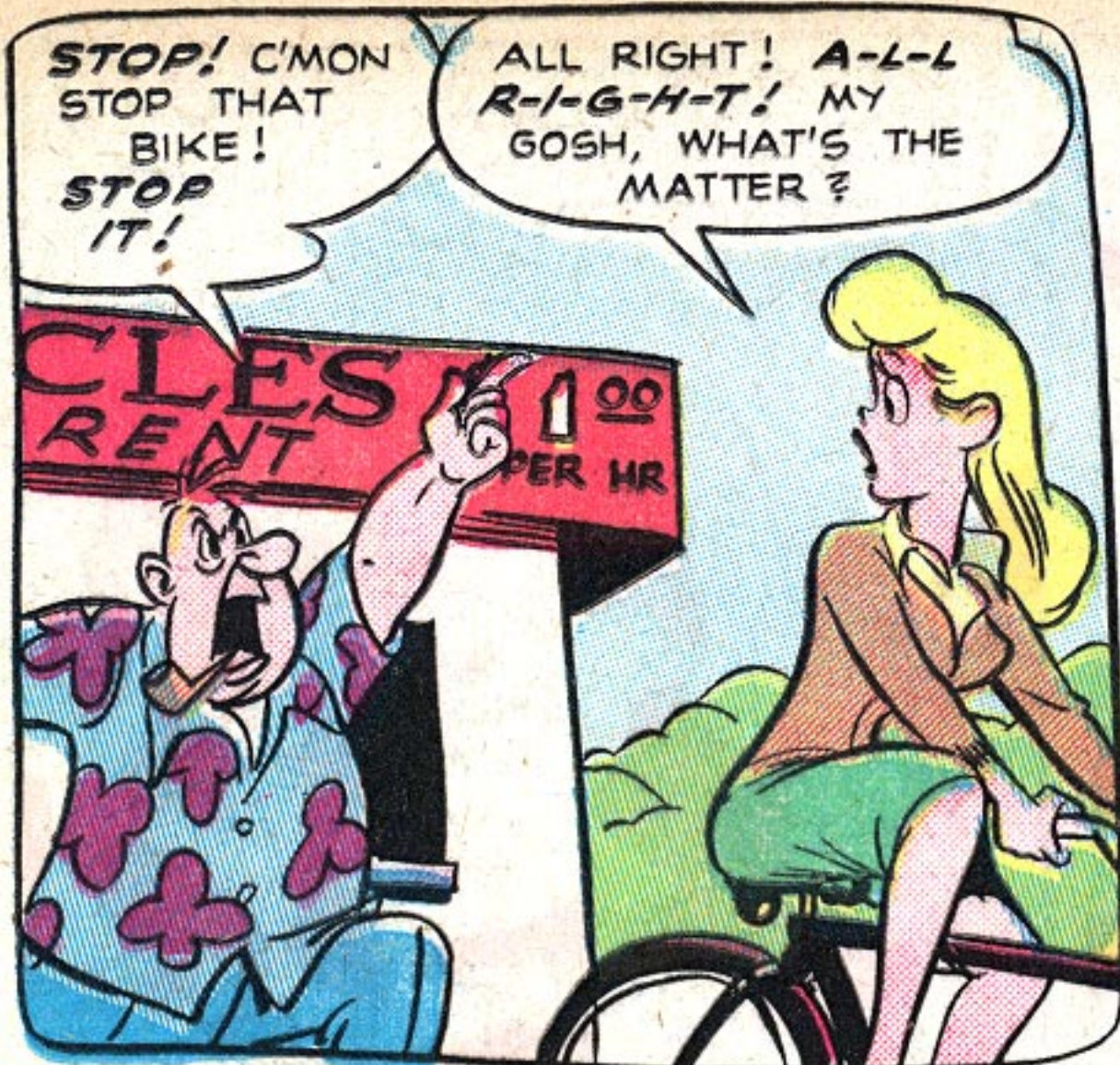
EITHER THAT DAME IS PRETTY DARN SMART--OR ELSE SHE'S NUTTIER THAN A PEANUT VINE!

'BYE!



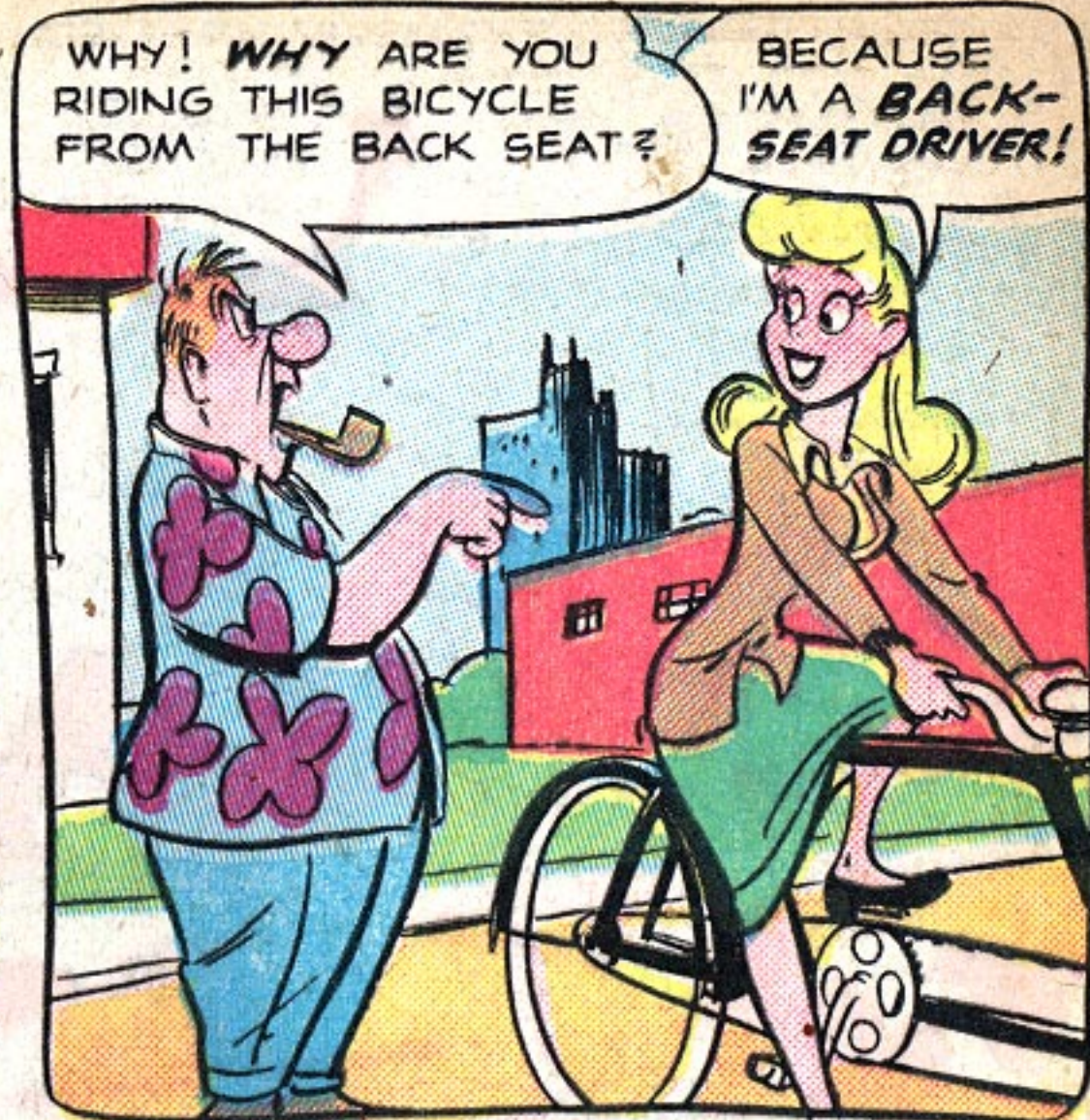
WHAT IN THE--?





STOP! C'MON
STOP THAT
BIKE!
STOP
IT!

ALL RIGHT! A-L-L
R-I-G-H-T! MY
GOSH, WHAT'S THE
MATTER?



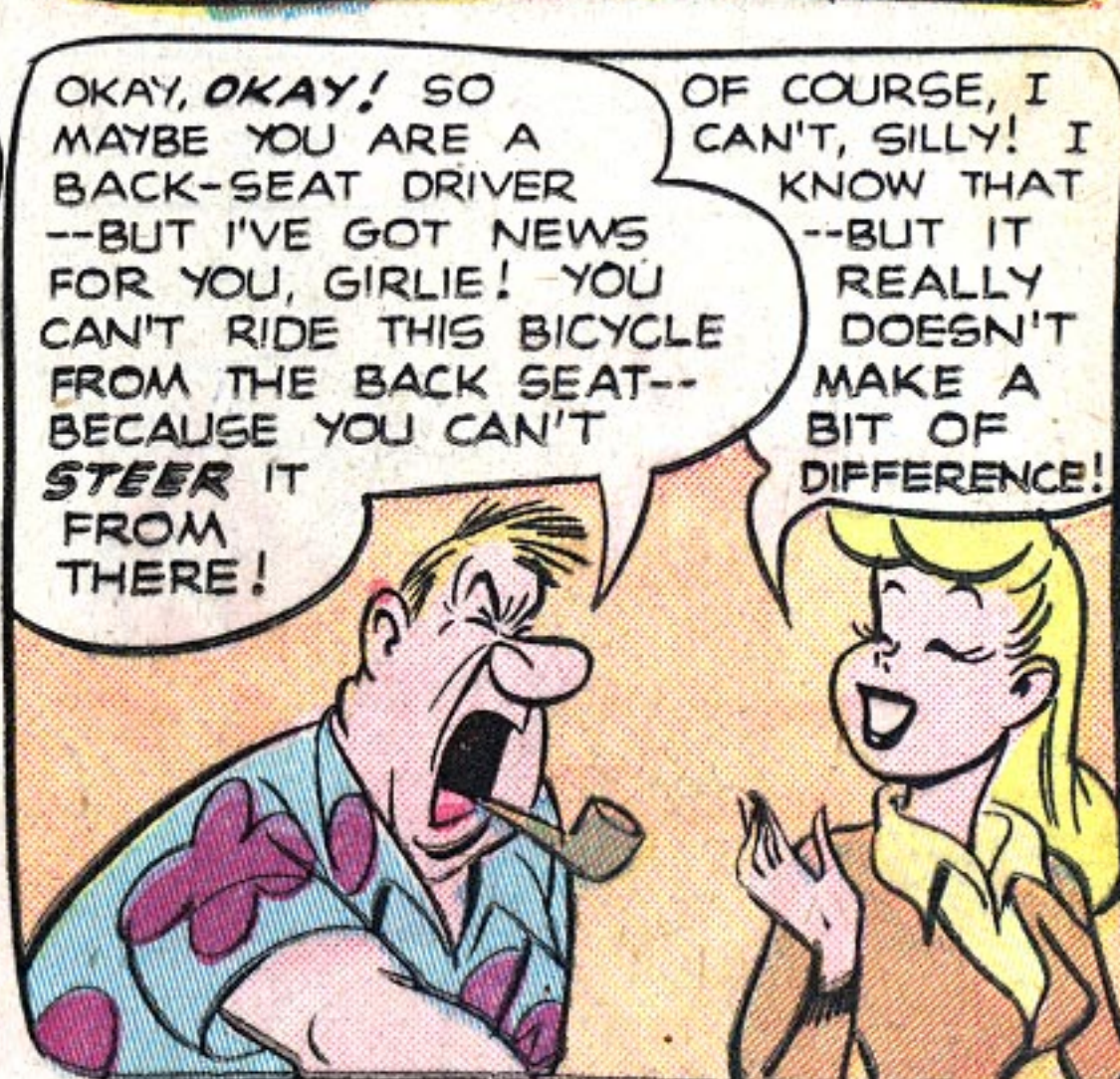
WHY! WHY ARE YOU
RIDING THIS BICYCLE
FROM THE BACK SEAT?

BECAUSE
I'M A **BACK-
SEAT DRIVER!**



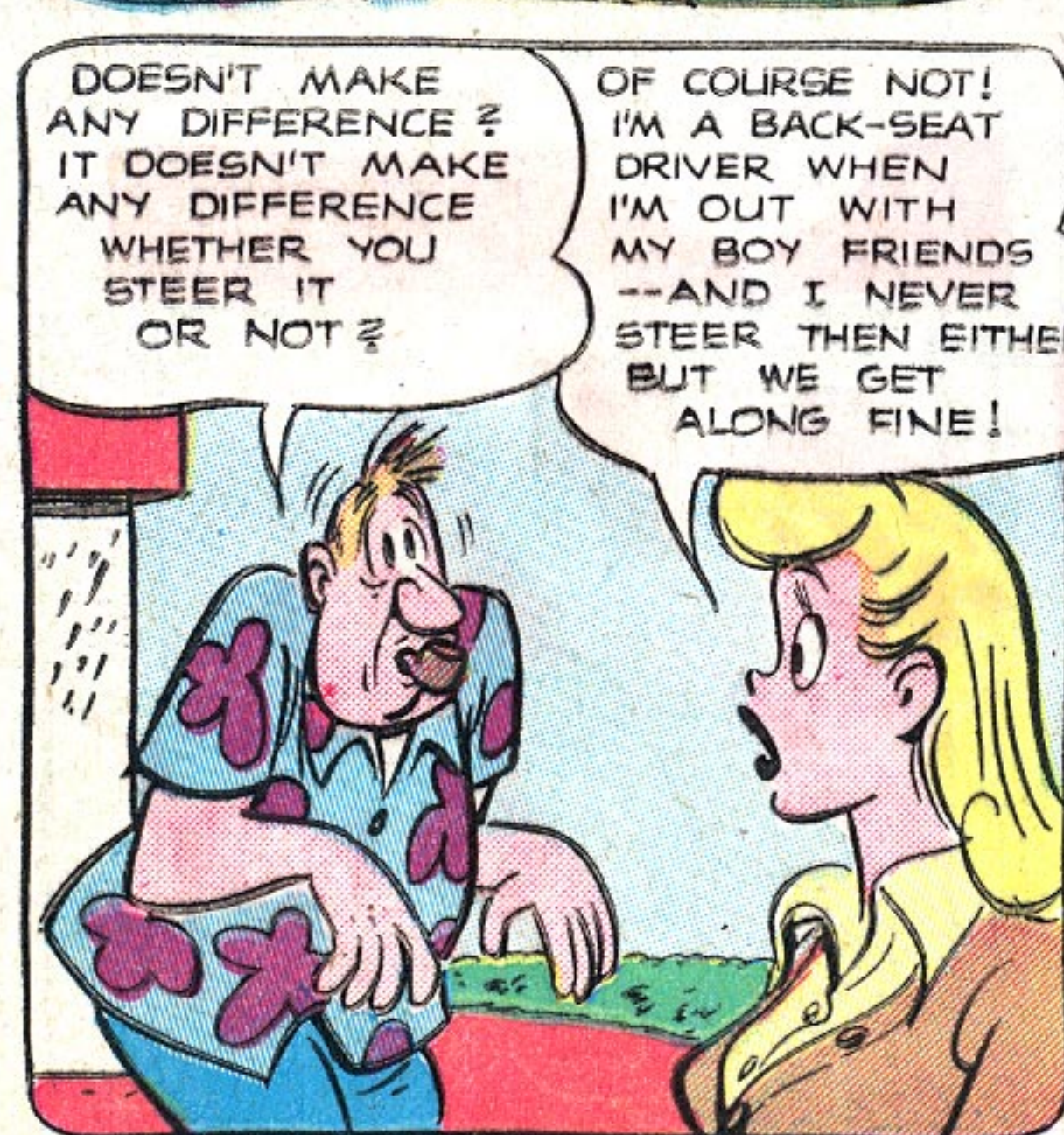
A BACK-
SEAT DRIVER?
A--A--

THAT'S RIGHT! ALL
MY BOY FRIENDS
TELL ME I'M A BACK-
SEAT DRIVER!



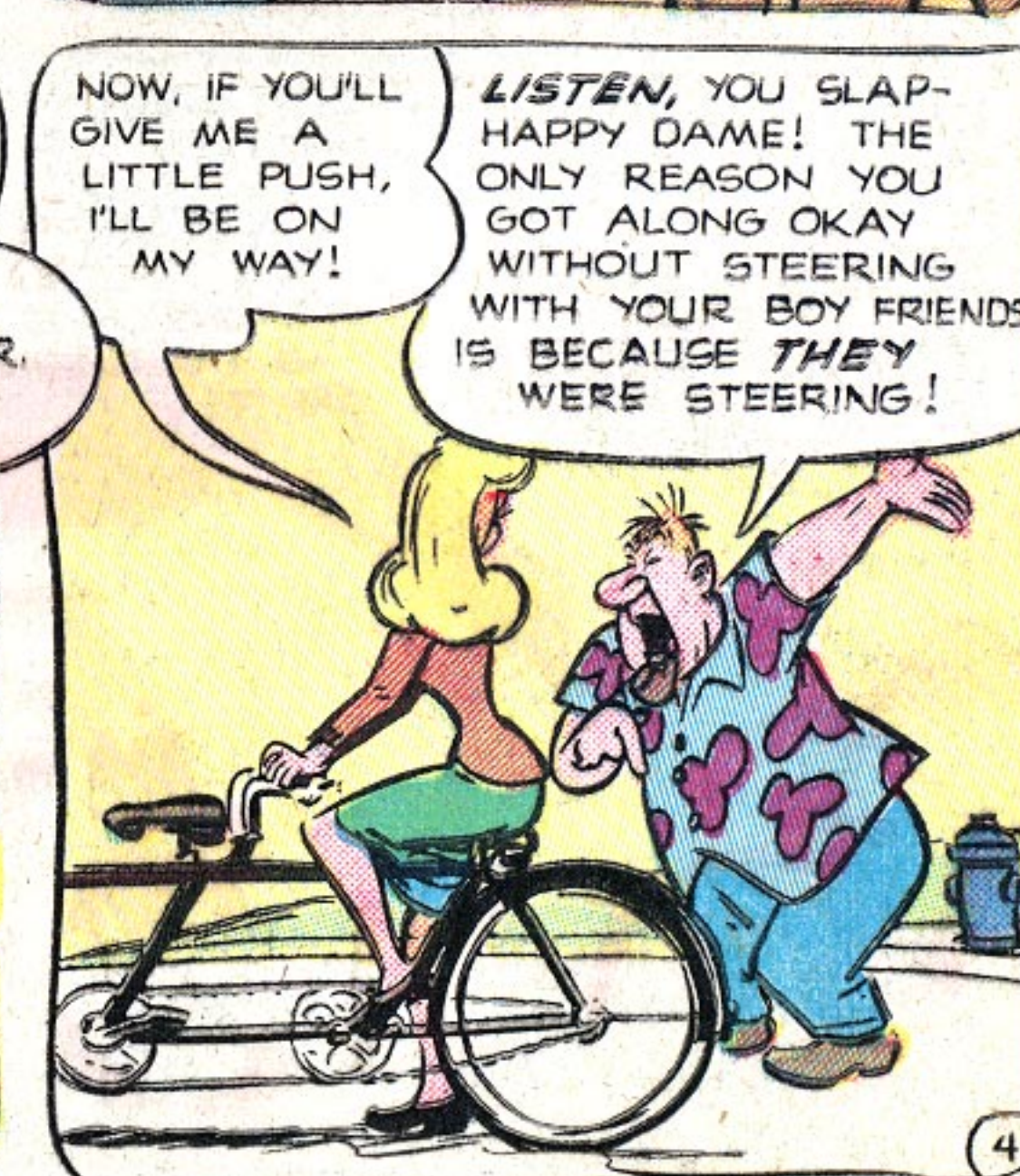
OKAY, OKAY! SO
MAYBE YOU ARE A
BACK-SEAT DRIVER
--BUT I'VE GOT NEWS
FOR YOU, GIRLIE! YOU
CAN'T RIDE THIS BICYCLE
FROM THE BACK SEAT--
BECAUSE YOU CAN'T
STEER IT
FROM
THERE!

OF COURSE, I
CAN'T, SILLY! I
KNOW THAT
--BUT IT
REALLY
DOESN'T
MAKE A
BIT OF
DIFFERENCE!



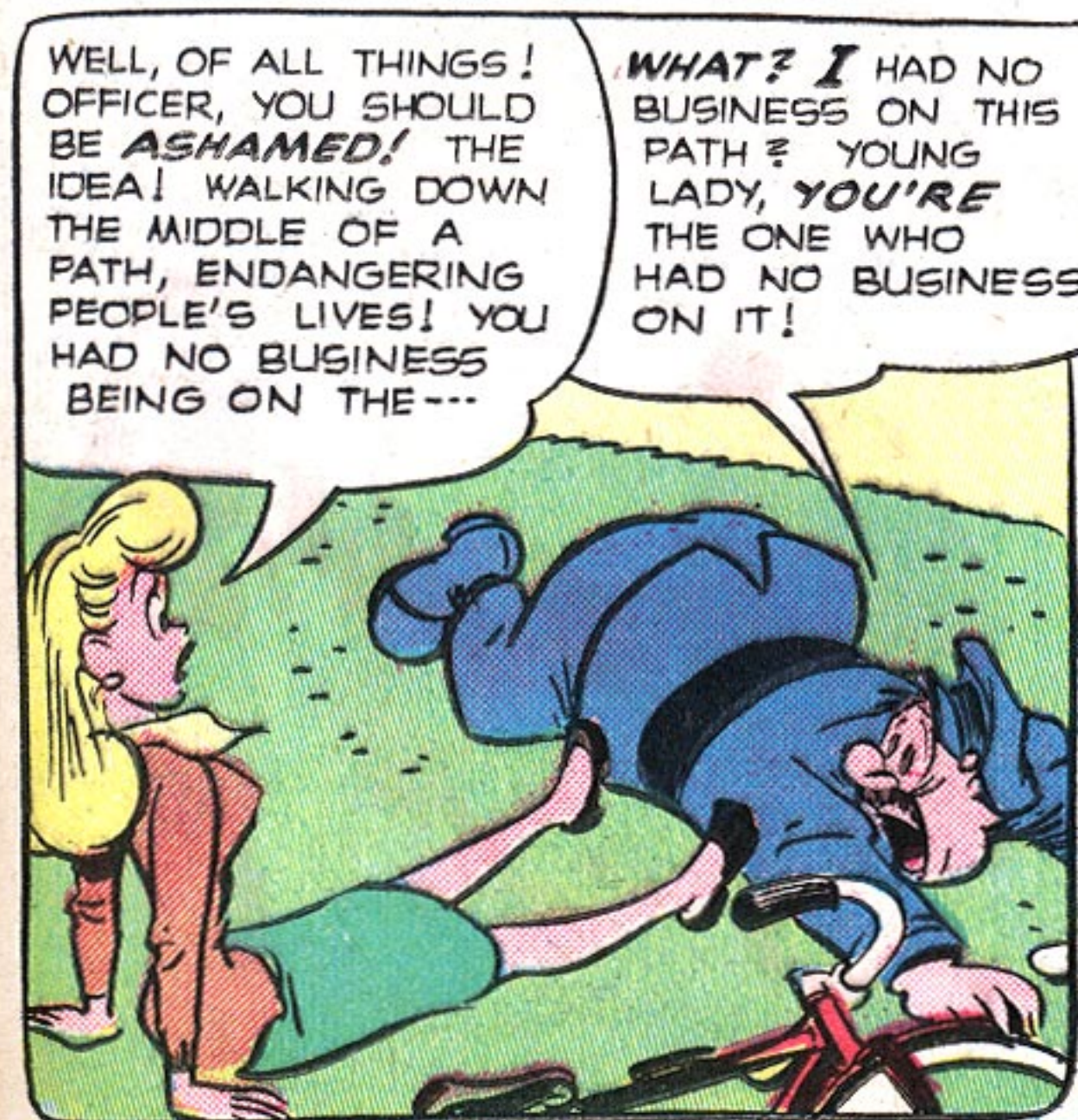
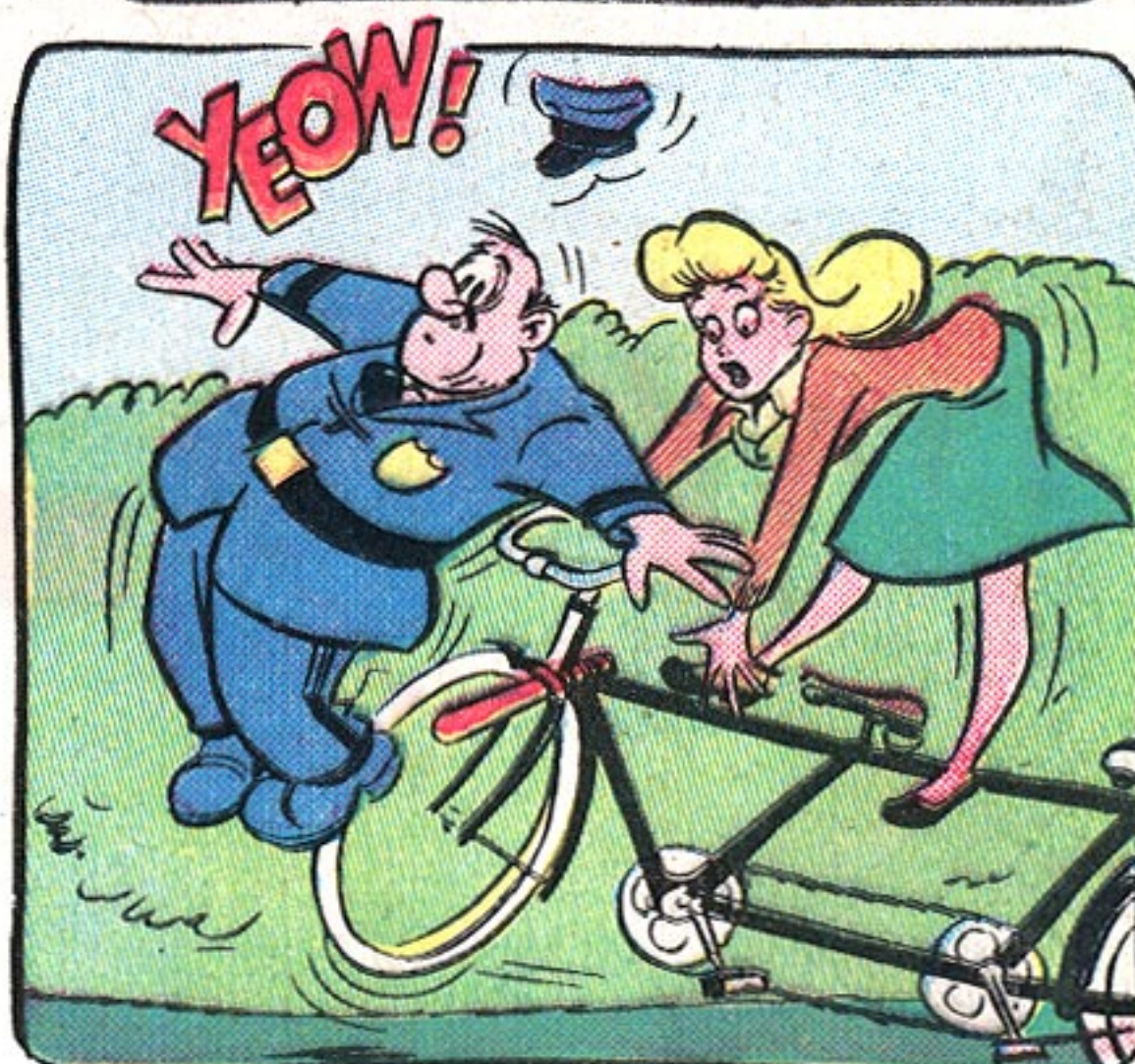
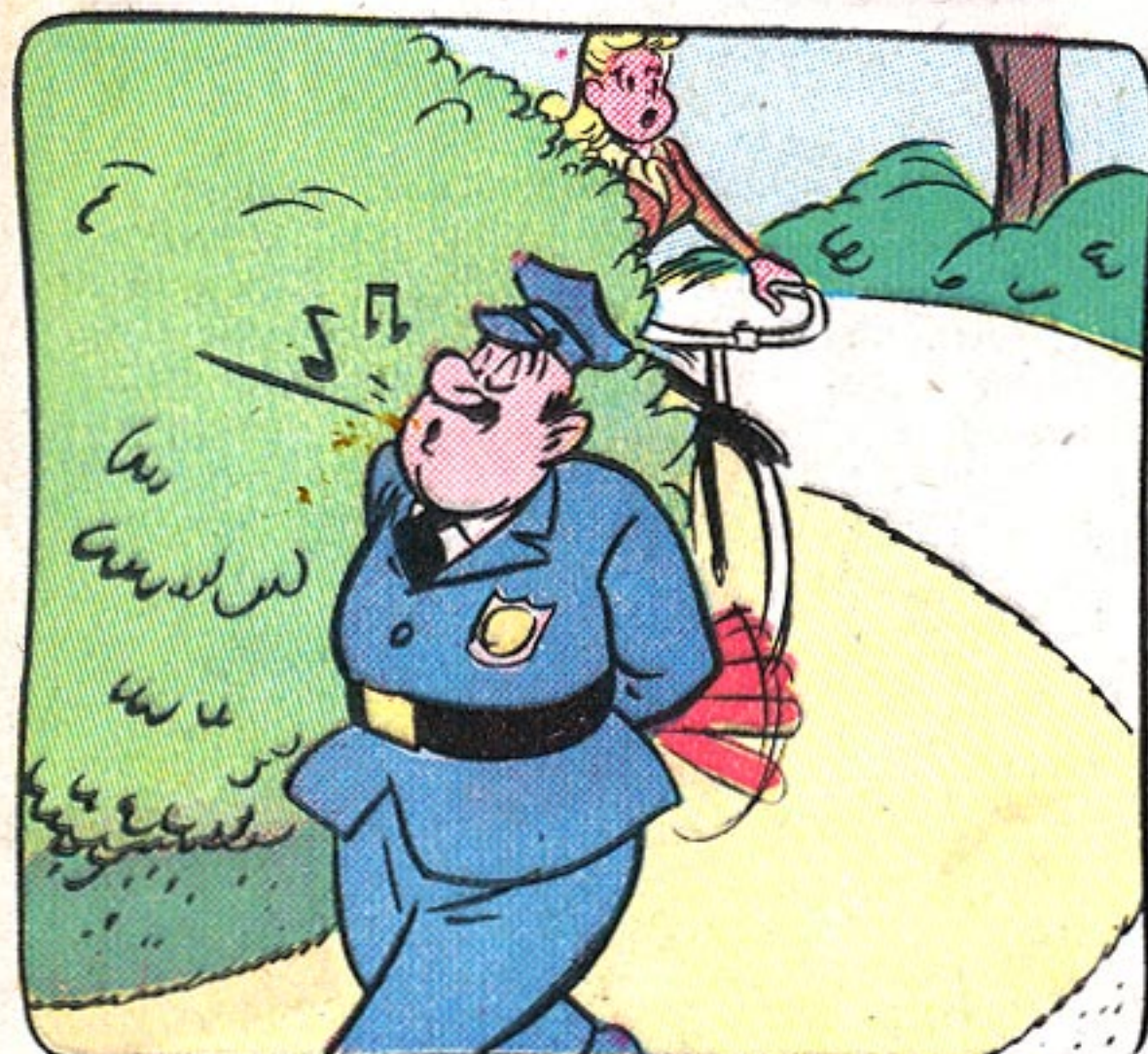
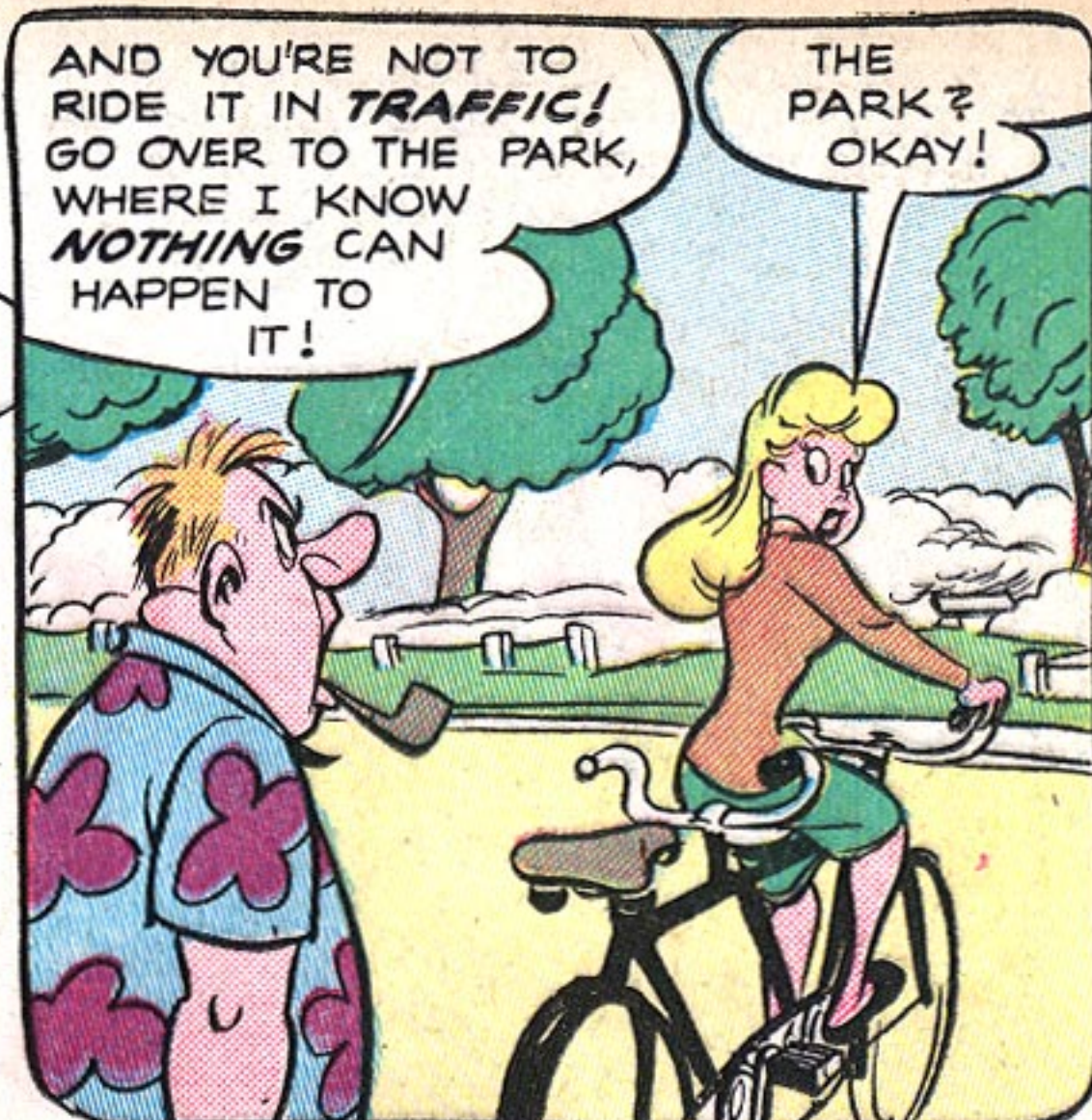
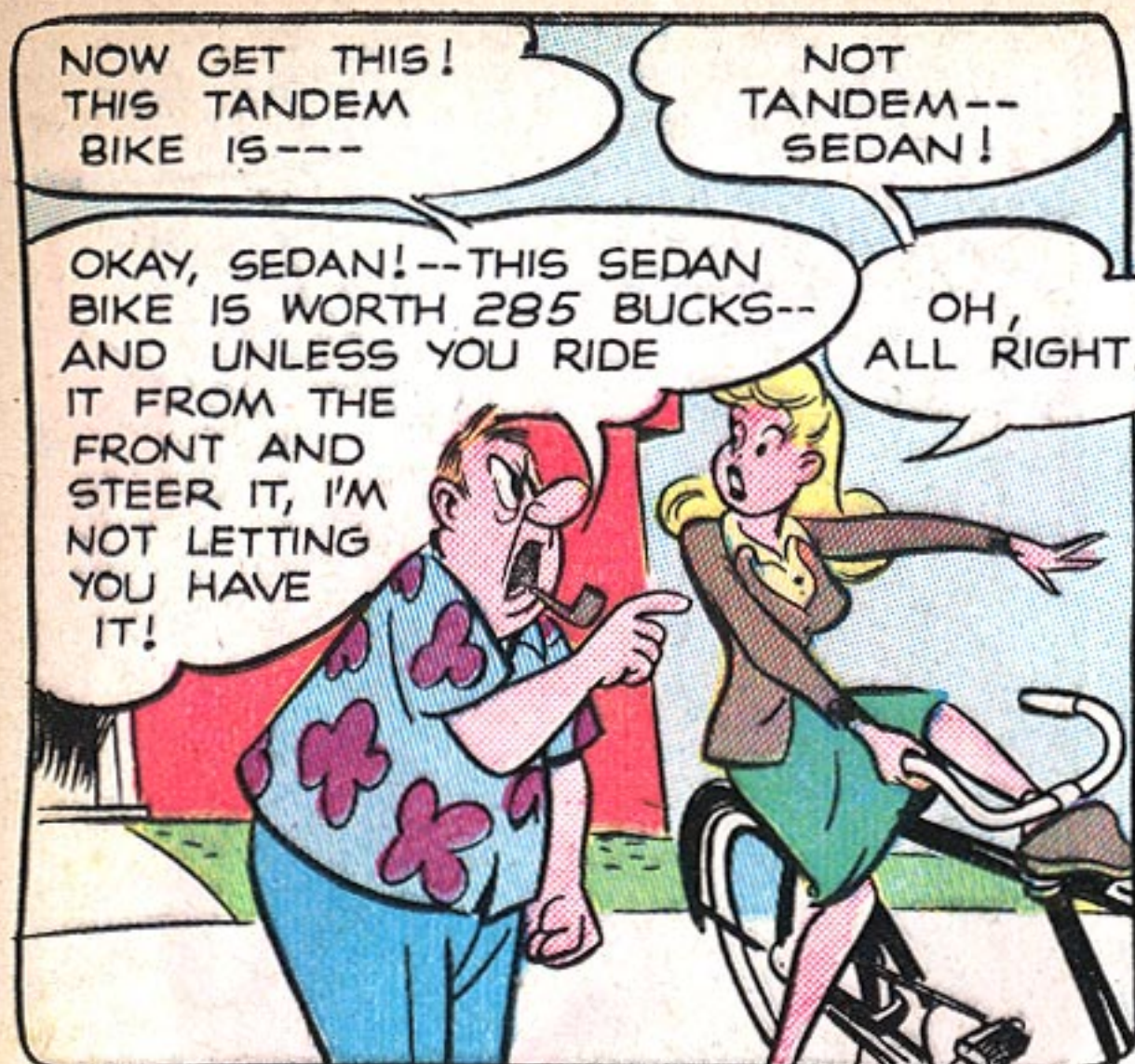
DOESN'T MAKE
ANY DIFFERENCE?
IT DOESN'T MAKE
ANY DIFFERENCE
WHETHER YOU
STEER IT
OR NOT?

OF COURSE NOT!
I'M A BACK-SEAT
DRIVER WHEN
I'M OUT WITH
MY BOY FRIENDS
--AND I NEVER
STEER THEN EITHER,
BUT WE GET
ALONG FINE!



NOW, IF YOU'LL
GIVE ME A
LITTLE PUSH,
I'LL BE ON
MY WAY!

LISTEN, YOU SLAP-
HAPPY DAME! THE
ONLY REASON YOU
GOT ALONG OKAY
WITHOUT STEERING
WITH YOUR BOY FRIENDS
IS BECAUSE **THEY**
WERE STEERING!



WHY SHOULD THE PEDESTRIANS HAVE A PATH TO THEMSELVES ANY MORE THAN THE LITHUANIANS OR ANY OF THE OTHER NATIONALITIES? THIS IS AMERICA, OFFICER! THAT SIGN SHOULD SAY, "THIS PATH FOR **ALL** NATIONALITIES!" THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY, SIR!

ERG--GLPH!

LADY, A PEDESTRIAN IS **NOT** A NATIONALITY! IT'S A WORD MEANING A PERSON WHO **WALKS**! IN SHORT, THIS PATH IS FOR WALKING PEOPLE-- **NOT** SLAP-HAPPY DAMES ON BIKES!

OH!

ACCORDING TO THE LAW, THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE YOU CAN RIDE THAT BIKE-- OVER THERE ON THE **BRIDLE PATH**! NO PLACE ELSE!

BRIDAL PATH!? BUT-- BUT--

≥ SNIFF ≤ NOW I CAN'T RIDE MY BIKE AT ALL! BRIDAL PATHS ARE FOR BRIDES--AND I'M SINGLE! ≥ SOB ≤ AND I DID SO WANT TO RIDE THIS-- HM! BY GOSH, I KNOW WHAT I CAN DO!

BRIDL PATH

HELLO, WILL YOU MARRY ME?

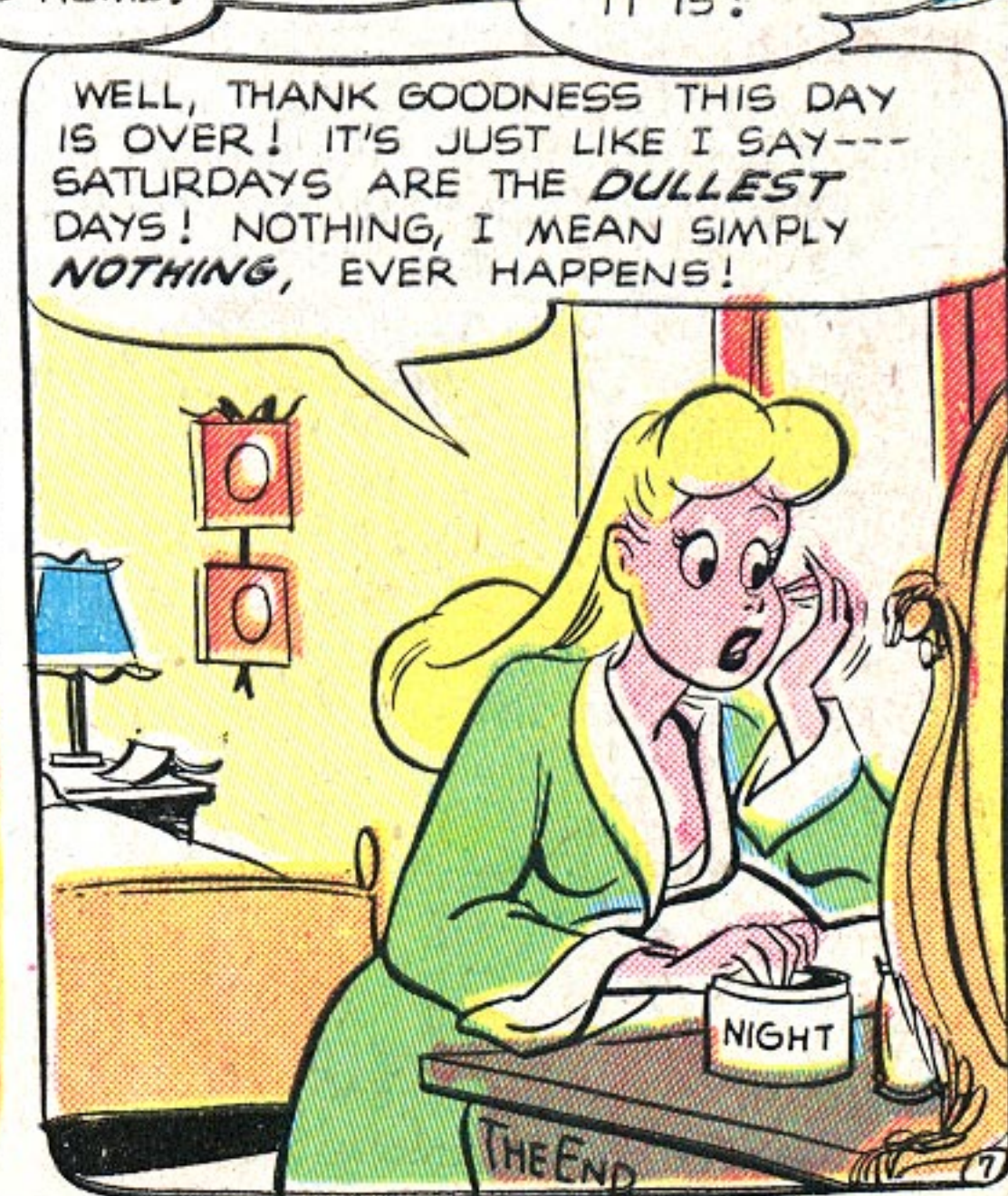
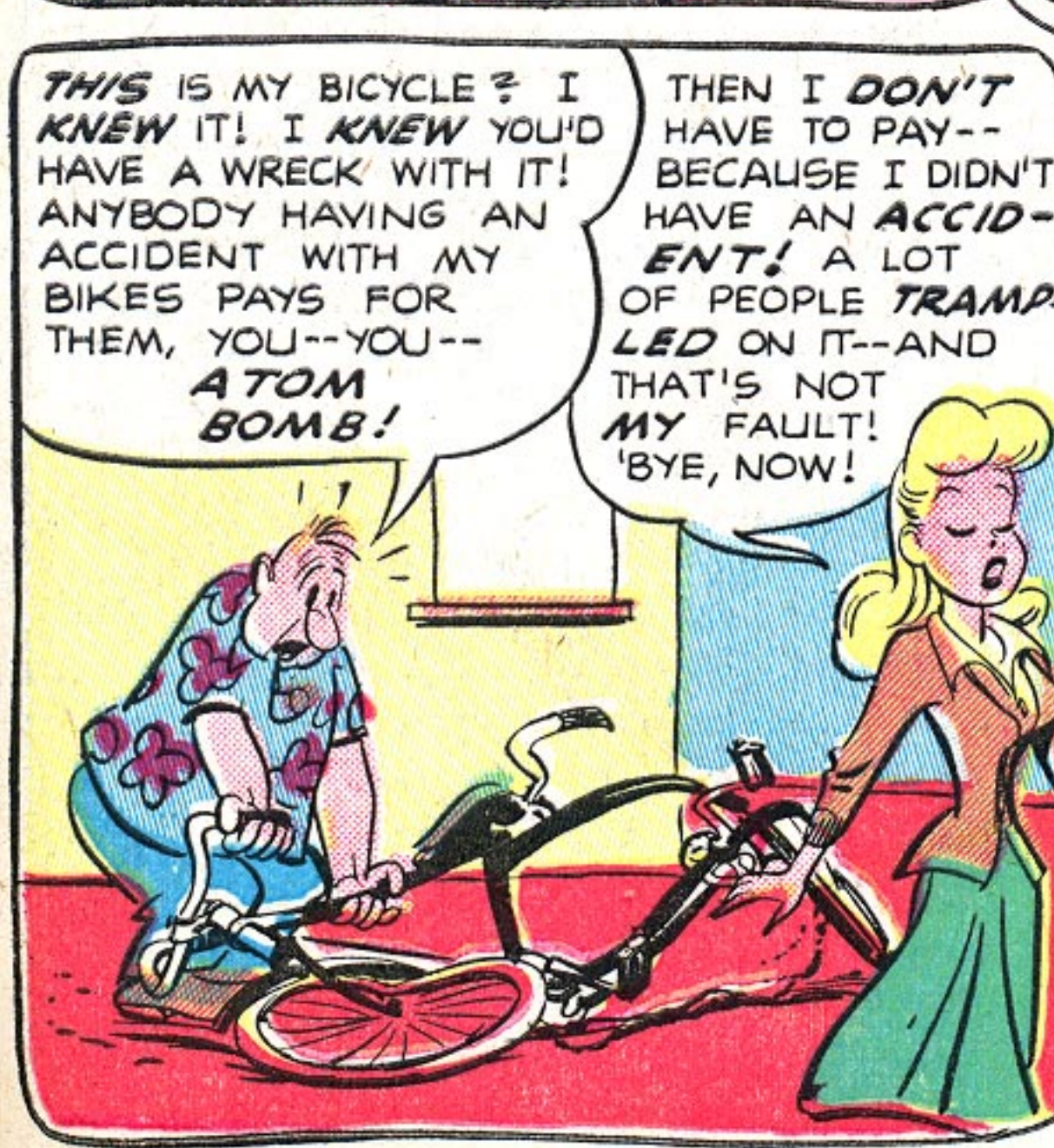
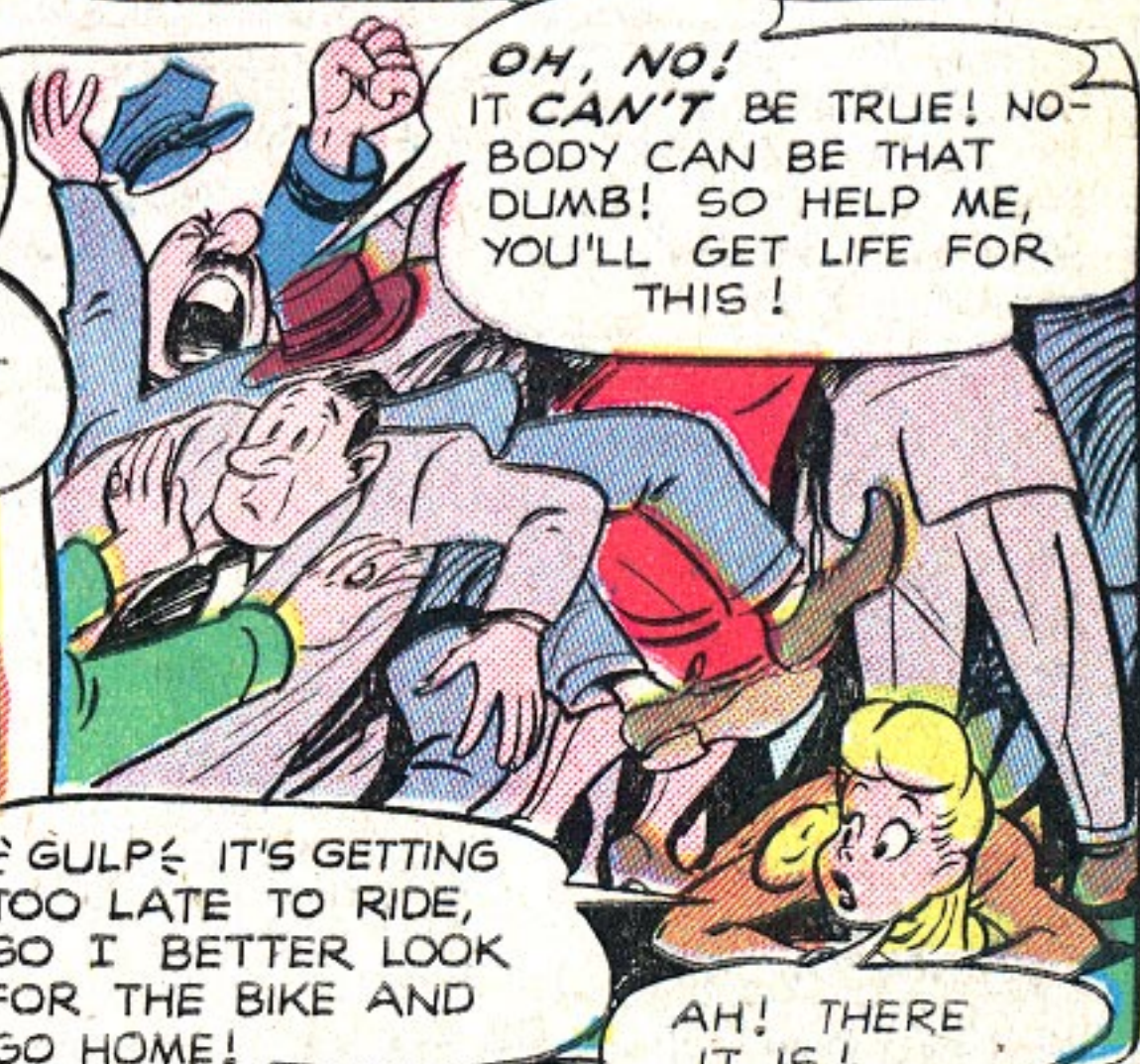
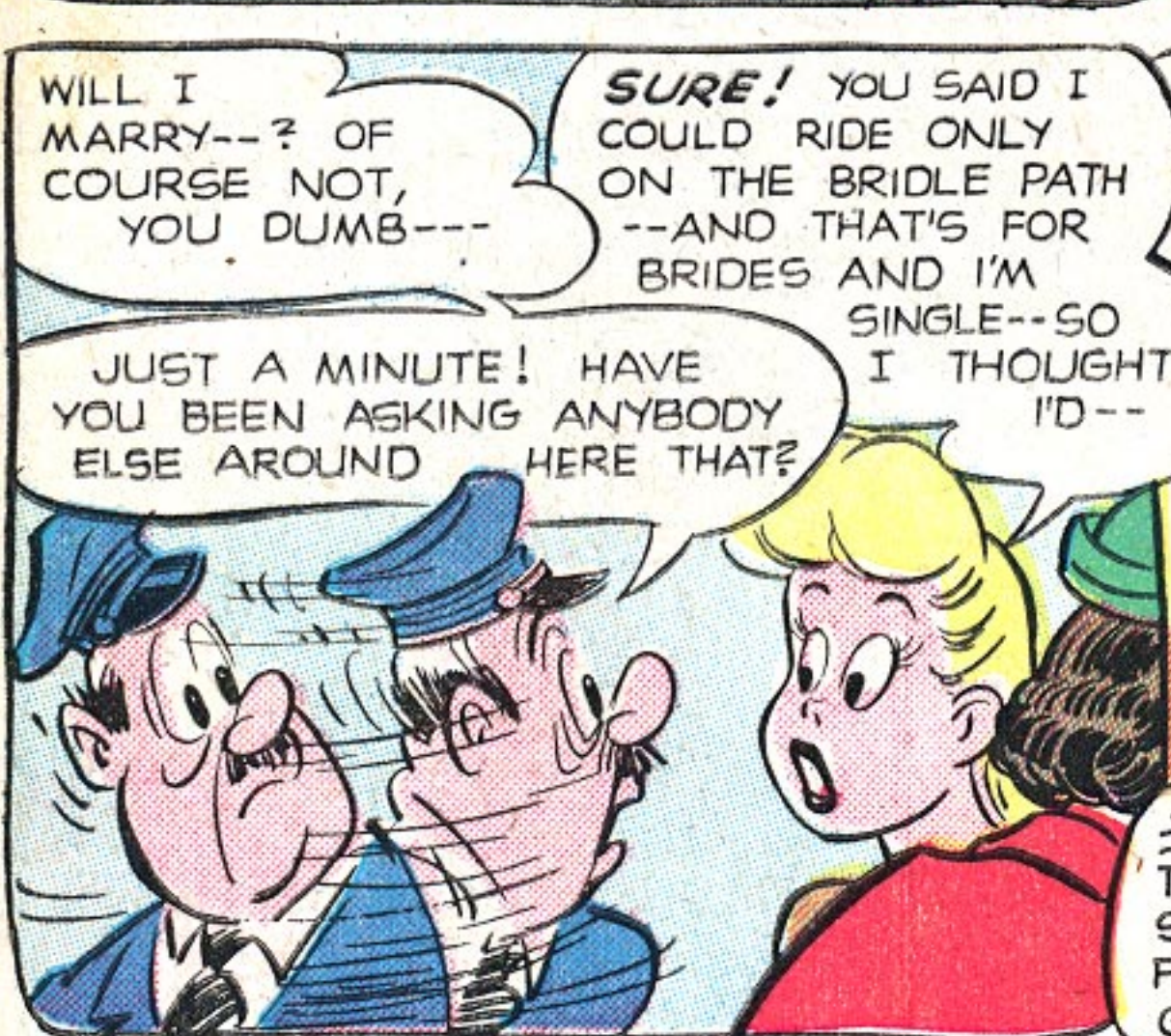
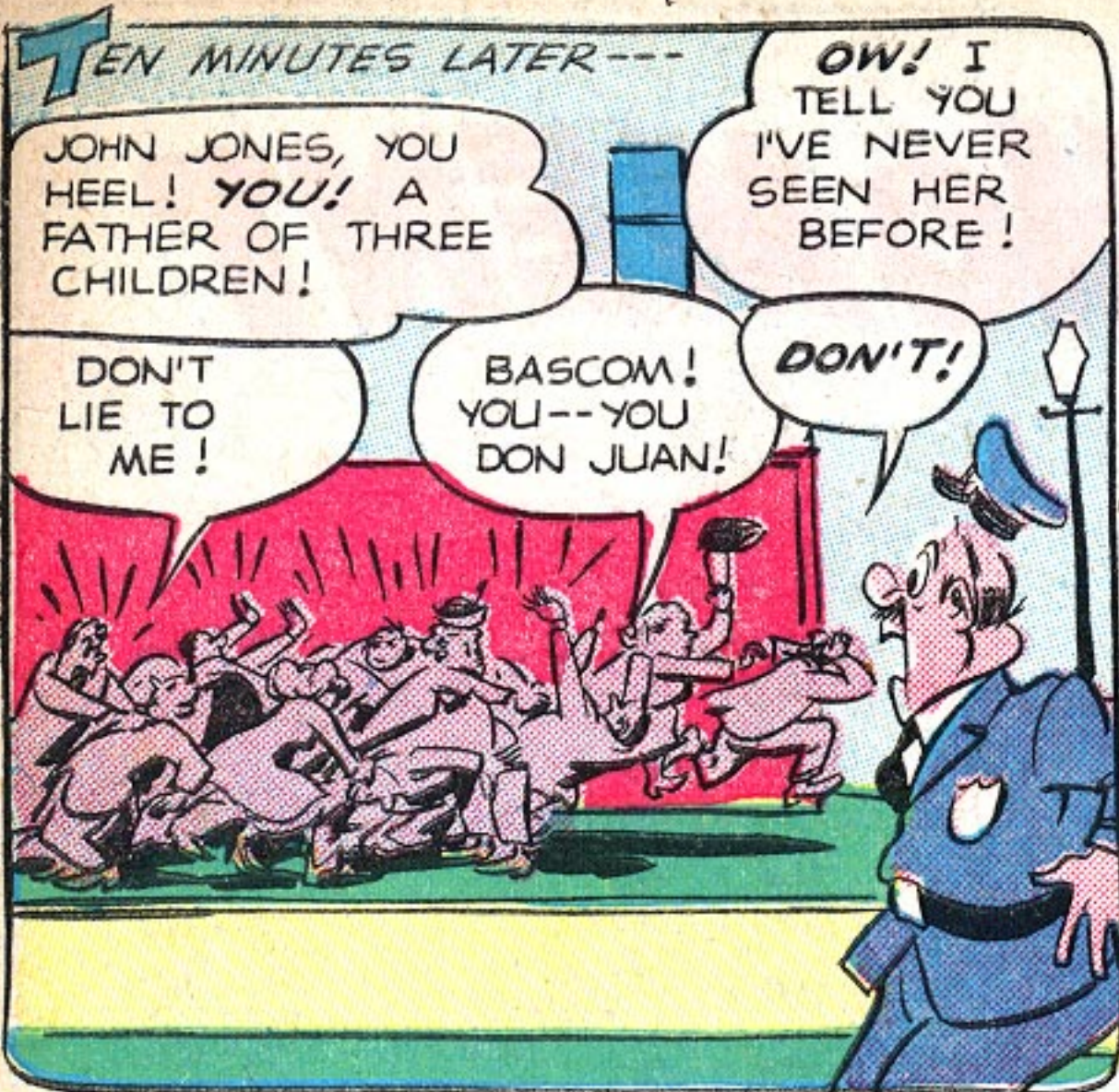
WELL, OF ALL THE-- SO **THAT'S** IT, OSWALD! YOU'VE BEEN CHASING AROUND WITH A DIZZY BLONDE!

YOU PHILANDERER! YOU TWO-TIMER! YOU TOLD ME YOU LOVED ME! TAKE THAT! AND THAT AND--

HM--GUESS I BETTER ASK SOMEONE ELSE!

OW! DON'T! LISTEN, PET!

WHAM!



EMBARRASSING MOMENT

DEBBIE LOU'S RIGHT arm was wrapped about a huge paper bag, which bulged with groceries. Suspended from her right wrist was a string shopping bag, which bulged with fruit and vegetables. And clinging to her left hand, bulging with candy and mischief, was her kid brother, Lorimer.

Lorimer was a cute kid, if you liked kids who never did as they were told and had a tendency to wander off and get into trouble the minute they were left alone! But Debbie Lou wasn't enthusiastic about Lorimer at the moment. She had all that she could handle...and more!

For, as she stepped out of the supermarket with all of mother's shopping successfully accomplished, Debbie Lou gasped. There, only half a block away and walking right *towards* her, was Tom Purvis!

"Oh, this is awful! Just *dreadful!*" In an instant, Debbie Lou became conscious of the unglamorous role she was playing...toting groceries and a kid brother! What would Tom Purvis think of her...Tom, whom she so longed to impress! For weeks she had been treasuring a secret crush on this very Tom Purvis, just waiting for the moment when she would burst upon him in some lovely dress with her hair all elegant and shiny and her makeup precision-perfect.

"And *this* is the way he'll see me," Debbie Lou thought ruefully, looking down at her worn blue jeans. "This is *awful!*" Angrily, she poked a string of hot dogs more deeply into the bag. At least he wouldn't see those! And then, Debbie Lou had a thought!

"He doesn't have to see *me*, either!" she said. "If I walk quickly and turn the corner fast, Tom Purvis will never know I've been here!"

Debbie Lou's desire for escape became acute. Frantically, she yanked

Lorimer's hand and said, "Let's go!"

"Watch where you're..." she heard a voice say and then it was too late! In her wild fright, Debbie Lou had smacked right into an innocent bystander, dropped her groceries and let go of Lorimer's hand!

From that moment, all was confusion. Lorimer promptly sat down in a mud puddle and yowled. The string of hot dogs wound itself gracefully around a street lamp pole and two boxes of breakfast cereal hit the sidewalk with a resounding smack. A tomato splattered on the pavement, and as Debbie Lou bent to scoop it up, another went *splat!*

And it was upon *this* unromantic scene that Tom Purvis arrived!

Debbie Lou couldn't help it. She burst into tears!

"Hey, you're in a mess!" Tom Purvis said. "Here, let me give you a hand!" Swiftly and efficiently, he gathered the fallen groceries and stacked them neatly in the bag. Then he took one look at the yowling Lorimer. "He belong to you?" he asked.

Tearfully, Debbie Lou nodded.

Tom Purvis wasted no time. Scooping Lorimer up, he said, "Which way home?" and followed Debbie's pointing finger. All the way home, Debbie Lou said not one word, for she was thinking of how her romance had been shattered before it even started. "He'll never speak to me again," she thought, stealing a side-long glance at Tom Purvis.

But speak he did, and what he said surprised Debbie Lou no end! Right at her door, Tom said, "Hey, would you mind if I came in...and...er...those hot dogs looked mighty *good!*"

Debbie Lou's face was radiant as she said, "*Please* do!" And her face flushed pink with happiness as she thought, "My embarrassing moment's turned into a *romantic* one, after all!"

"Solid Jackson" in

"A CLOSE SHAVE!"

HOLY HANNAH,
JACKSON! IS THAT
REALLY YOUR
MUSTACHE?

WELL, NOT QUITE!...
I STILL OWE FIFTY
CENTS TO THE
COSTUME SHOP
FOR IT!

COST

WIGS
MASKS
BEARDS

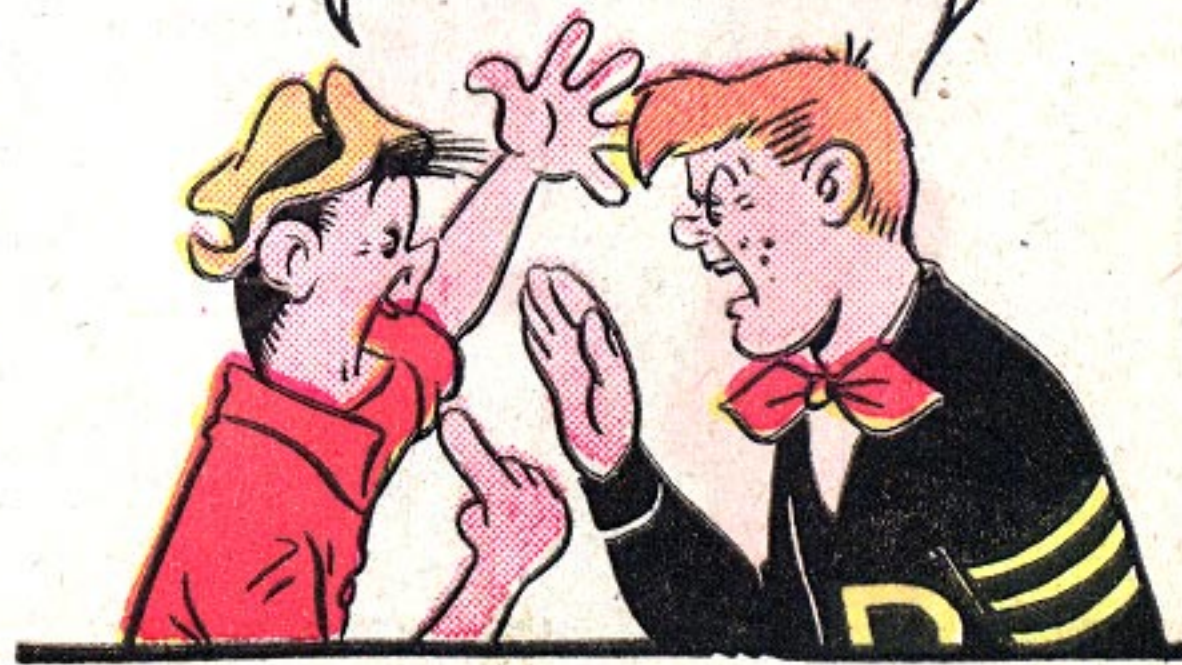
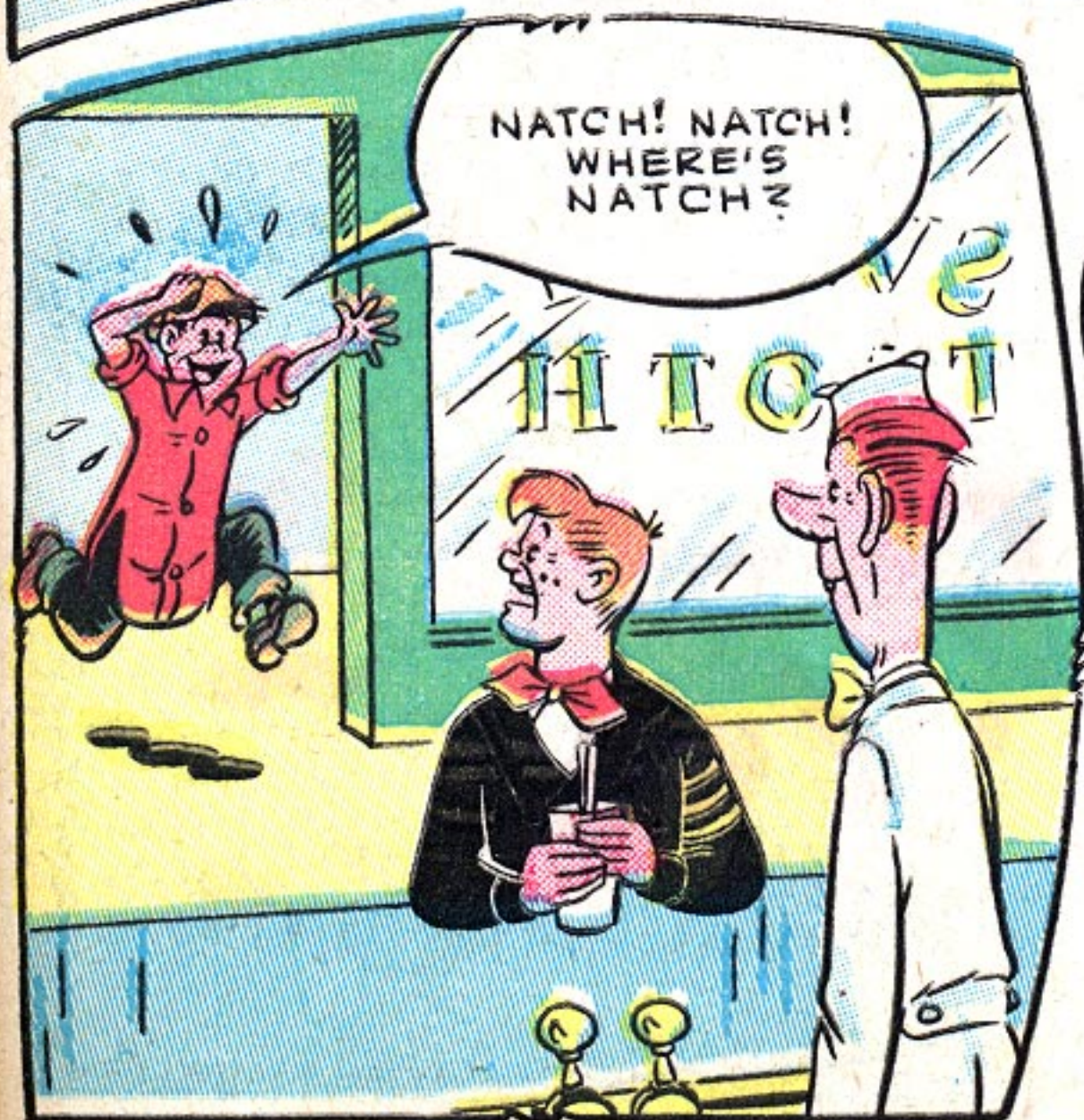


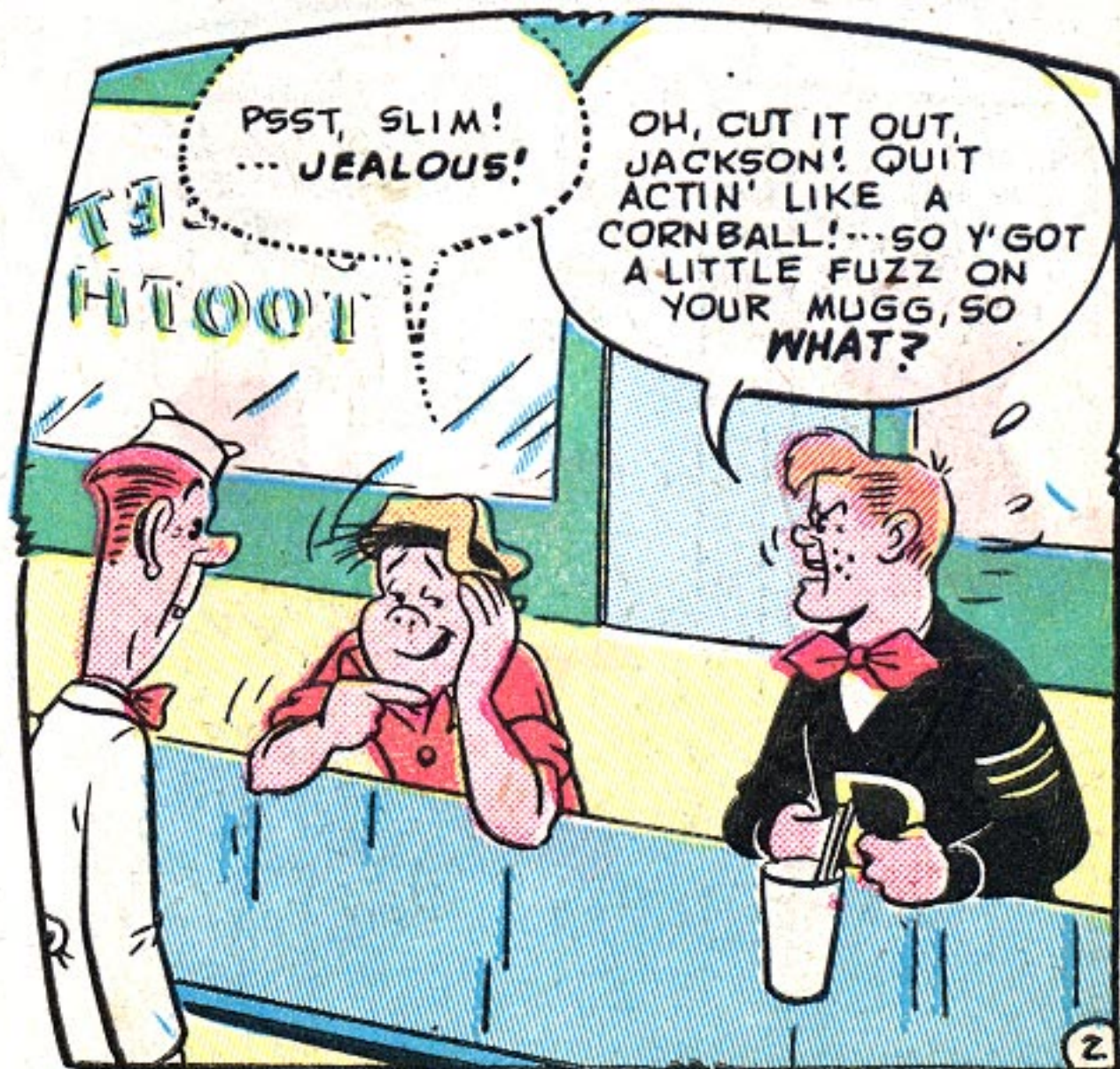
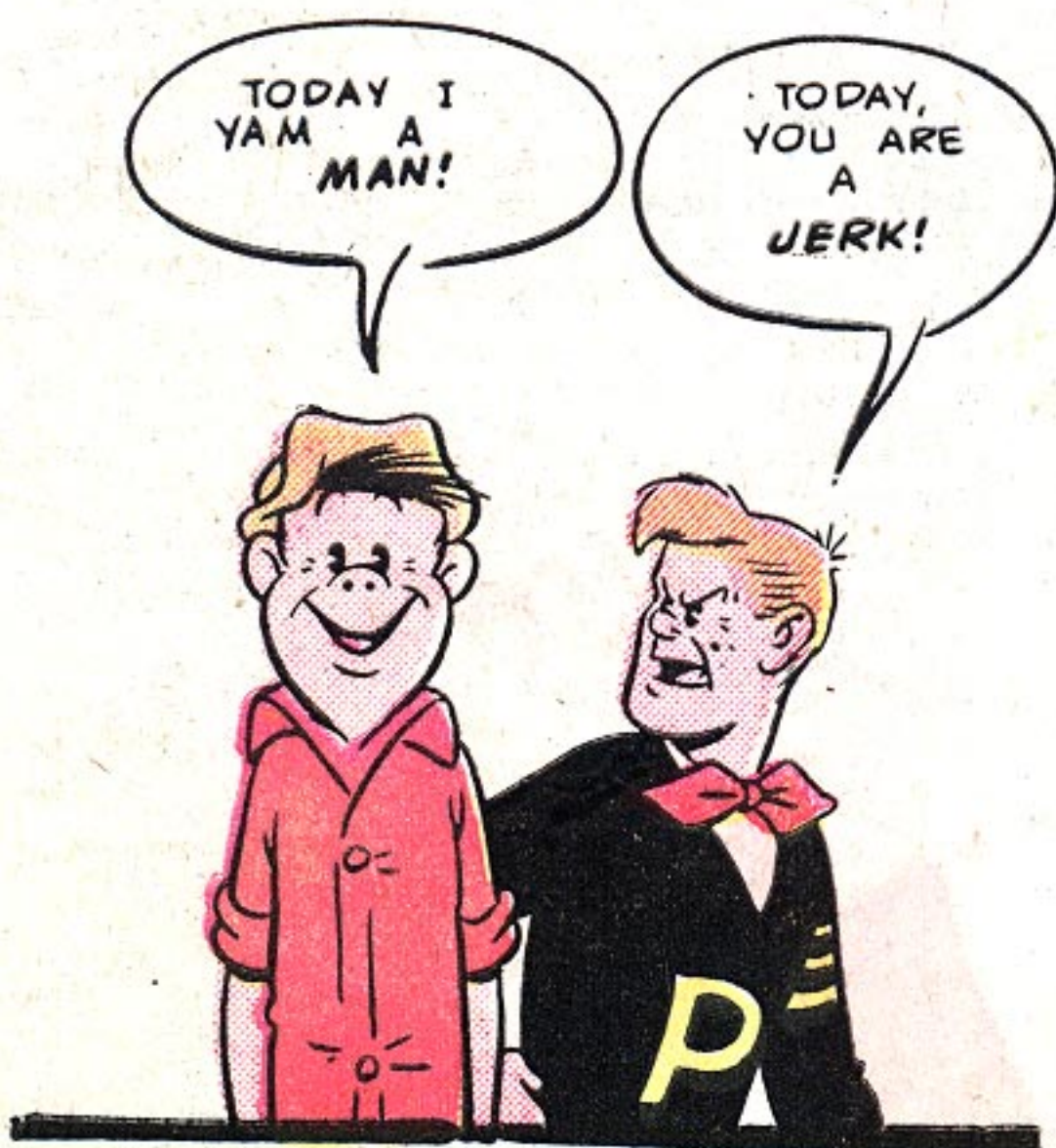
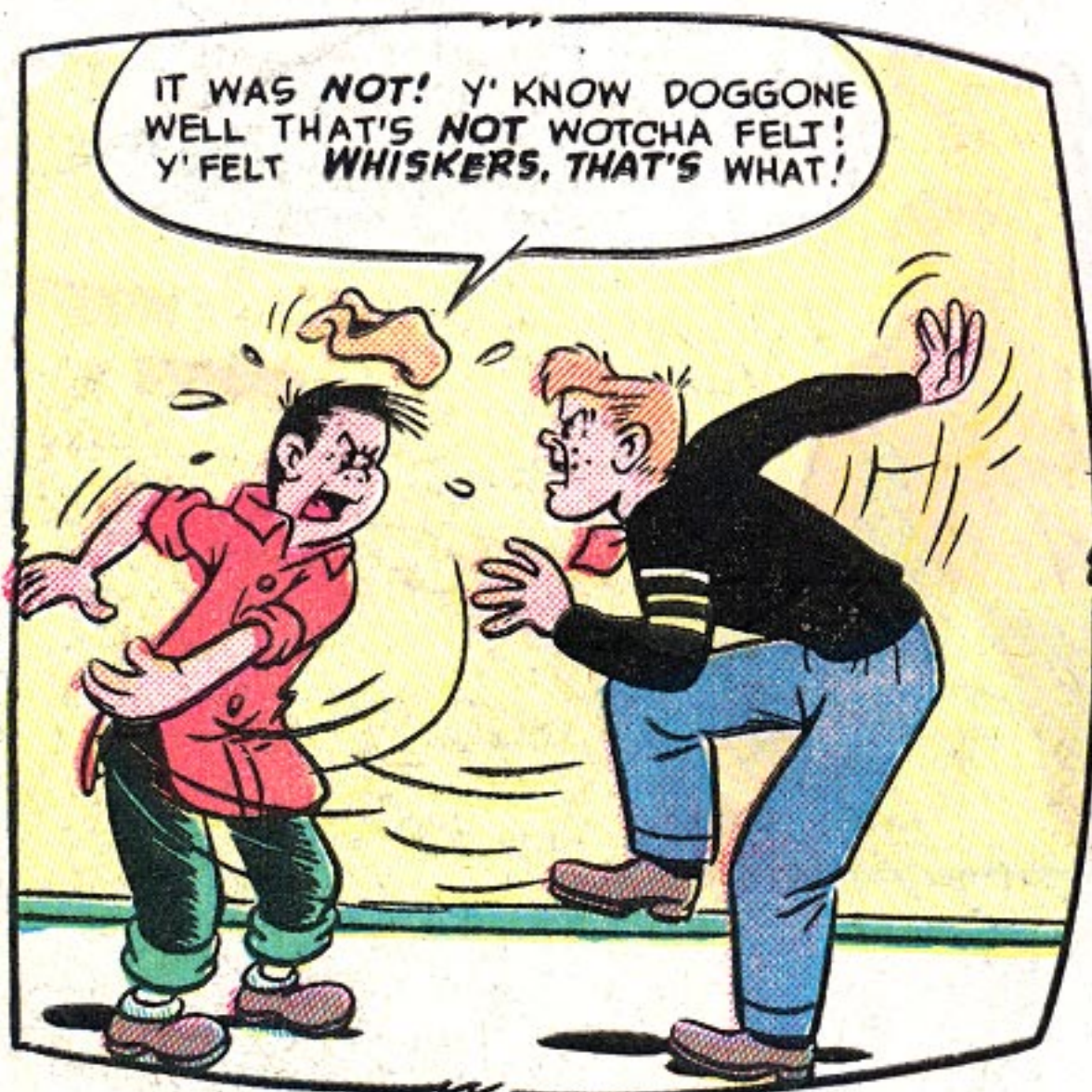
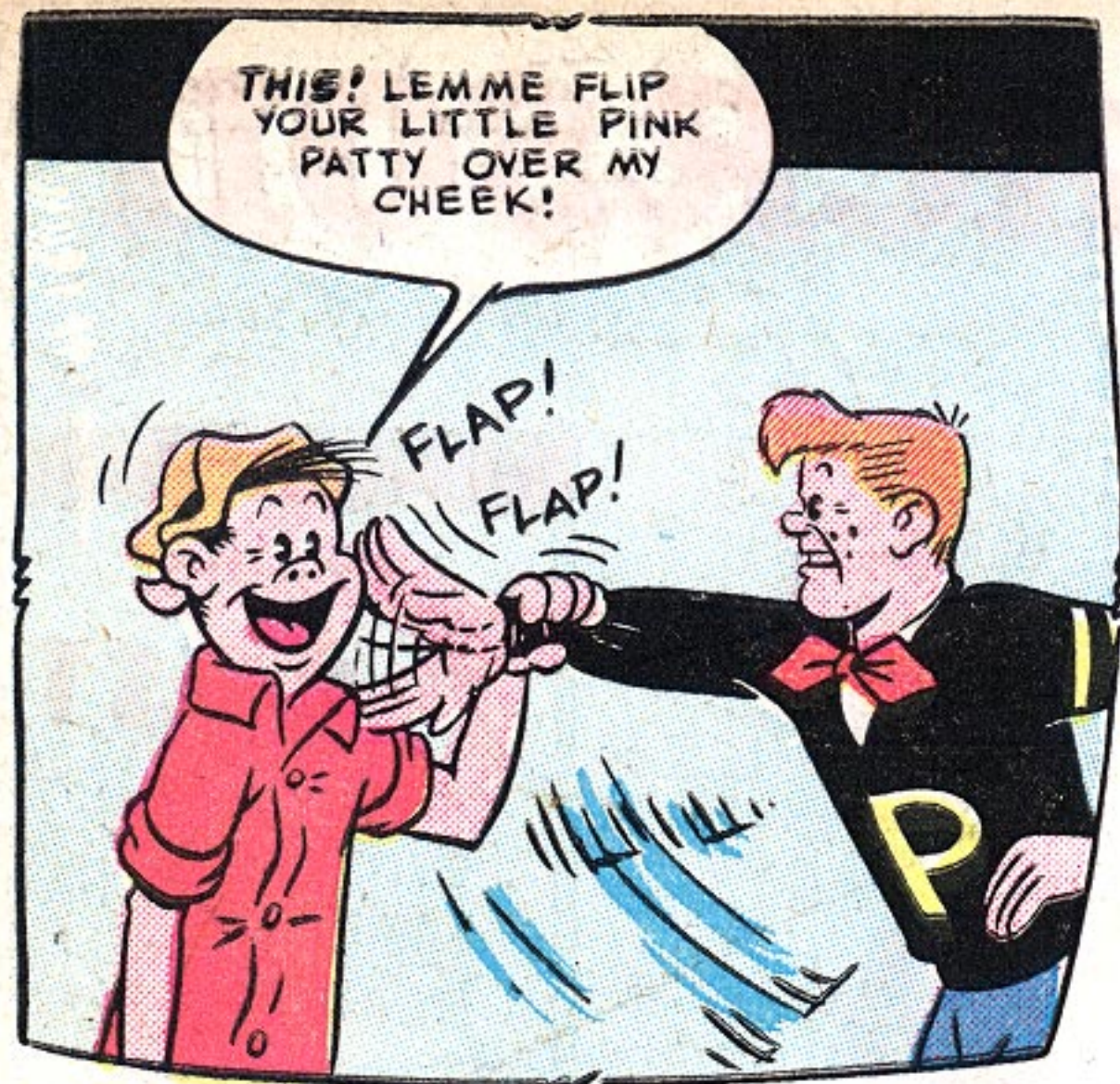
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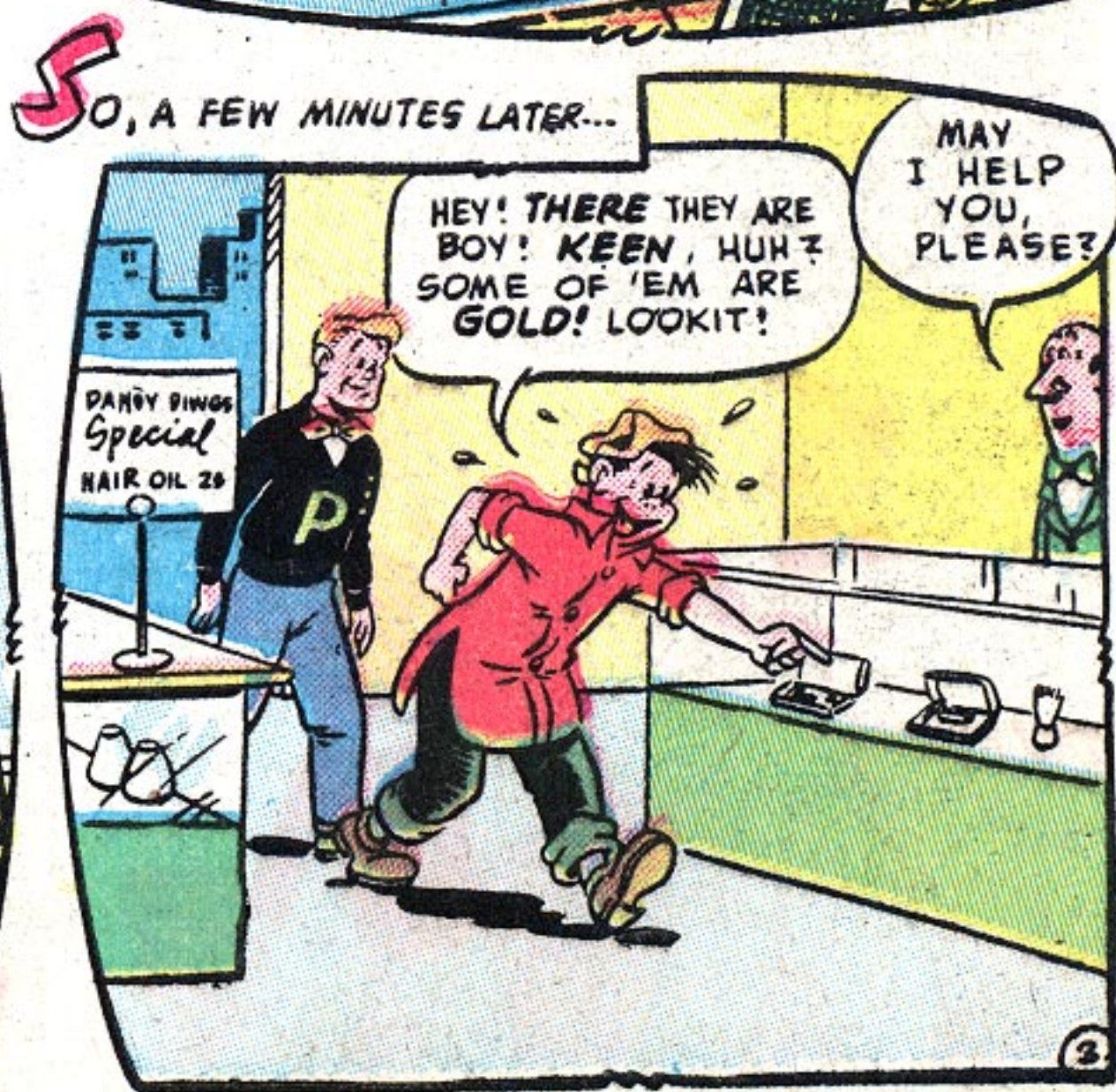
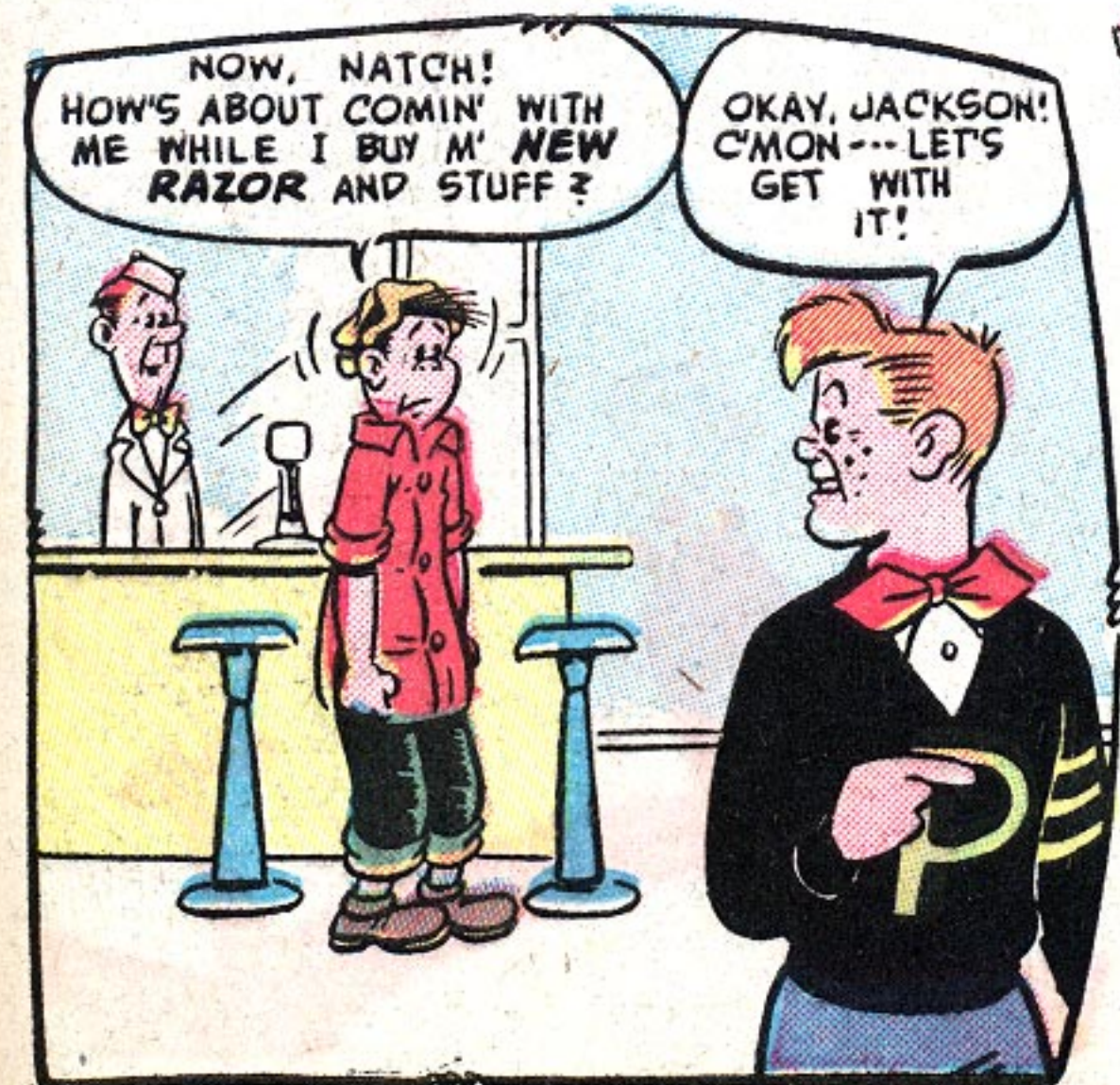
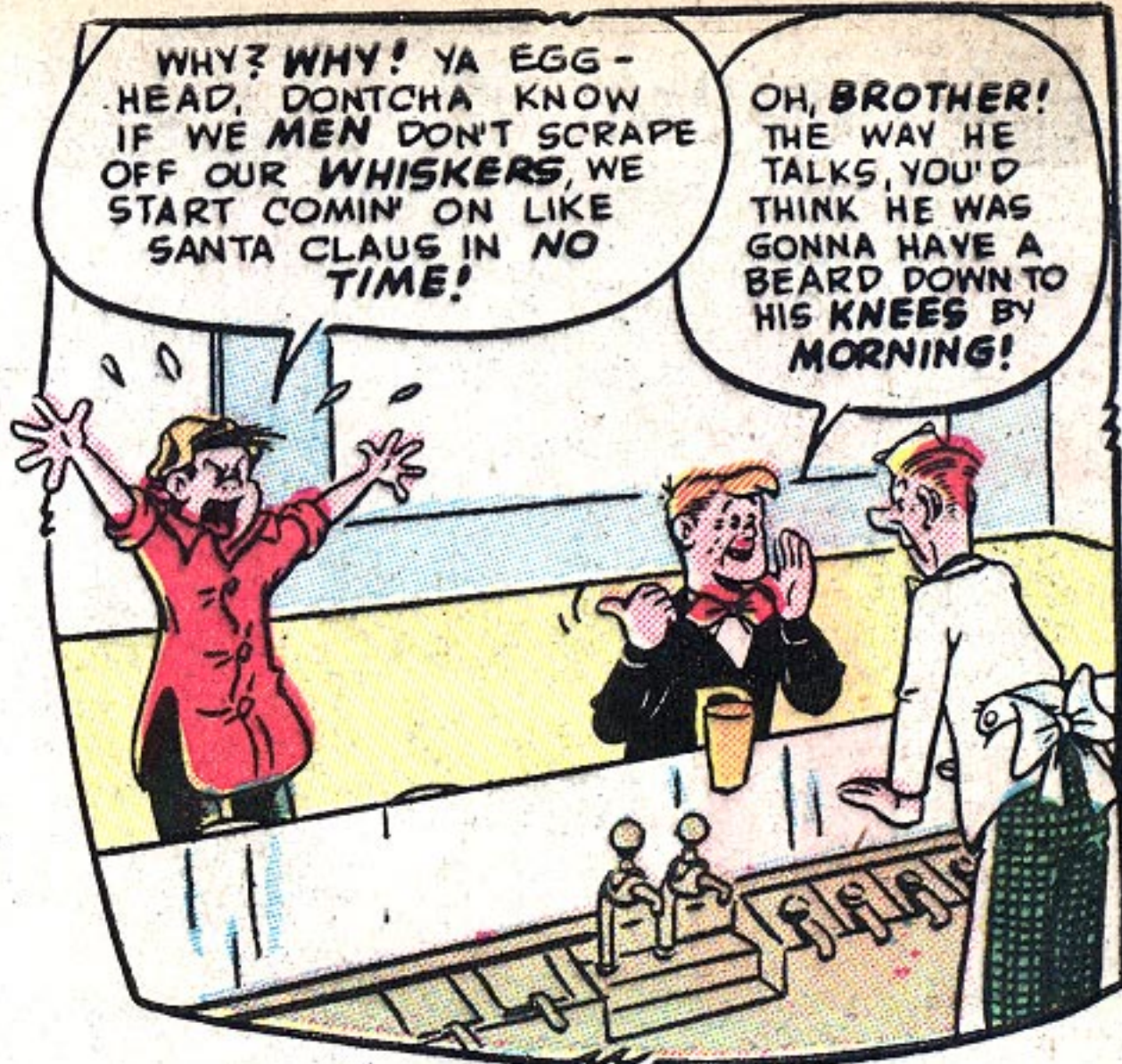
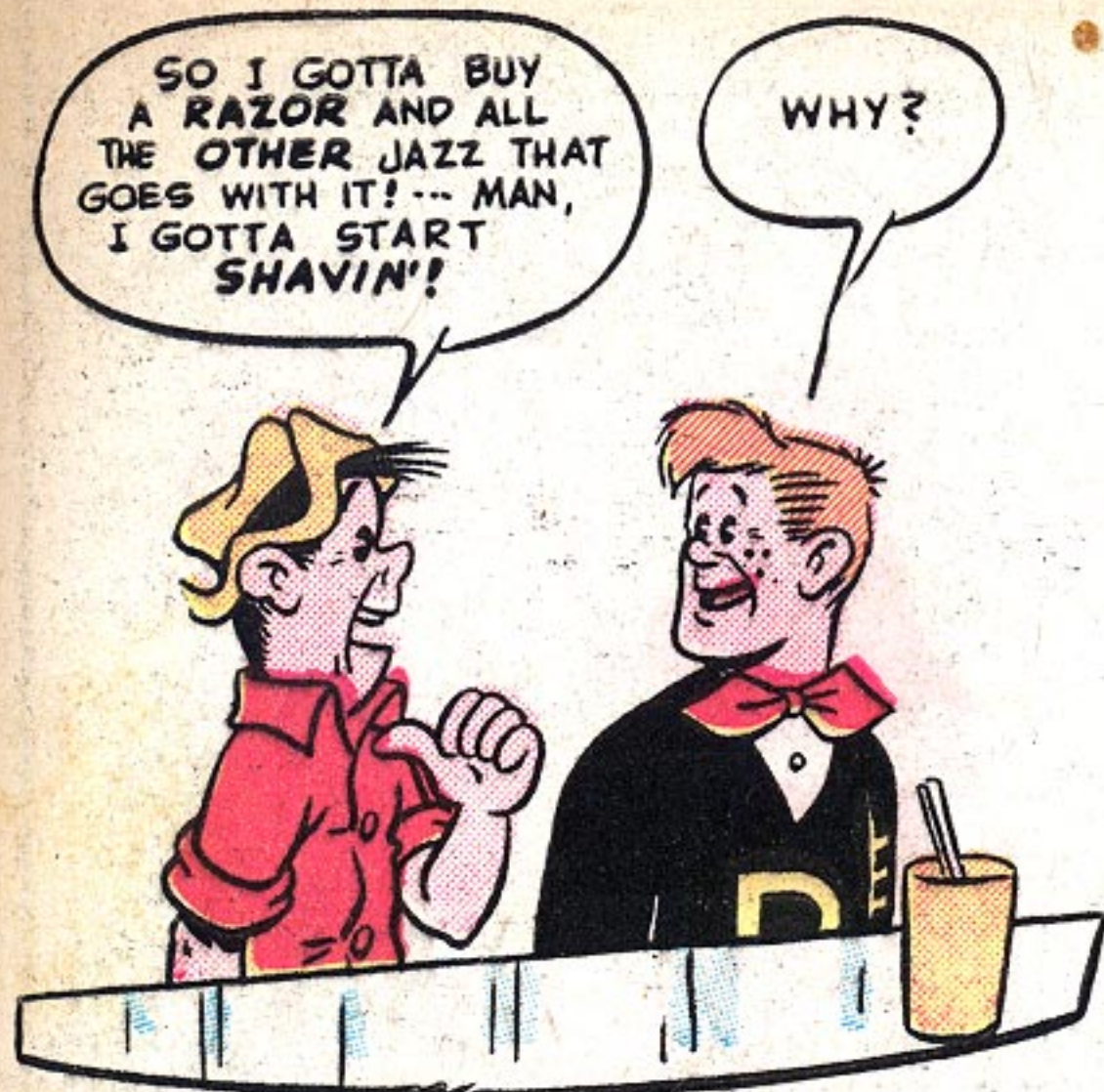
NATCH! NATCH!
WHERE'S
NATCH?

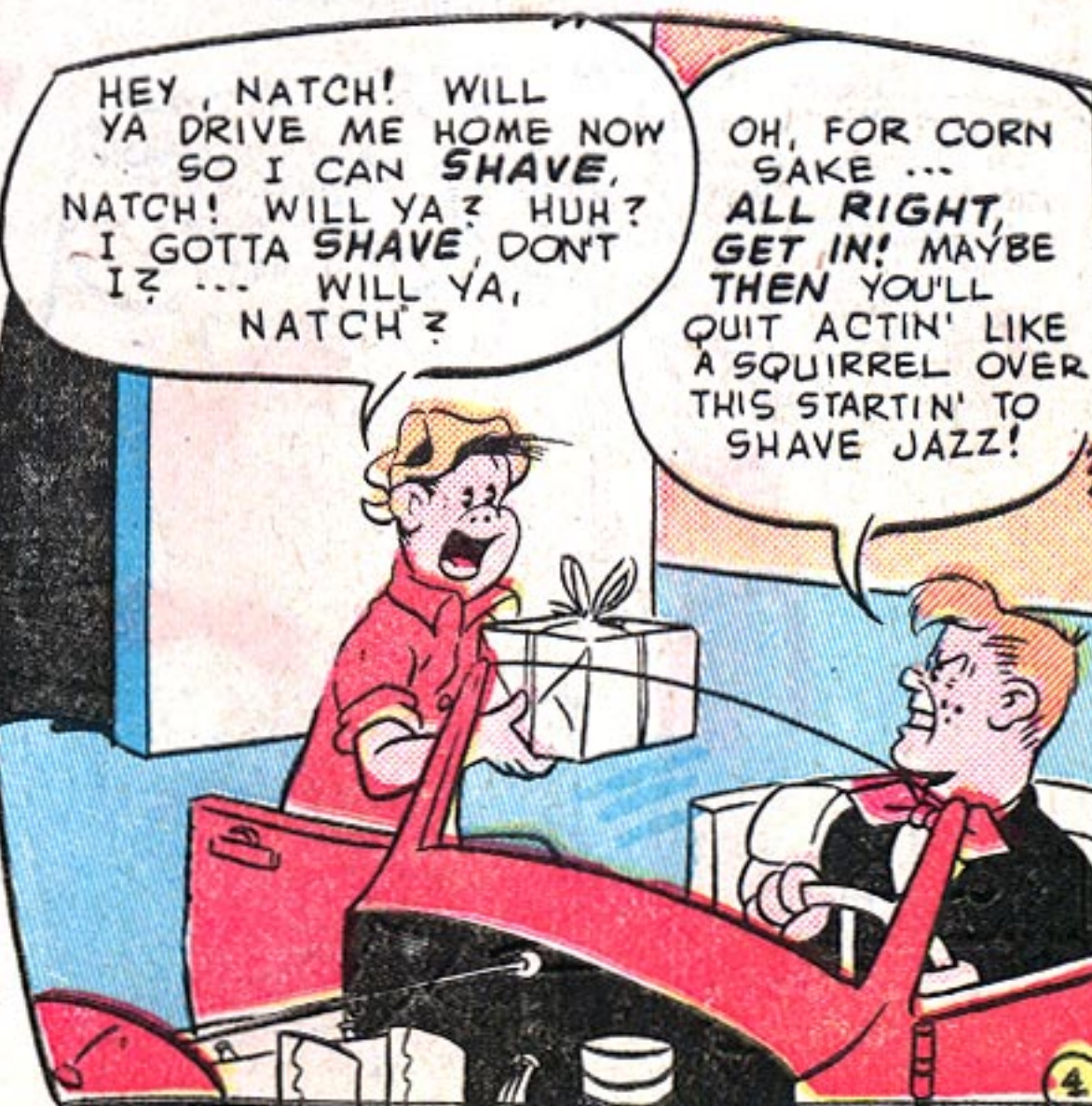
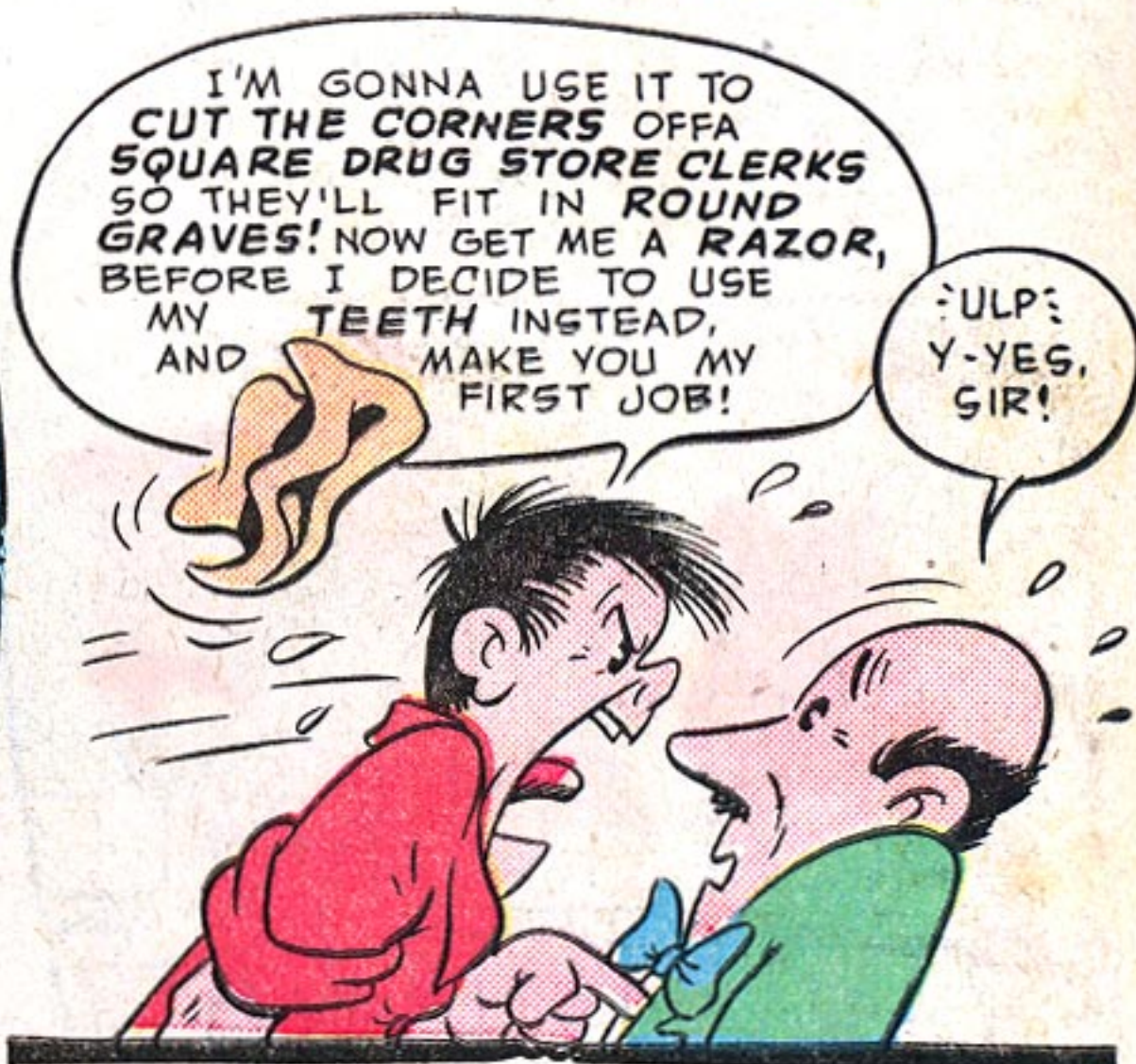
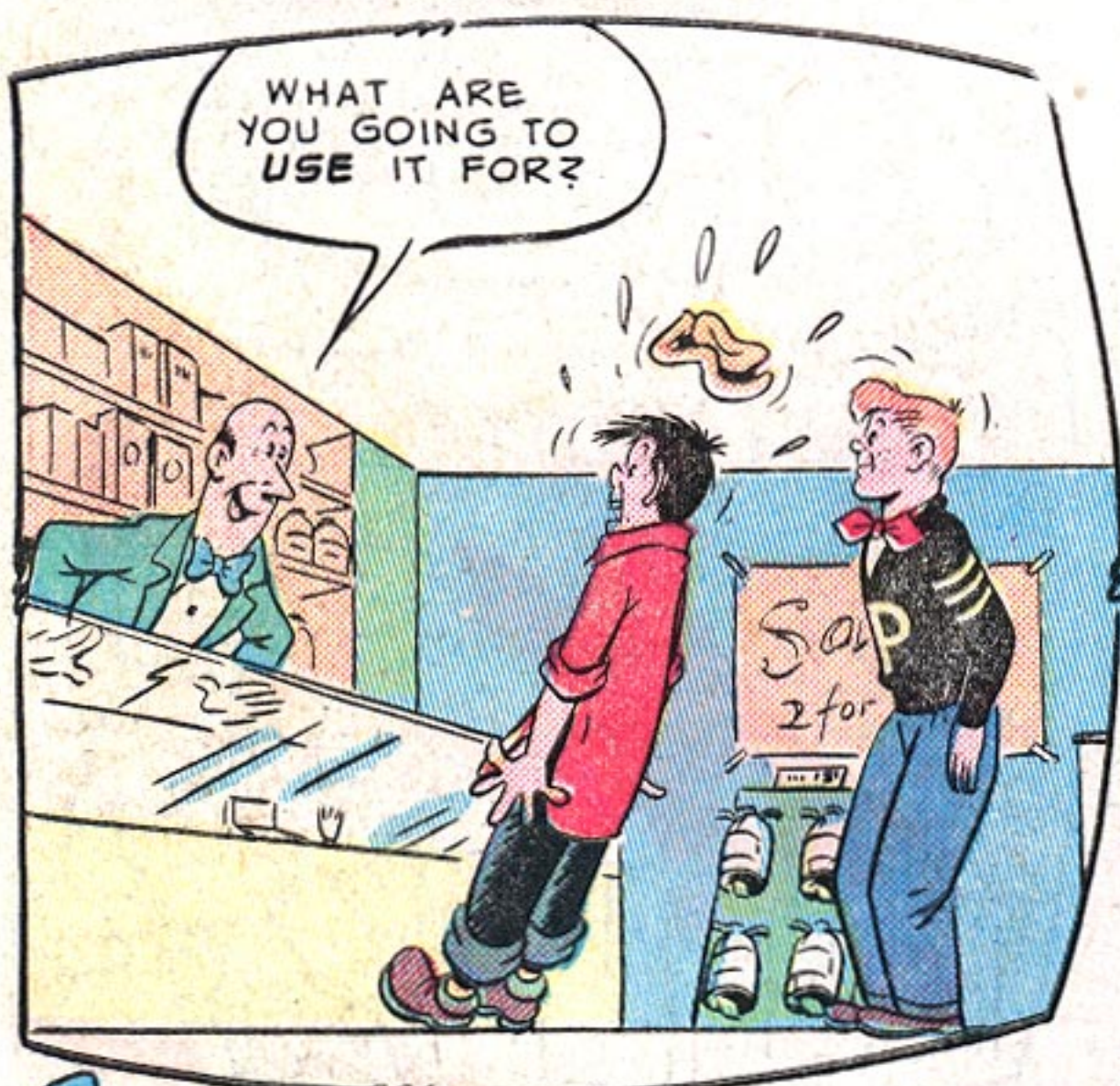
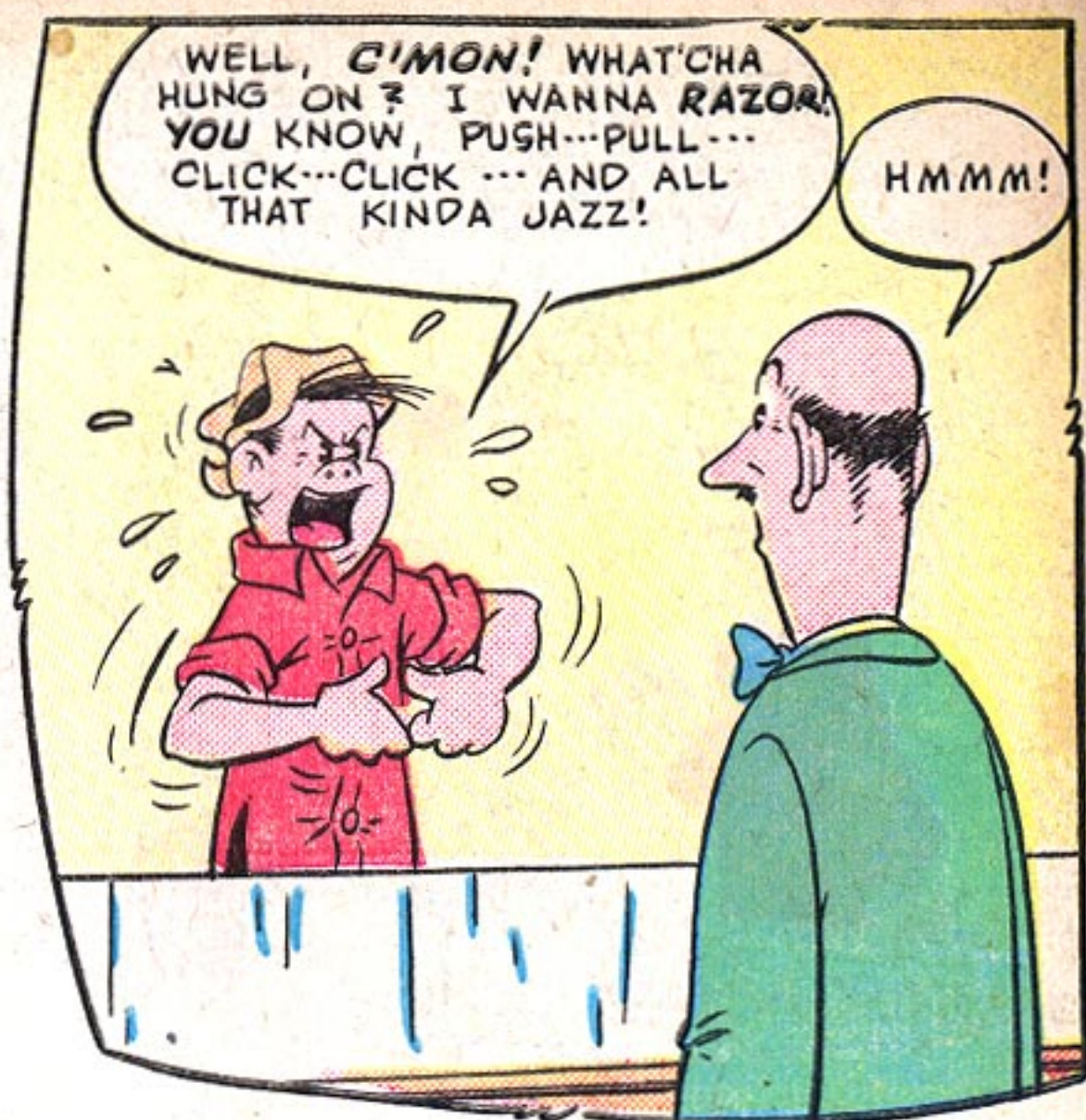
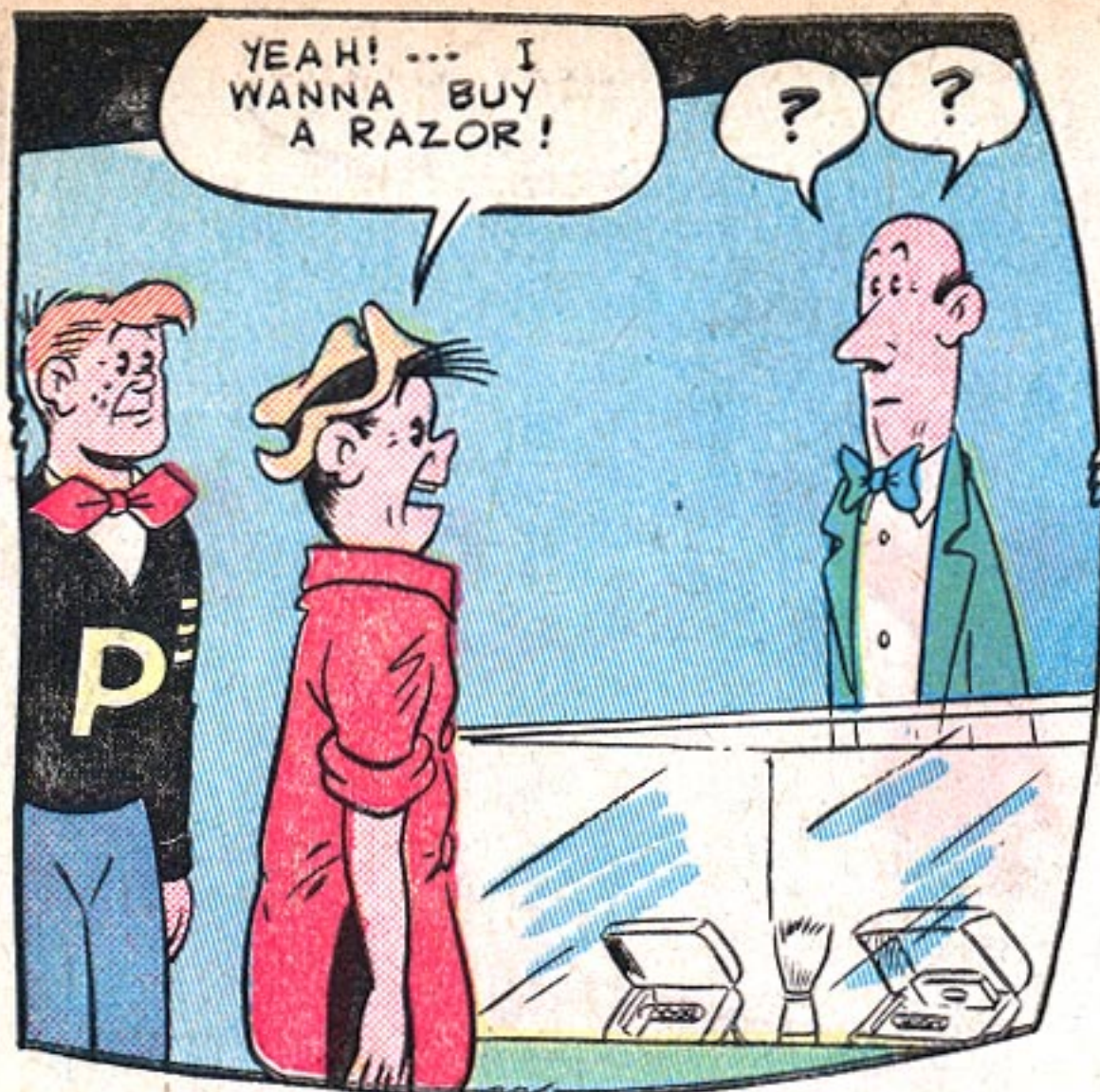
NATCH, IT'S
HAPPENED! IT'S
FINALLY HAPPENED!
Y' AREN'T GONNA BELIEVE
IT, BUT I CAN PROVE
IT, BOY! AIN'T THAT
SOMETHIN'? IT'S
HAPPENIN', I MEAN?
WOW!

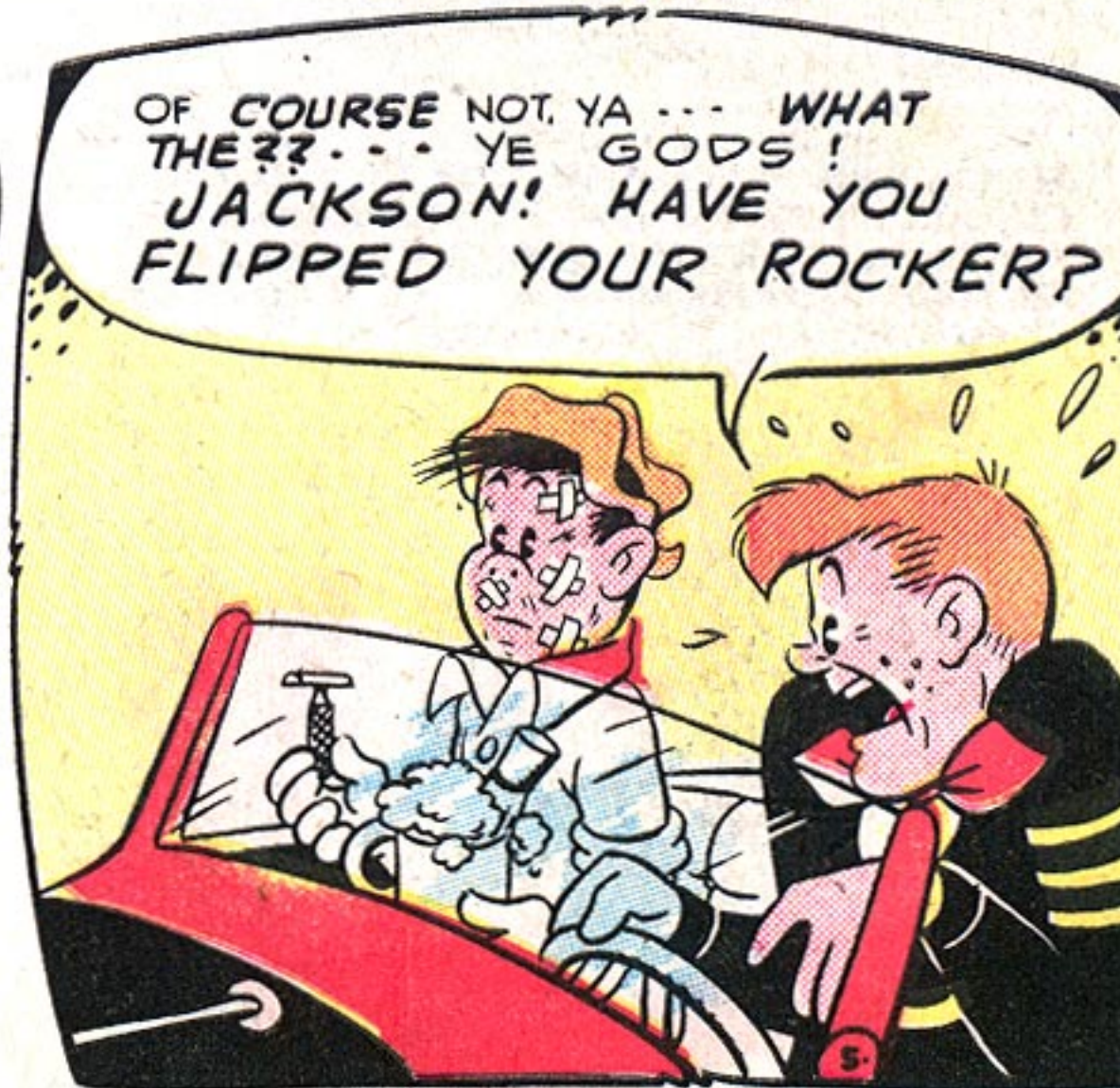
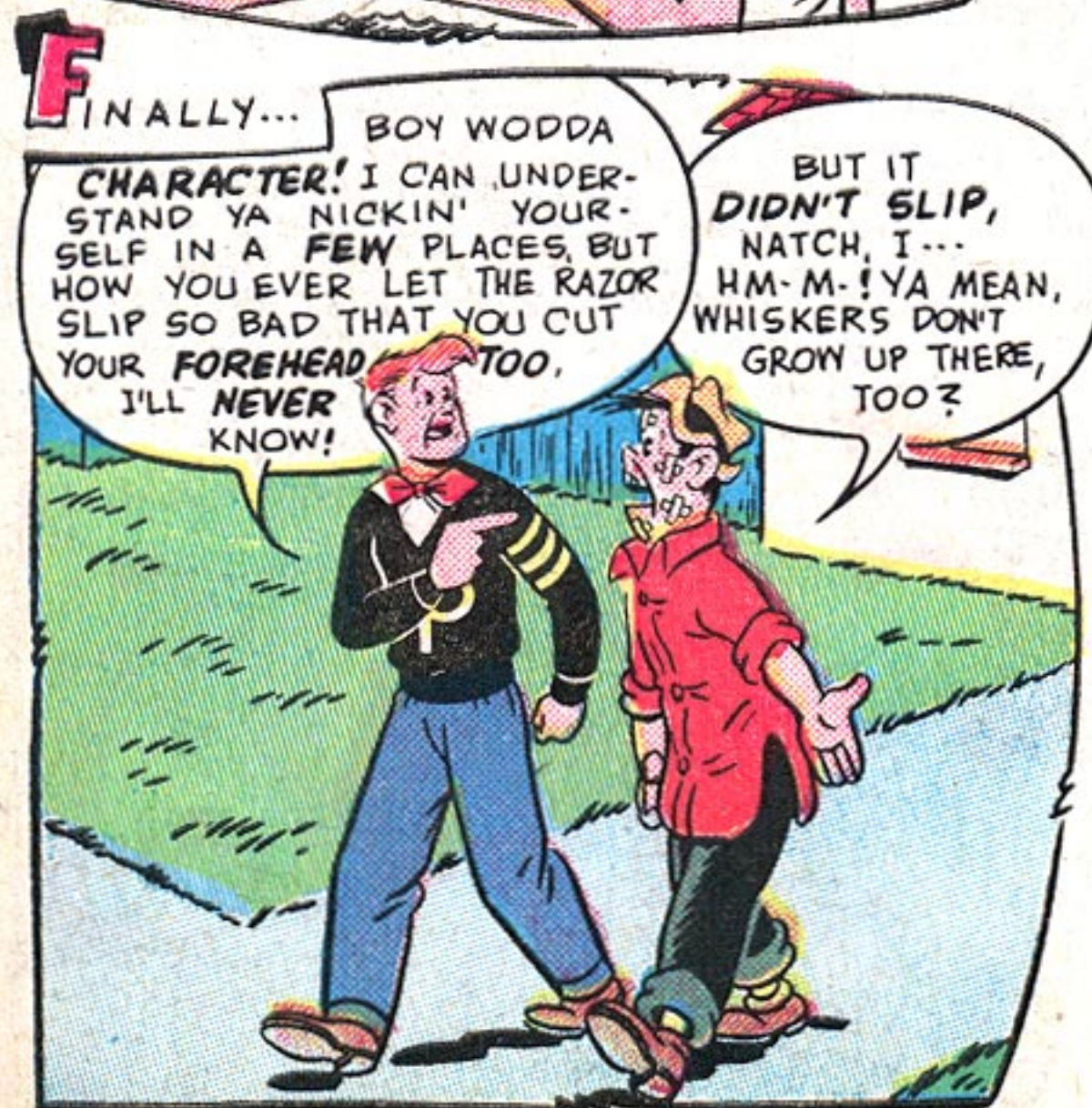
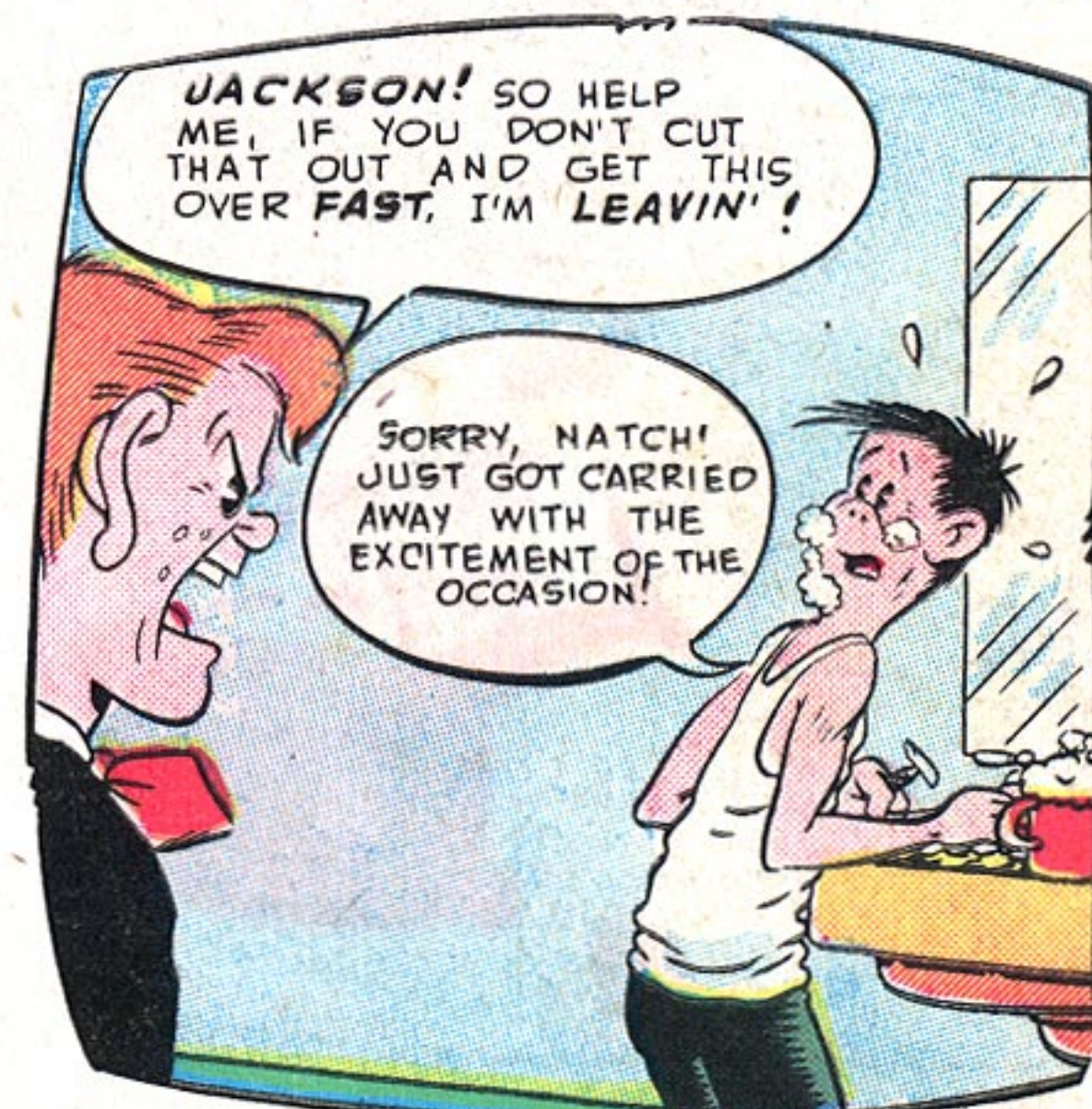
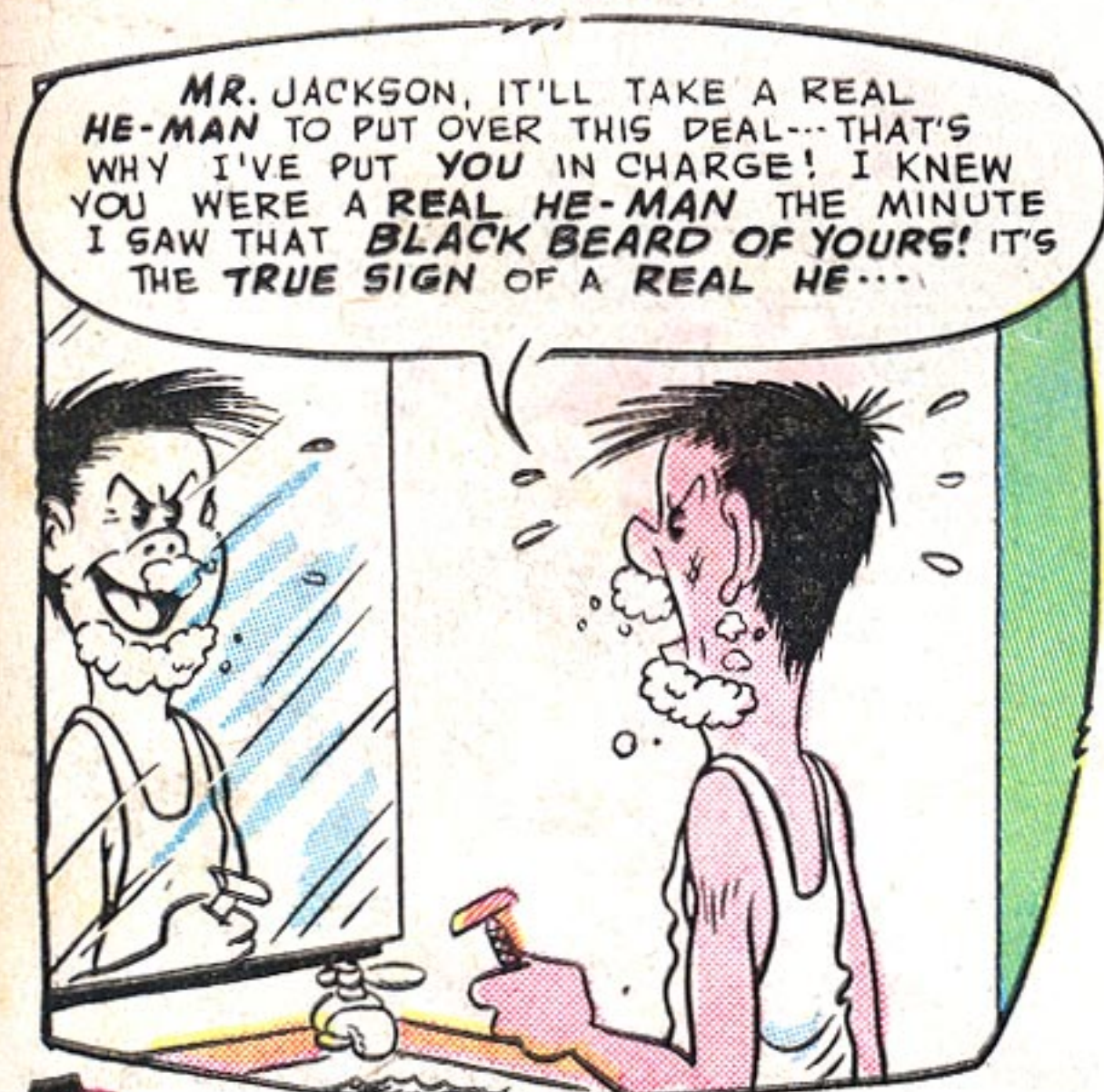
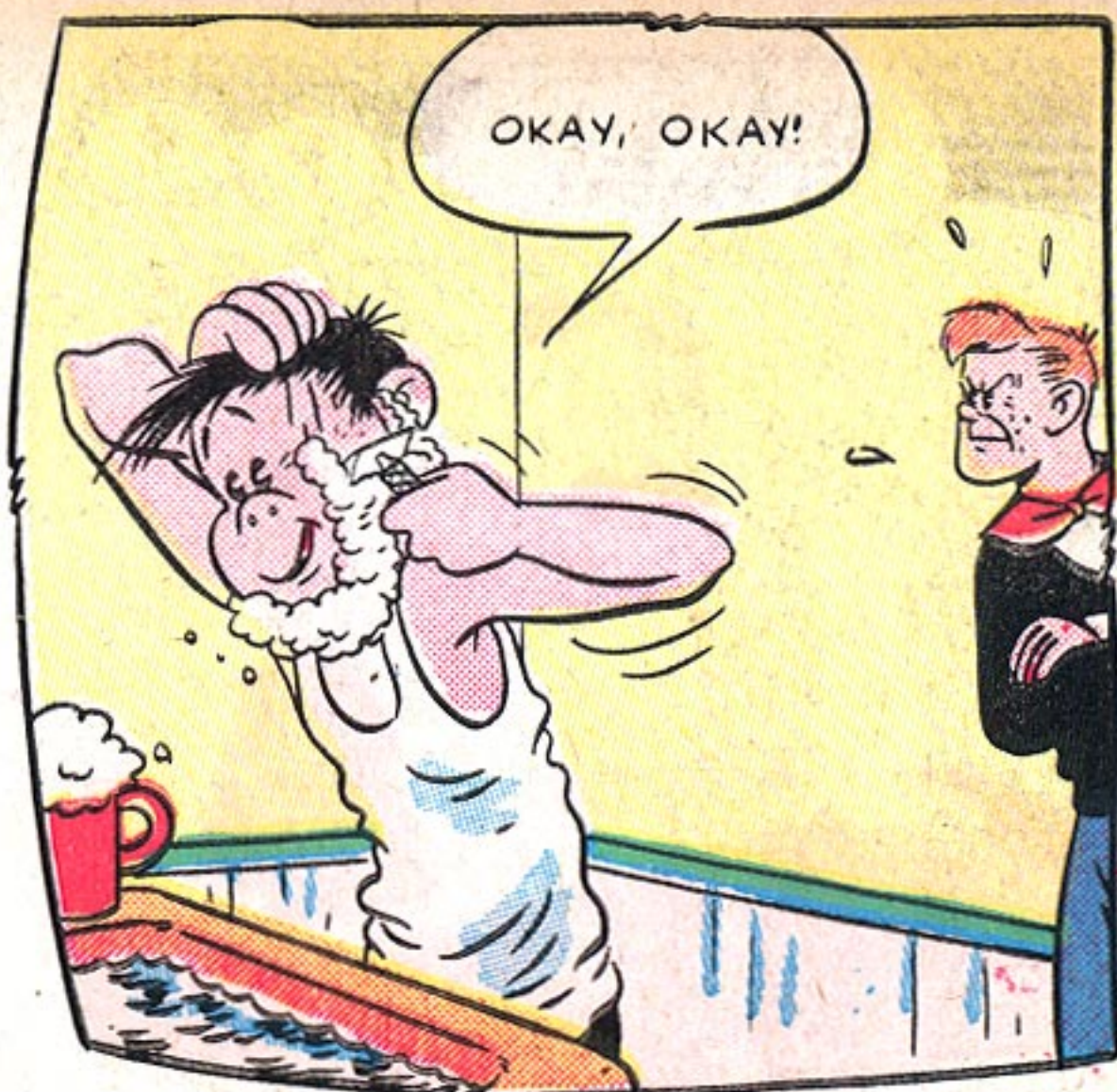
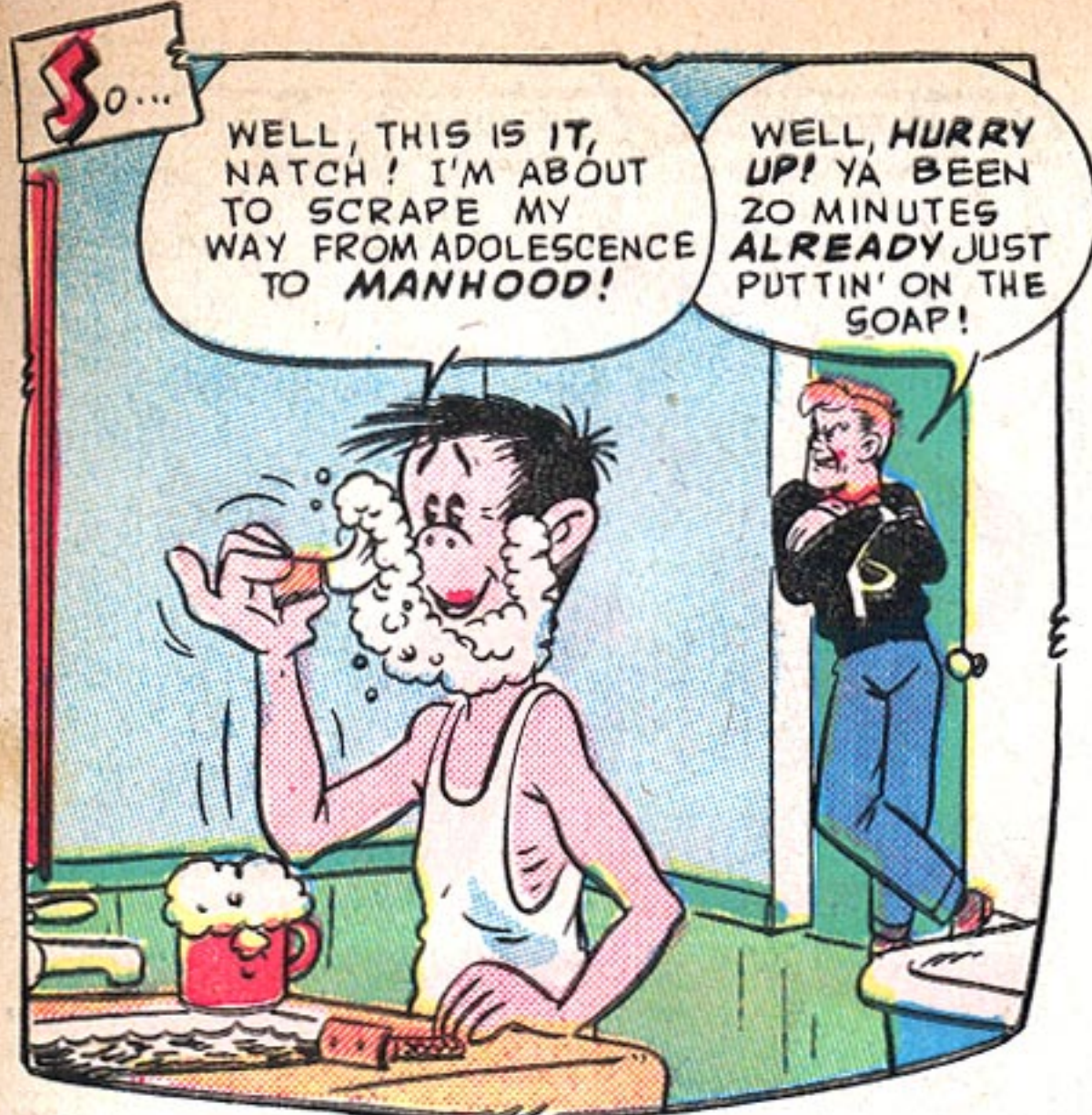
CALM DOWN,
EGGHEAD, BEFORE
Y' POP YOUR CAP!
... I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE TALKIN'
ABOUT! WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

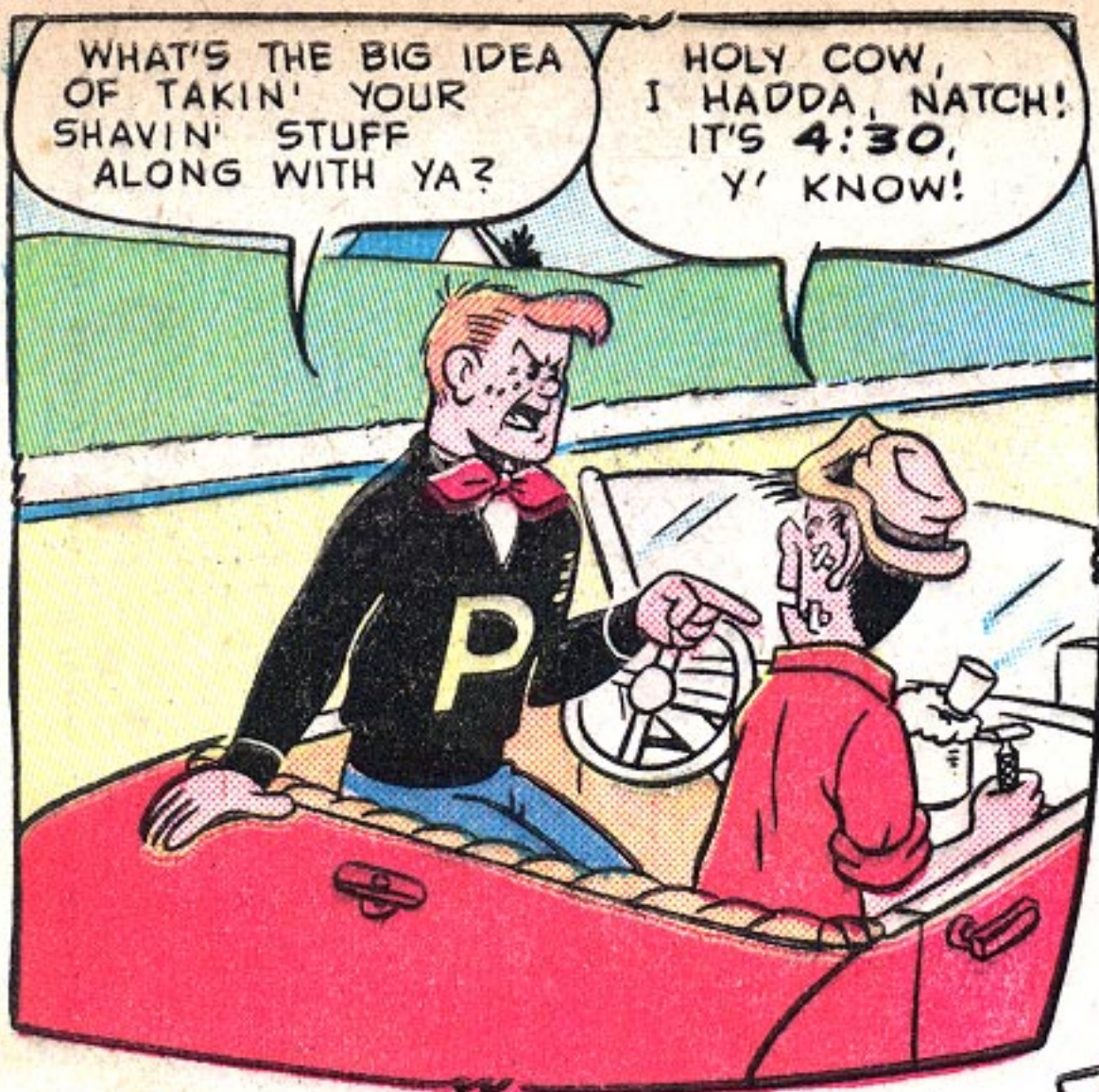












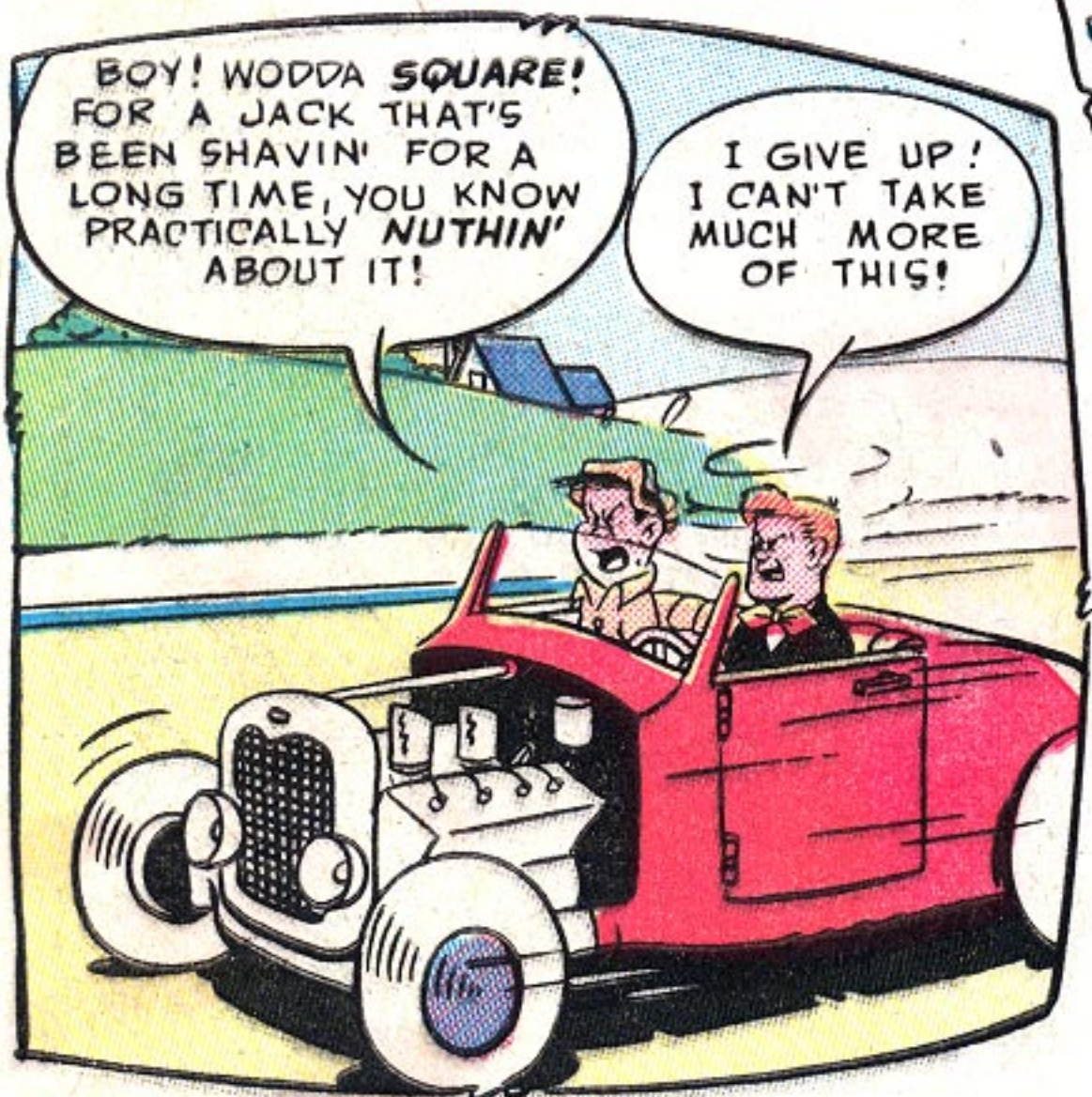
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA
OF TAKIN' YOUR
SHAVIN' STUFF
ALONG WITH YA?

HOLY COW,
I HADDA, NATCH!
IT'S 4:30,
Y' KNOW!



WHAT'S IT
BEIN' 4:30 GOT
TA DO WITH
IT?

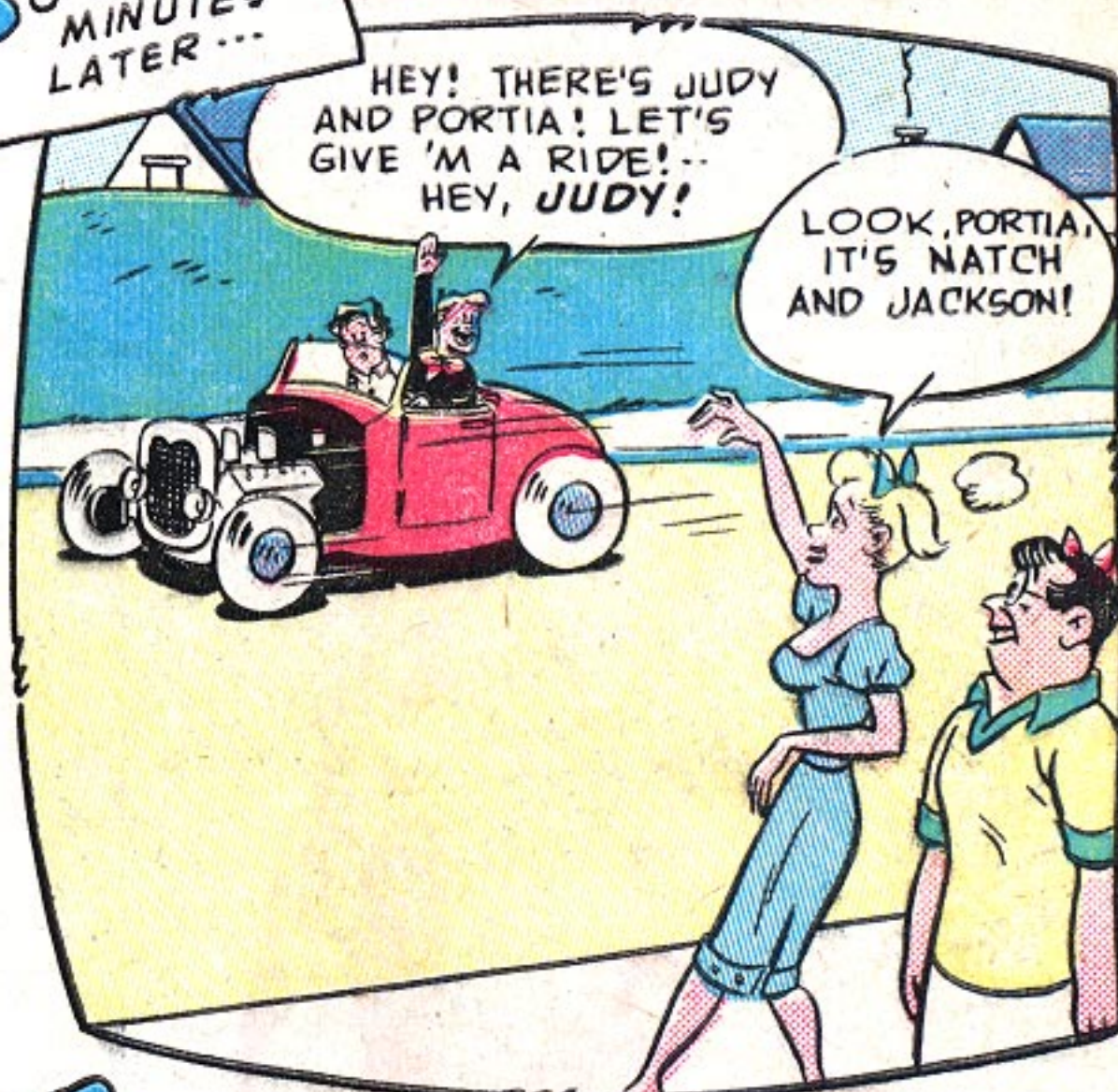
YA FRACTURE BRAIN!
HAVEN'T YA EVER
HEARD OF 5 O'CLOCK
SHADOW? I
MIGHT HAVE TA
SHAVE AGAIN IN
A HALF HOUR!



BOY! WODDA SQUARE!
FOR A JACK THAT'S
BEEN SHAVIN' FOR A
LONG TIME, YOU KNOW
PRACTICALLY NUTHIN'
ABOUT IT!

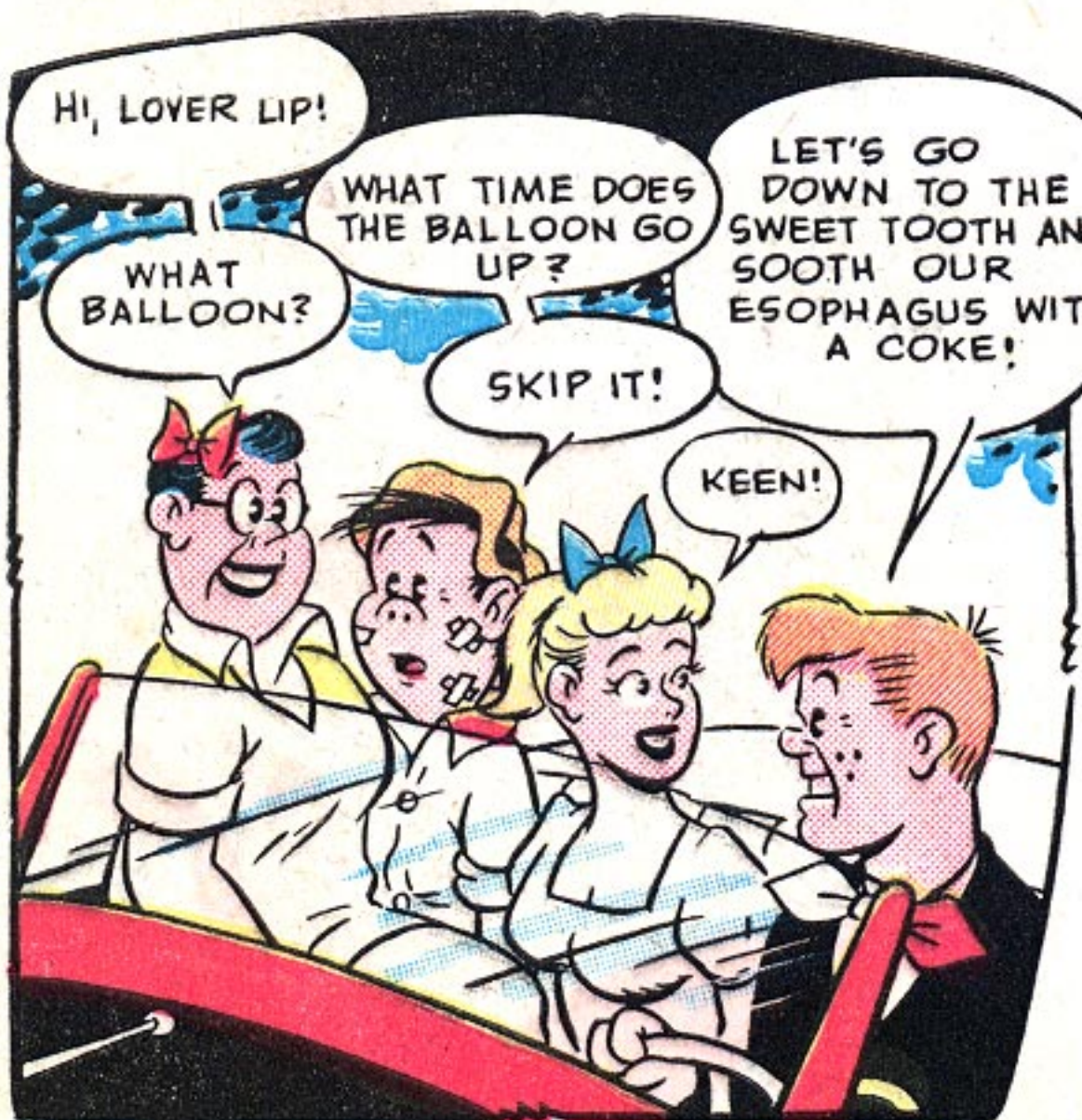
I GIVE UP!
I CAN'T TAKE
MUCH MORE
OF THIS!

SO A FEW
MINUTES
LATER...



HEY! THERE'S JUDY
AND PORTIA! LET'S
GIVE 'M A RIDE!...
HEY, JUDY!

LOOK, PORTIA,
IT'S NATCH
AND JACKSON!



HI, LOVER LIP!

WHAT
BALLOON?

WHAT TIME DOES
THE BALLOON GO
UP?

SKIP IT!

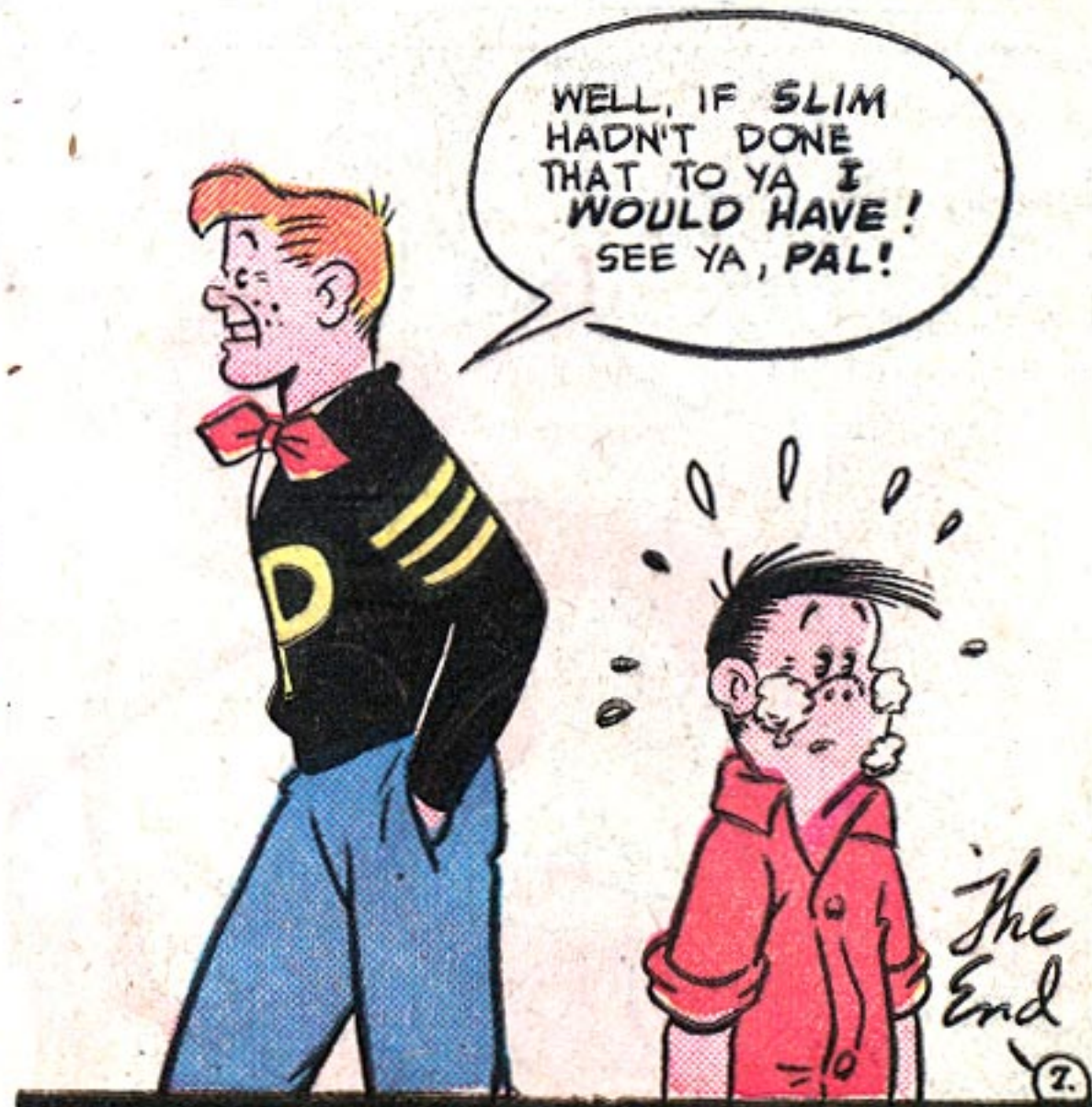
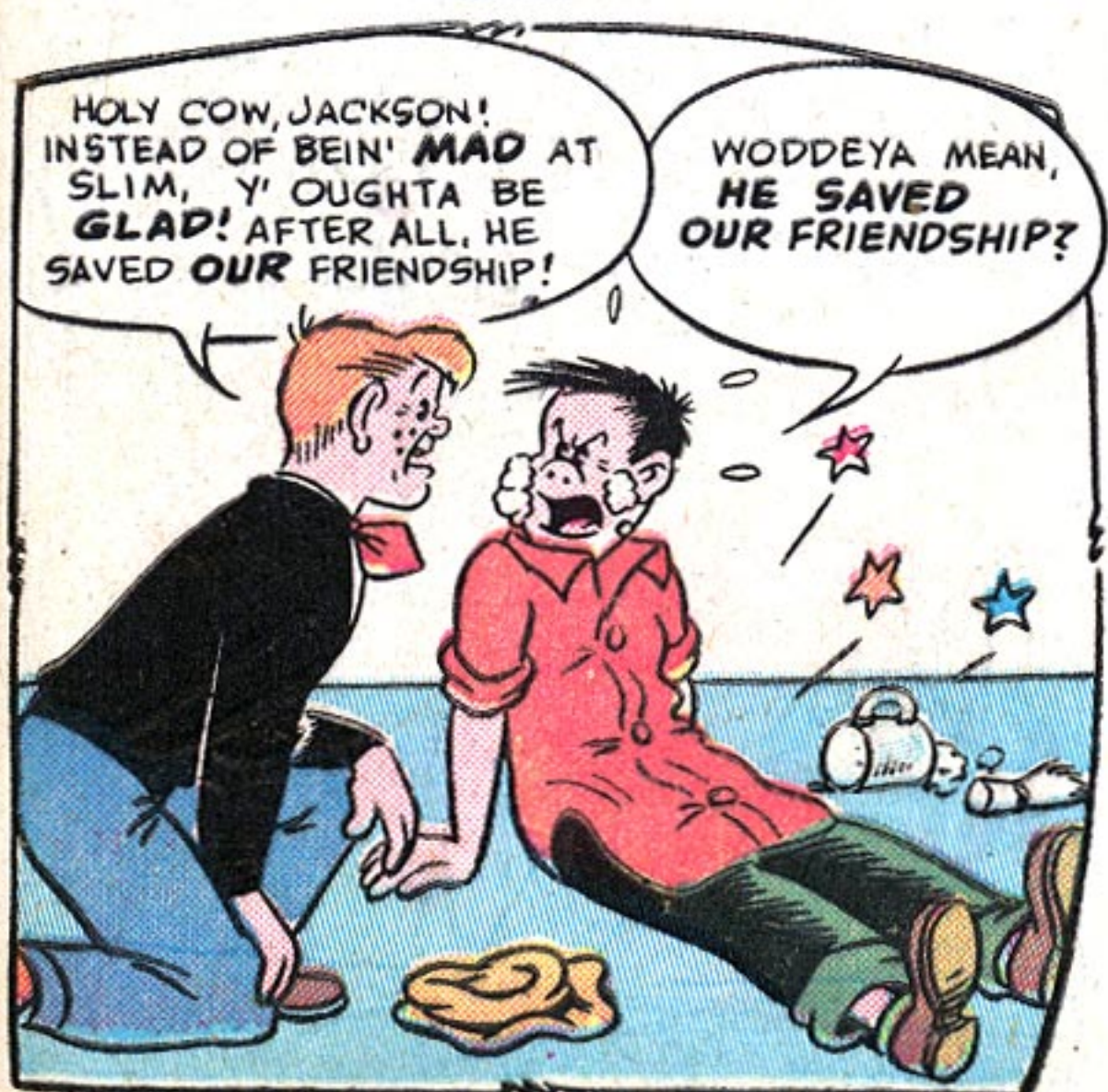
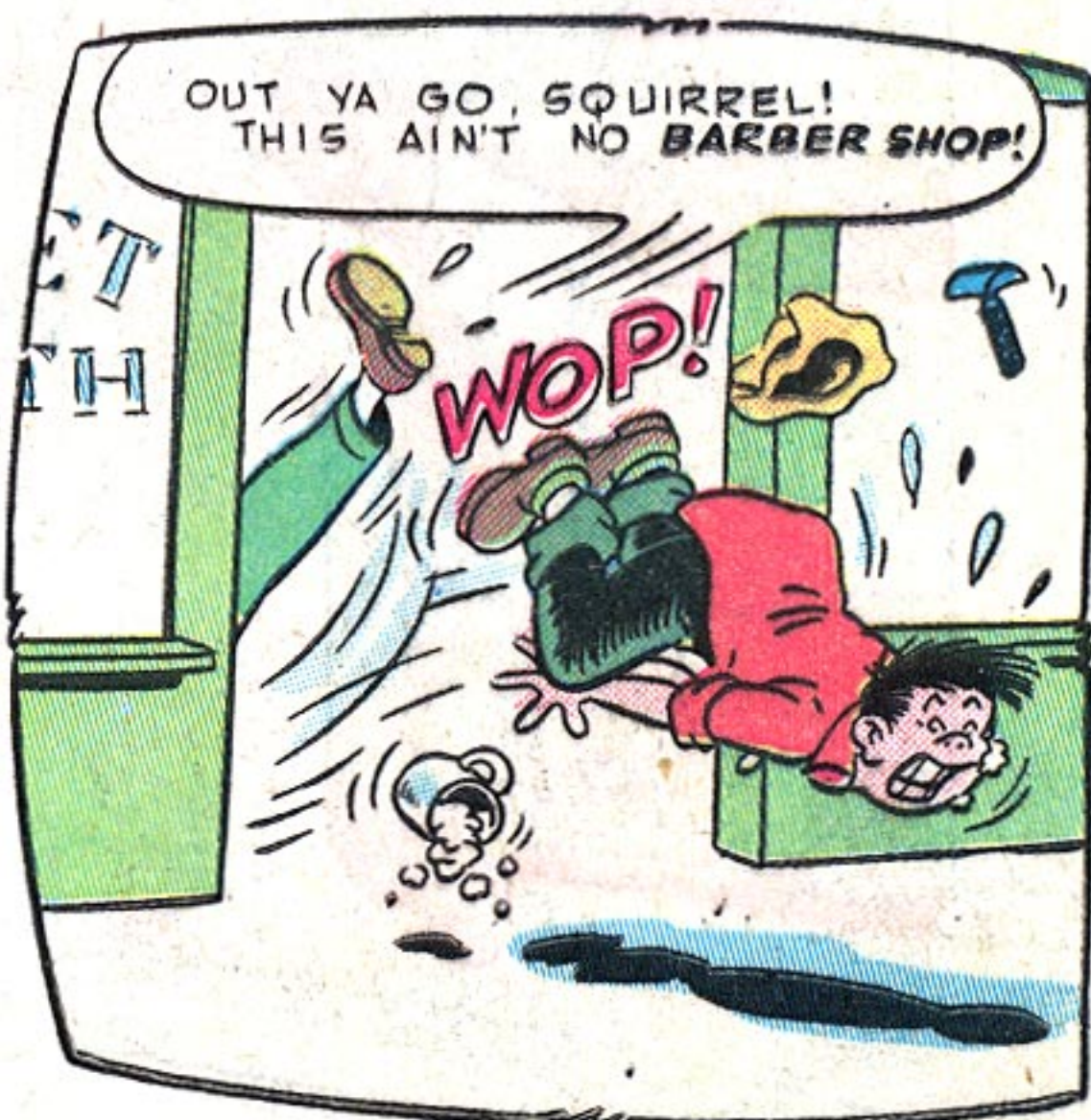
KEEN!

LET'S GO
DOWN TO THE
SWEET TOOTH AND
SOOTH OUR
ESOPHAGUS WITH
A COKE!



BOY! YOU
DON'T KNOW
WHAT I'VE BEEN
THROUGH WITH JACKSON ALL
AFTERNOON! IF YOU
HADN'T COME ALONG, I
THINK I'D'VE BLOWN
MY WIG!

YOU'LL HAVE TO
PARDON MY APPEAR-
ANCE! I DON'T
USUALLY GO
AROUND WITH A TWO-
HOURS GROWTH OF
BEARD LIKE THIS!



JAZZY

MAN, AM
I DRAGGIN' IT!
WODDA DAY! WODDA
DAY! WOW!
AM I
WOOFED!

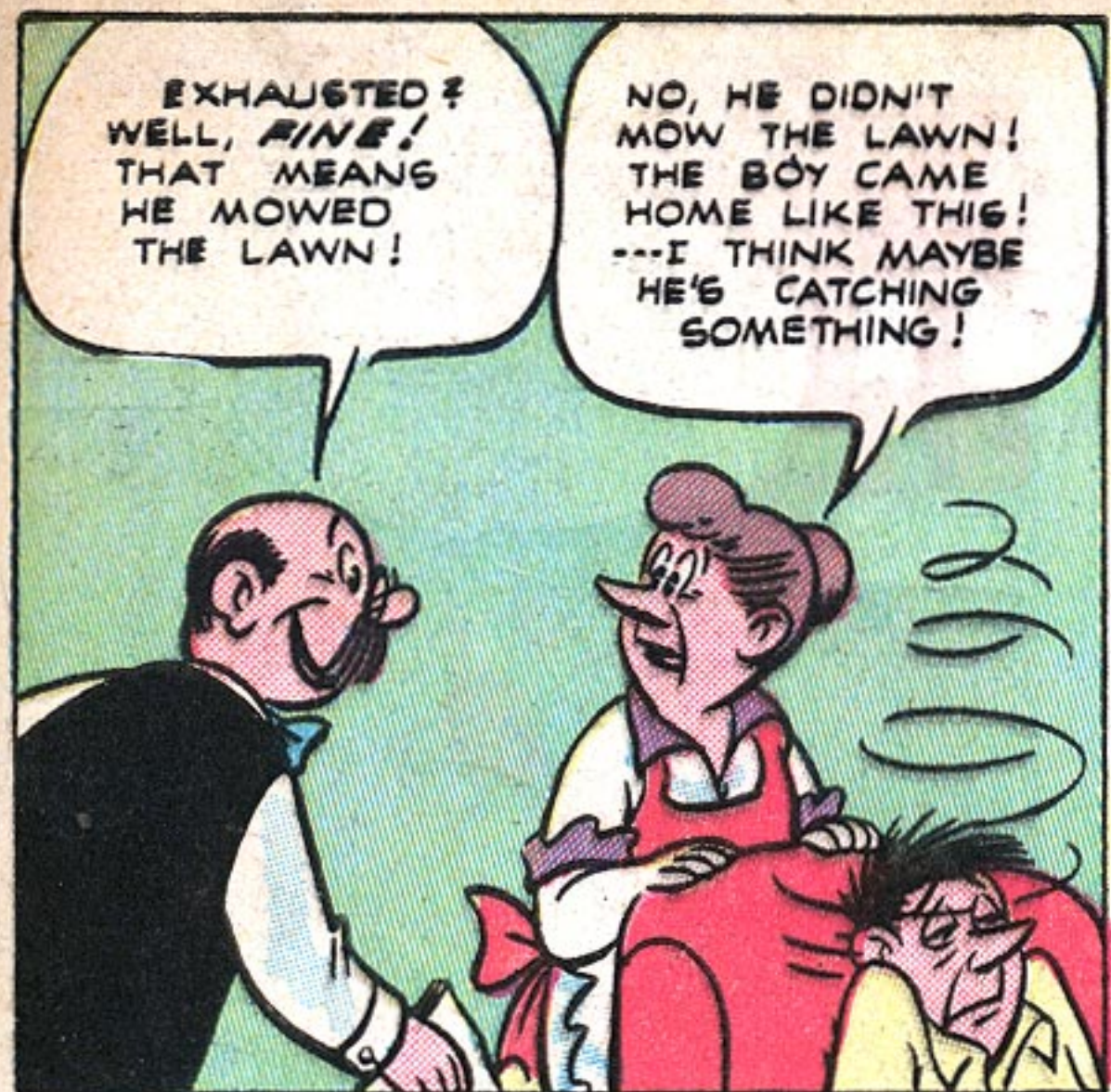
WELL, FOR
LAND SALES,
JAZZY! WHAT'S
THE MATTER
WITH YOU?

I DUNNO,
MOM! I'M
JUST ALL IN!
STARTED T'FEEL
REALLY WOOFED
JUST AFTER
SCHOOL
LET OUT!

WELL, MAYBE
YOU'VE BEEN
WORKING TOO HARD
AT SCHOOL! JUST
REST TILL
SUPPER!

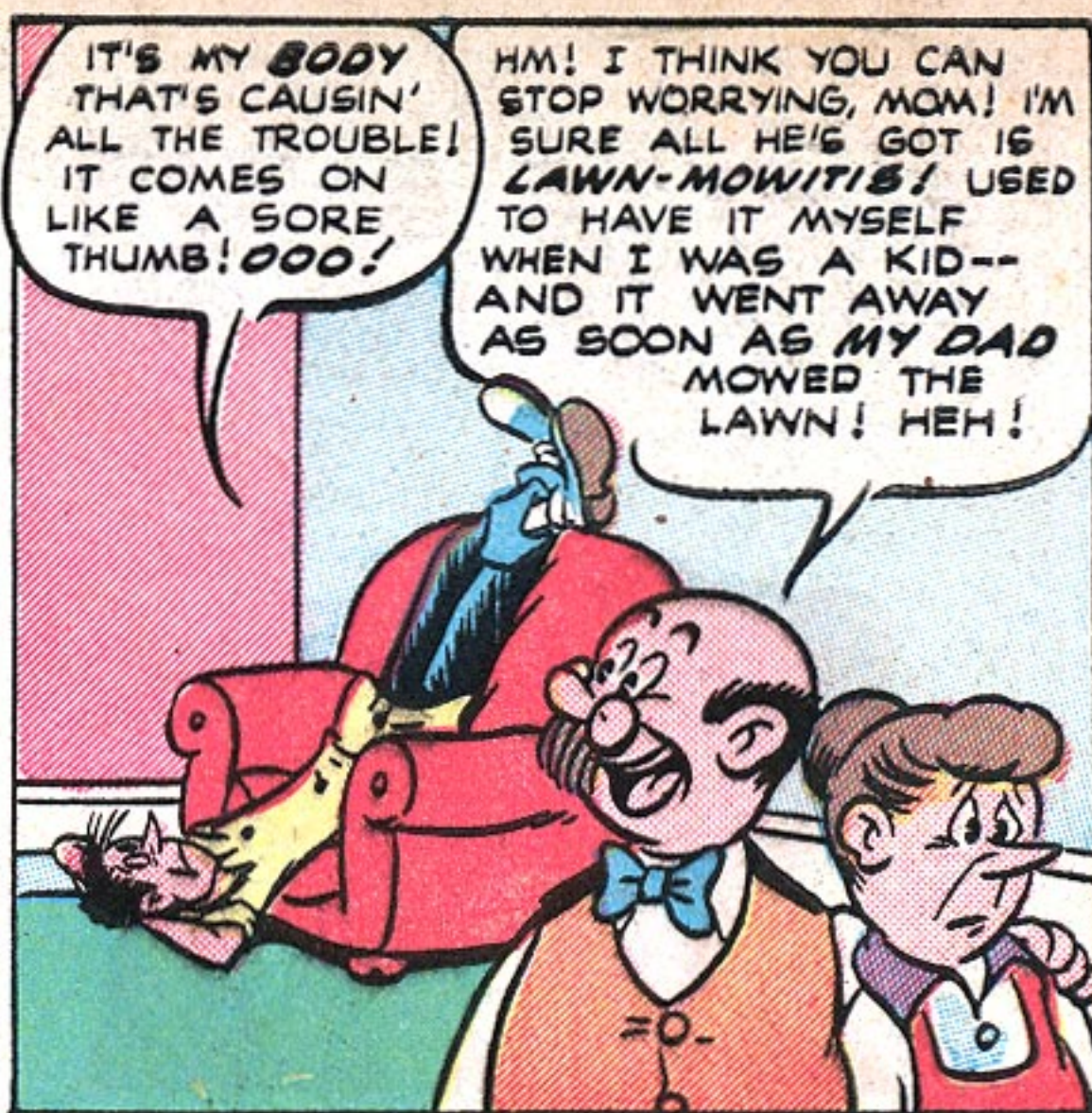
HI, MOM!
HMM!
WHAT'S THE
MATTER
WITH
HIM?

HE'S
EXHAUSTED!



EXHAUSTED? WELL, FINE! THAT MEANS HE MOWED THE LAWN!

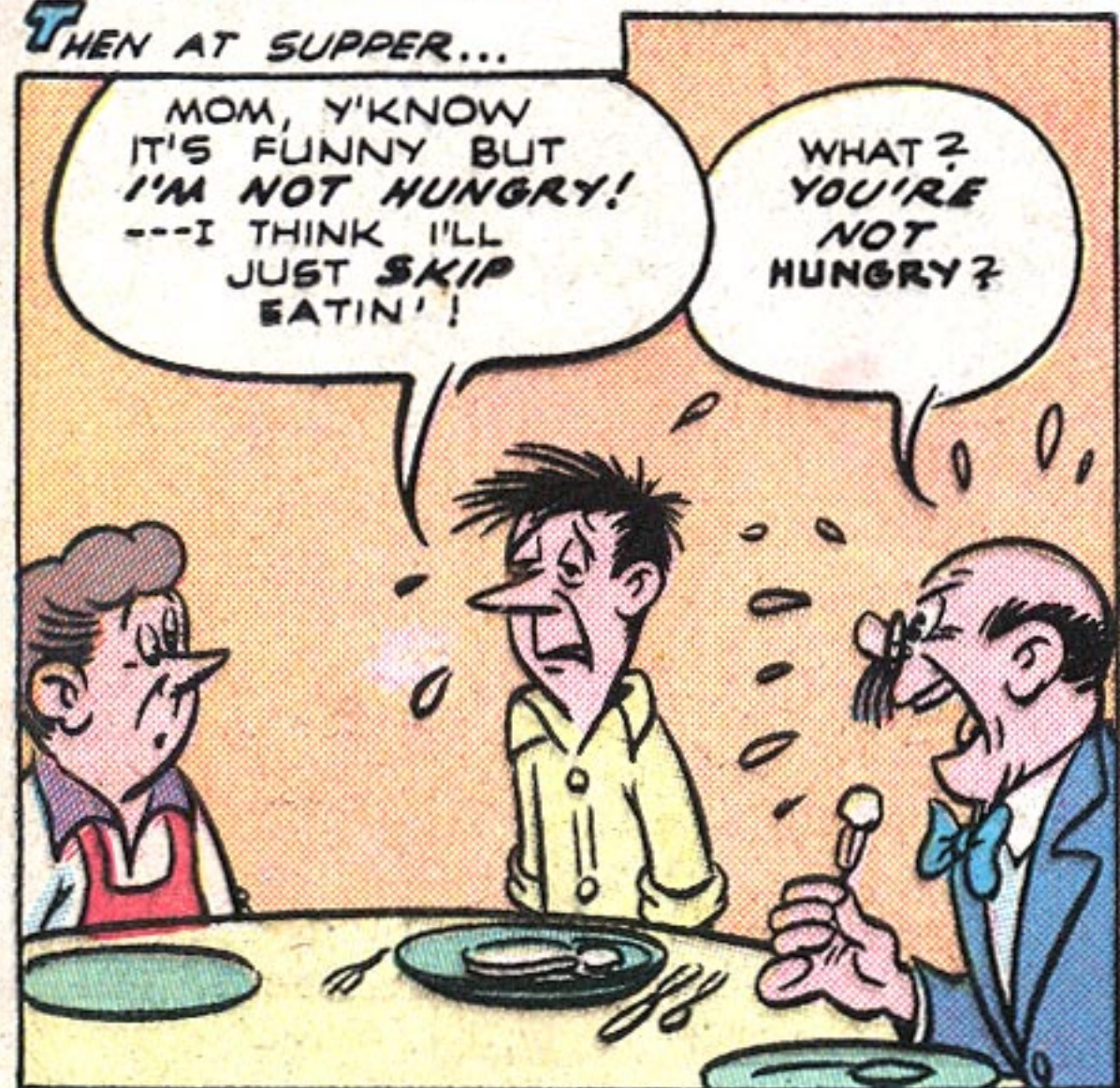
NO, HE DIDN'T MOW THE LAWN! THE BOY CAME HOME LIKE THIS! ---I THINK MAYBE HE'S CATCHING SOMETHING!



IT'S MY BODY THAT'S CAUSIN' ALL THE TROUBLE! IT COMES ON LIKE A SORE THUMB! OOO!

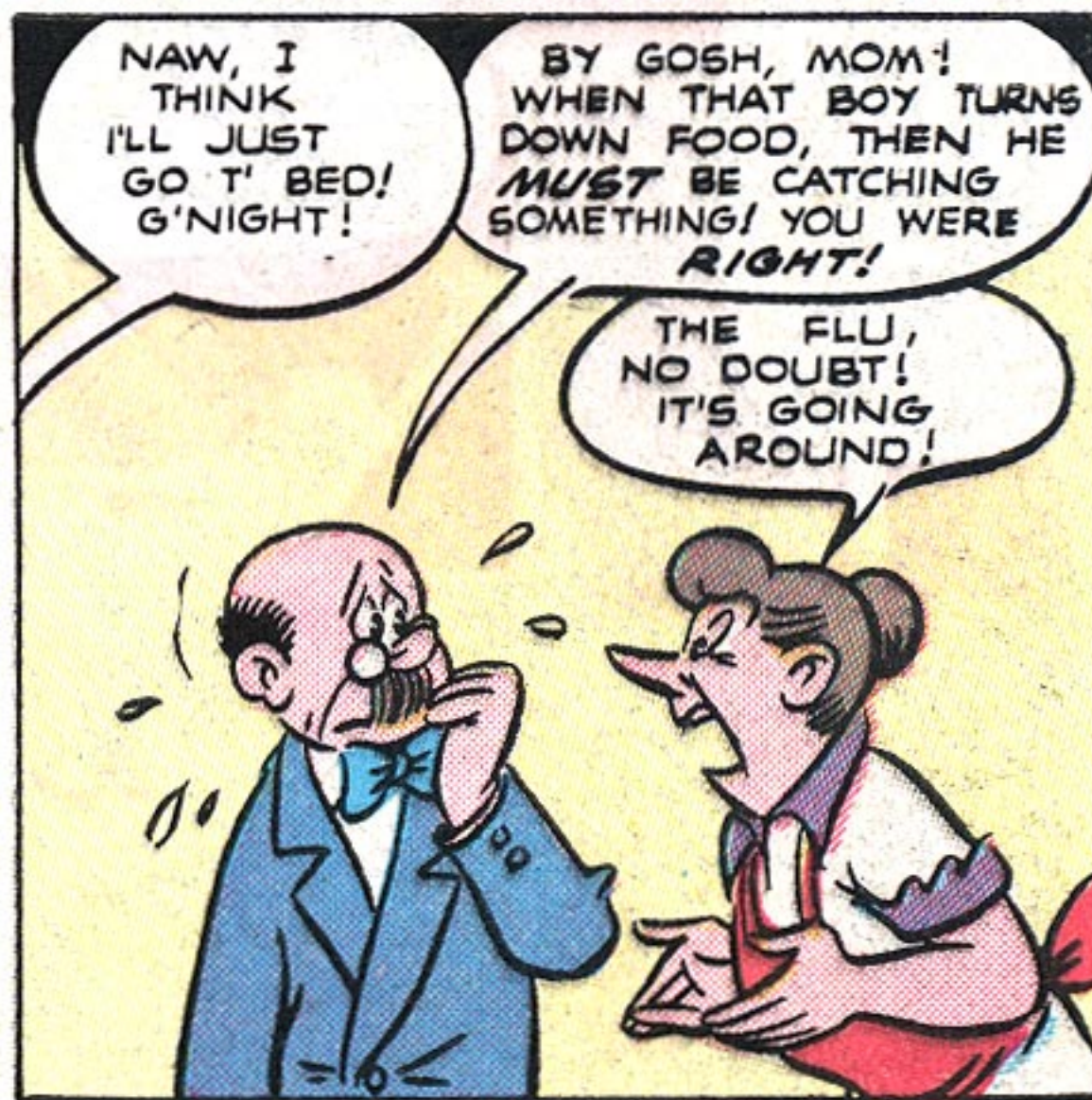
HM! I THINK YOU CAN STOP WORRYING, MOM! I'M SURE ALL HE'S GOT IS LAWN-MOWITIS! USED TO HAVE IT MYSELF WHEN I WAS A KID-- AND IT WENT AWAY AS SOON AS MY DAD MOWED THE LAWN! HEH!

THEN AT SUPPER...



MOM, Y'KNOW IT'S FUNNY BUT I'M NOT HUNGRY! ---I THINK I'LL JUST SKIP EATIN'!

WHAT? YOU'RE NOT HUNGRY?

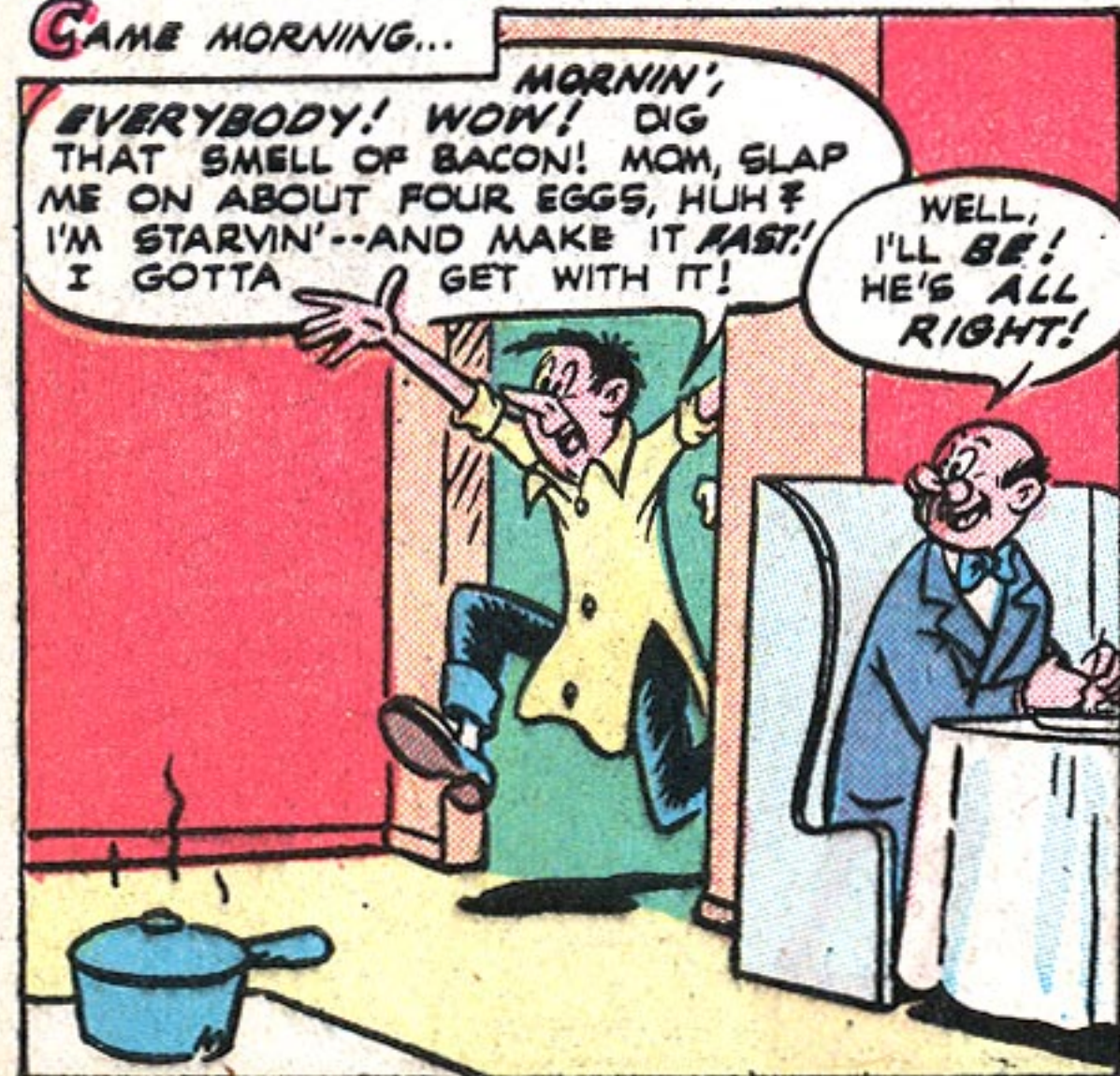


NAW, I THINK I'LL JUST GO T' BED! G'NIGHT!

BY GOSH, MOM! WHEN THAT BOY TURNS DOWN FOOD, THEN HE MUST BE CATCHING SOMETHING! YOU WERE RIGHT!

THE FLU, NO DOUBT! IT'S GOING AROUND!

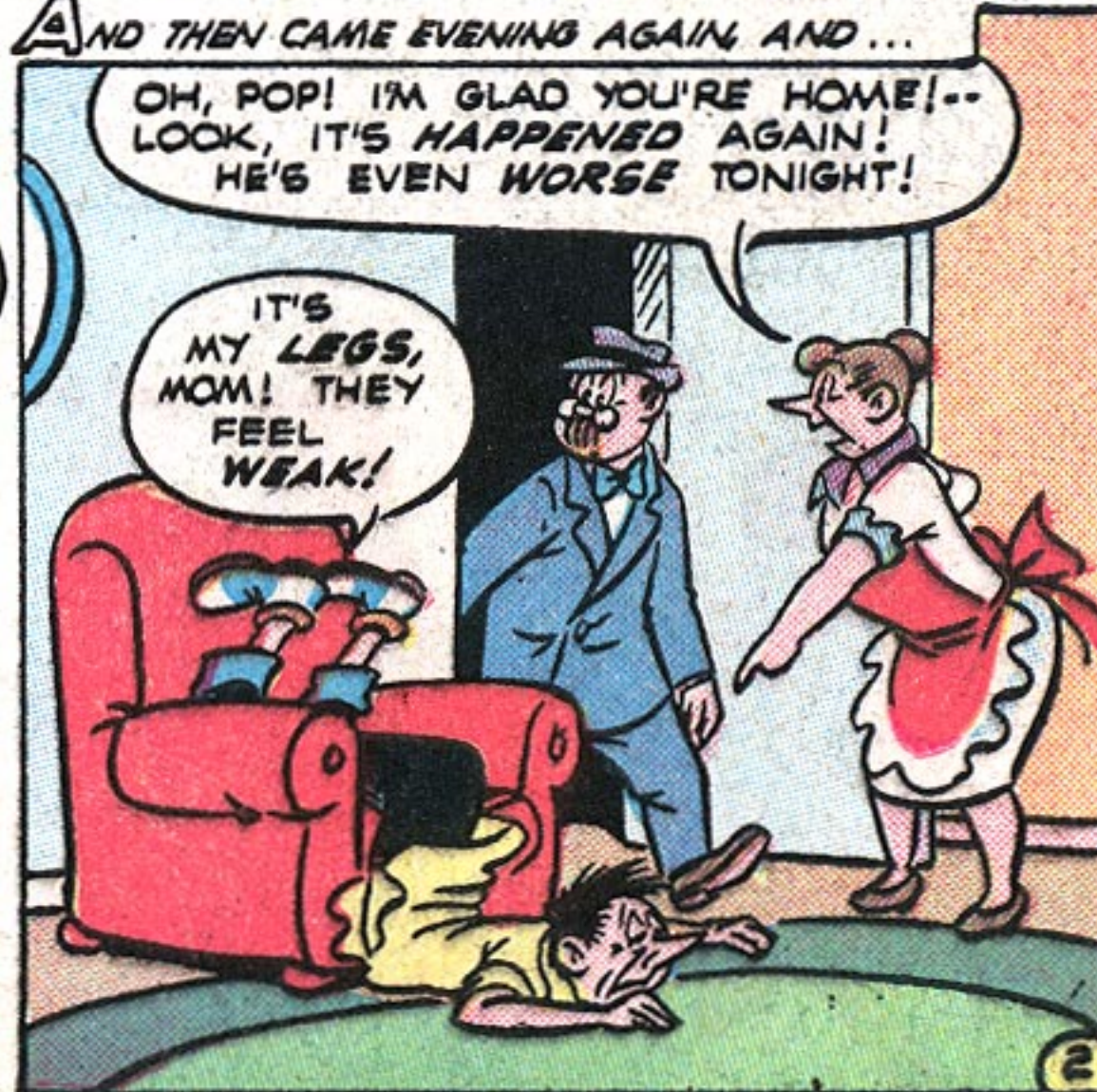
CAME MORNING...



MORNIN', EVERYBODY! WOW! DIG THAT SMELL OF BACON! MOM, SLAP ME ON ABOUT FOUR EGGS, HUH? I'M STARVIN'--AND MAKE IT FAST! I GOTTA GET WITH IT!

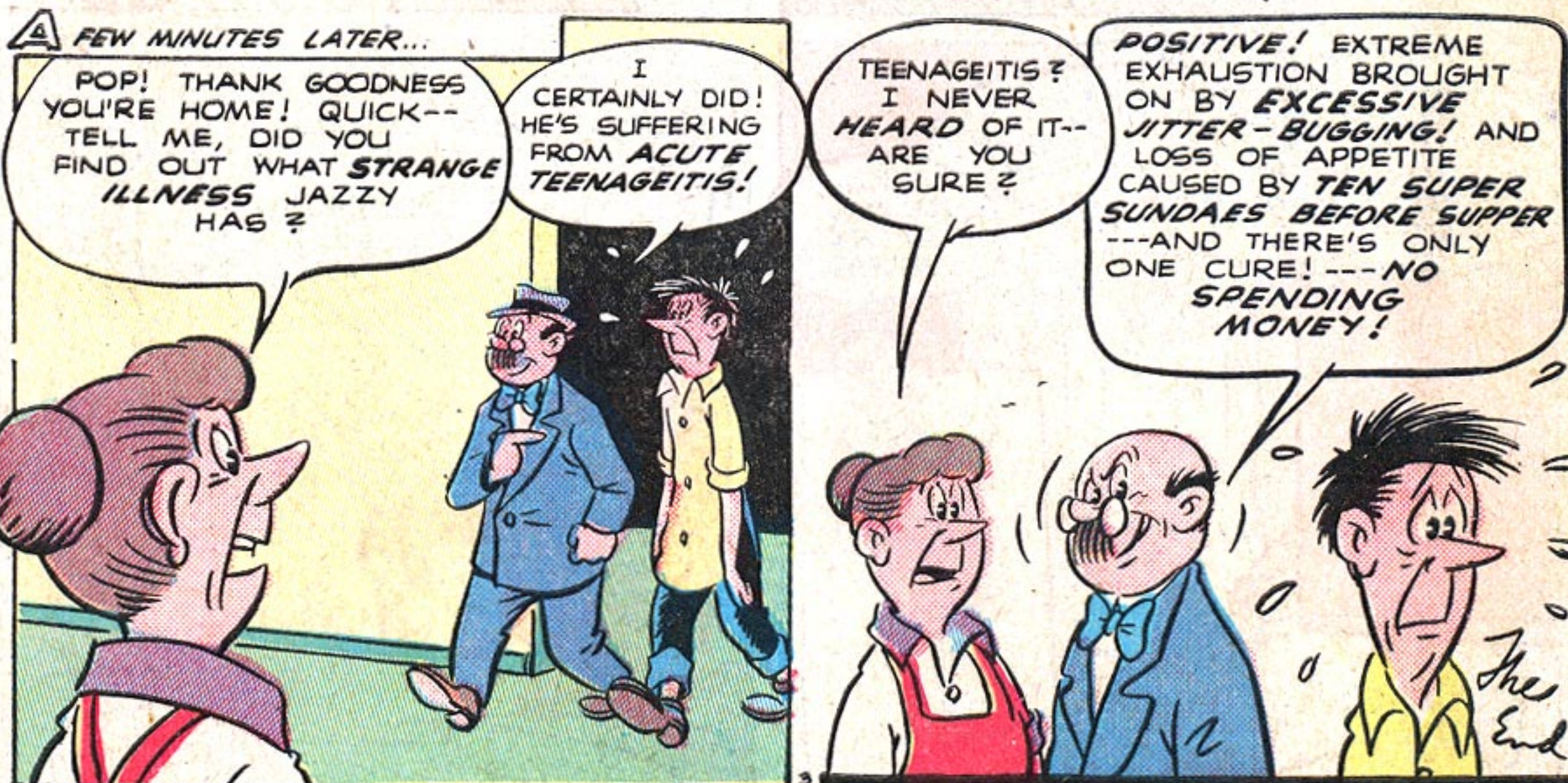
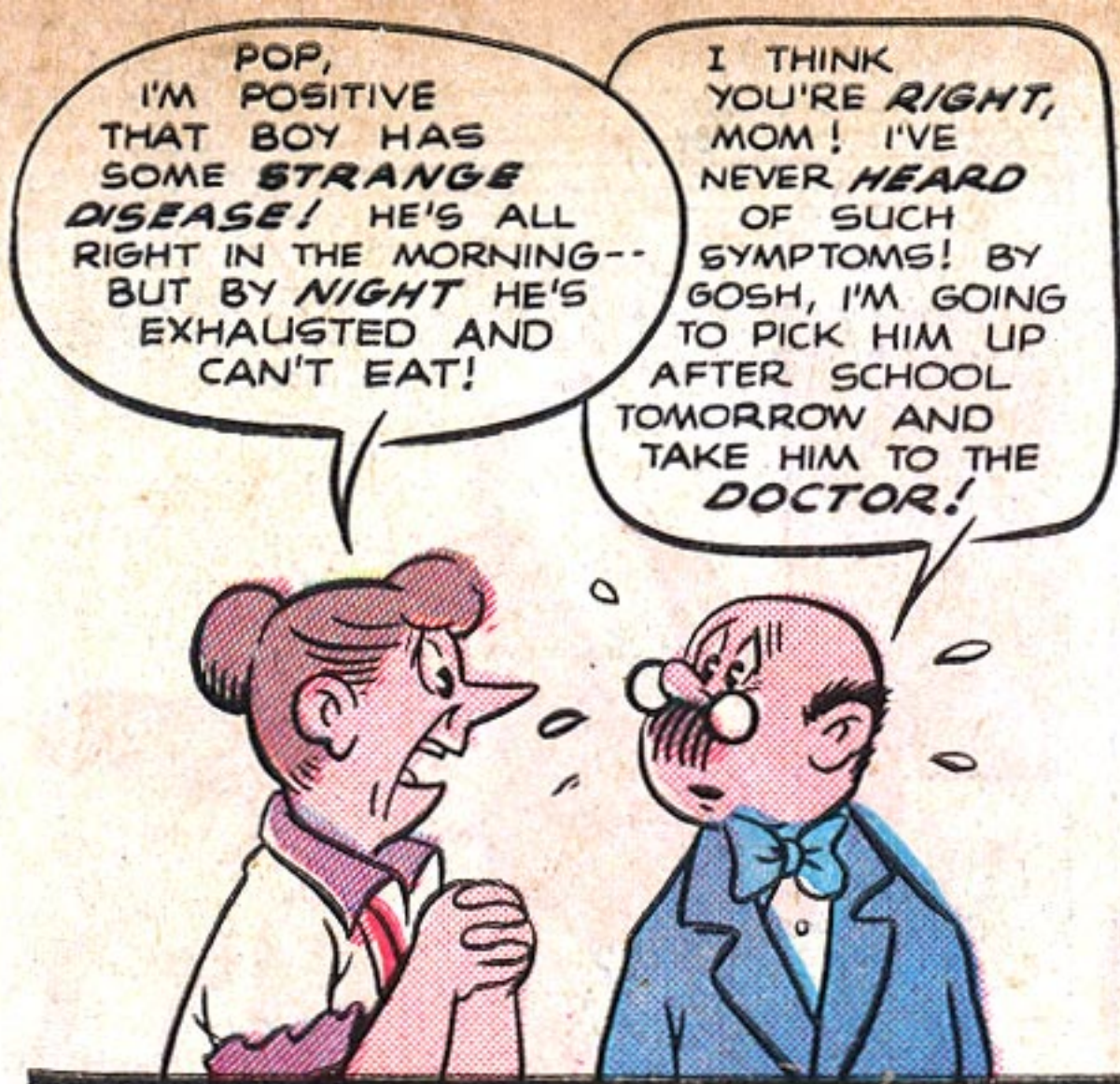
WELL, I'LL BE! HE'S ALL RIGHT!

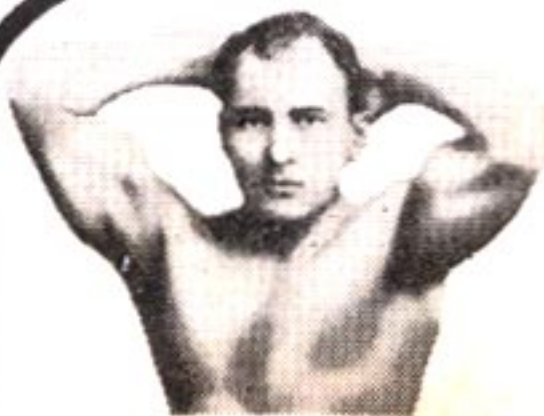
AND THEN CAME EVENING AGAIN AND...



OH, POP! I'M GLAD YOU'RE HOME!-- LOOK, IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN! HE'S EVEN WORSE TONIGHT!

IT'S MY LEGS, MOM! THEY FEEL WEAK!





"This photo proves I have gained unusual physical development through your methods."

—R. F., South Africa



"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. S., New York



"I am sending you this snapshot showing my wonderful progress."

—W. G., New Jersey



"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed 141. Now weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

I've turned thousands of fellows into **REAL HE-MEN** Let me prove I can do it for you!

All I Ask is 15 Minutes a Day
— "Dynamic Tension" Will Do The Rest

From Weakling to a Real He-Man

You have changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle from head to foot. Friends and doctors I have met have noticed a great change and some have even failed to recognize me!"

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"Worth 100 times what I paid. You not only made me a man but you added at least 20 years to my life. I feel now as if I had been born again! My weight was 130 lbs. and I got myself to 170 through your wonderful course."

—J. N. H., British West Indies

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"Am in the pink of condition and on the school Track Team. As I was getting into my gym suit the other day I heard a couple of men say, 'Look at that fellow. He has a perfect build.'"

—E. M., Conn.

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—W. E., Ohio

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Just give me 15 minutes a day of your spare time—right in the privacy of your own home. That's all I ask. Even in that short time I'll start giving RESULTS. The kind of results that you can SEE, FEEL, and MEASURE with a tape! And there's no cost to you if I fail!

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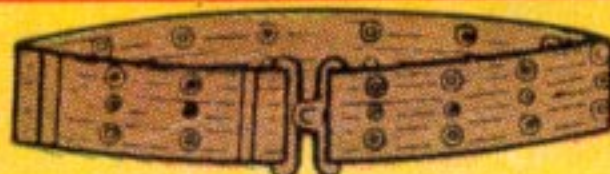
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